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BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, AND CRITICAL:

By JAMES FERGUSON, Esq.

Author of the NEW BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY, &c.

A New Edition, in Forty-five Volumes.

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TATLER.

N° 145—209.

18552

CONTENTS.

VOL. IV.

No.

145. COMPLAINT against the Oglers—Angel at the Royal Exchange ..... STEELE

146. Various Cases of Complainers—Dream of Jupiter and the Destinies ..... ADDISON

147. Juno's Method to regain Jupiter's Affection: ADDISON—Trial of Wine ..... STEELE

148. On the Diet of the Metropolis—Pernicious Dishes—False Delicacies ..... ADDISON

149. Ill-natured Husbands—Three Letters of Pliny to his Wife—Passage from Milton STEELE

150. Matrimonial Quarrels—Characters of an Affectionate Couple ..... ———

151. Effects of a general Mourning—Passion for gay and showy Dress ..... ———

152. Homer's Description of a future State .. ADDISON

153. Characters in Conversation described as Instruments of Music..... ———

154. Virgil's Allegory and Ideas of a future State ..... ———

155. Character of the Upholsterer—A great Politician ..... ———

156. Visit of Telemachus to the other World ———

157. Account of a Female Concert—Matches proposed between the Music of both Sexes..... ———

158. Pedantry of Tom Folio, the Book-broker ———

159. Vindication of Marriage against the Wits —Passages from Cicero's Letters..... STEELE

160. A Visit and Letter from the Upholsterer: ADDISON—Letter from a Coquette, and from Tom Folio..... ———

161. Dream of the Region of Liberty..... ADDISON

No.
162. Duty of a Censor—How performed by the Author—Subscriptions for the Tatler ADDISON
163. Critical reading of Ned Softly's Poetry.. ———
164. Remarks on the Author's various Correspondents—Story of an old Soldier .... STEELE
165. On the Impertinence of Criticism—Character of Sir Timothy Tittle ..... ADDISON
166. Rules of Visiting—Character of Tom Modely—Notice of a Pastoral Masque, &c. ..... STEELE
167. Funeral and Character of Mr. Betterton the Actor ..... ———
168. Characters of Impudence and Absurdity—Education of the Jesuits—Petition of Sarah Lovely ..... ———
169. On the Evils of Drinking—Character of a Country Gentleman—Letter from F. Bickerstaff..... ———
170. Vicissitudes of human Life—Visit to the Lottery Office—Advertisement of a Heart lost..... ———
171. Origin of Honour and Title—Behaviour of the Indian Kings—Impertinence of Minucio ..... ———
172. Mischiefs arising from Passion—Story of Mr. Eustace..... ———
173. Errors in Education—Character of Horace..... ..... ———
174. Various Species of mad Persons—Lady Fidget and Will Voluble..... ———
175. On the Life of People of Condition.... ———
176. On Heroism in Sufferings—Eucrates, the goodnatured Man—Characters of Martius and Aristæus—Letter from an Idle Man, and his Daughter ..... ———
177. On Dedications ..... ———
178. On Don Quixote—The Upholsterer at the Coffee-house ..... ———
179. Letter on the Construction of a Greenhouse..... ..... ———
180. Injustice of not paying Tradesmen—Of Show and Extravagance.. ..... ———

No.
181. On the Death of Friends—Of the Author's Father—Sale of Wine..... STEELE
182. Pleasures of the Theatre—Characters of Wilks and Cibber ..... ———
183. Decay of Public Spirit—Character of Regulus..... ———
184. On Marriage, and the customary Ceremonies—Impertinence of Wags ..... ———
185. Cruelty of Parents thwarting the Inclinations of their Children in love—Story of Antiochus and Stratonice..... ———
186. Characteristics of Vanity, Pride, and Ambition—Correspondents' Neglect of Postage ..... ———
187. Pasquin of Rome, his Letters to the Author—Coffee-house Conversation..... ———
188. Letter on a Green-house—From a Rustic—Character of Desdemona—Of Bullock and Penkethman ..... ———
189. An Example of judicious Education—Character of Sam. Bickerstaff and his Family .... ———
190. Party-writing—Answer to Pasquin's Letter—A Law Case—Letter to the King of France..... ———
191. Mischief of making Vice commendable—Character of Polypragmon—Lee's Alexander..... ———
192. Characters in a Stage-coach—Anecdote of Two Ladies and their Husbands Passengers in a Packet-boat ..... ADDISON
193. The Author's Politics—Affairs of the Stage--Letter from Downes the Prompter..... ..... STEELE
194. Passage from Spenser transprosed ..... ———
195. Letter on the Author's Politics—Orders to Quacks—Letter to Amanda..... ———
196. On the Behaviour of Patrons to their Dependents..... ———
197. Account of *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*—Passion for being thought a Scholar ———
198. History of Cælia. ..... ———

No.
199. Remarks on the same—On Marriage Settlements—Specimen of a Contract STEELE
200. Letter from a Lady in Doubt between Two Lovers—Plan for raising the Fortunes of Ten Young Ladies ——
201. Faults of the Women attributable to the Men—Letters from Lovers—Benefit Plays—Advertisement from the Trumpet ——
202. On unreasonable Expectations—On Heroic Actions in private Life—Lottery.. ——
203. Account of the Drawing of the Lottery—Letter from the Owner of a Greenhouse ——
204. Improper Manner of Address—Character of Tom Courtly ——
205. On Drunkenness FULLER
206. On Esteem—Character of Jack Gainly, and his Sister Gatty—Of Flavia and Lucia STEELE
207. Conduct of the Author's Three Nephews to a Female Visitor—Character of a Gentleman—Letter from a Lottery Adventurer ——
208. On injudicious civil People—Character of the most agreeable Companion ——
209. Scene between Alexander the Great and his Physician proposed to an Historical Painter ——

THE

TATLER.

N° 145. TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1709-10.

Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.
VIRG. Ecl. iii. 103.

Ah! What ill eyes bewitch my tender lambs?

White's Chocolate-house, March 13.

THIS evening was allotted for taking into consideration a late request of two indulgent parents, touching the care of a young daughter, whom they design to send to a boarding-school, or keep at home, according to my determination; but I am diverted from that subject by letters which I have received from several ladies, complaining of a certain *sect* of professed enemies to the repose of the fair sex, called Oglers. These are, it seems, gentlemen who look with deep attention on one object at the play-houses, and are ever staring all round them in churches. It is urged by my correspondents, that they do all that is possible to keep their eyes off these insnarers; but that, by what power they know not, both their diversions and devotions are interrupted by them in such a manner, as that they

cannot attend to either, without stealing looks at the persons whose eyes are fixed upon them. By this means, my petitioners say, they find themselves grow insensibly less offended, and in time enamoured of these their enemies. What is required of me on this occasion is, that as I love and study to preserve the better part of mankind, the females, I would give them some account of this dangerous way of assault; against which there is so little defence, that it lays ambush for the sight itself, and makes them seeingly, knowingly, willingly, and forcibly, go on to their own captivity.

This representation of the present state of affairs between the two sexes gave me very much alarm; and I had no more to do, but to recollect what I had seen at any one assembly for some years last past, to be convinced of the truth and justice of this remonstrance. If there be not a stop put to this evil art, all the modes of address, and the elegant embellishments of life, which arise out of the noble passion of love, will of necessity decay. Who would be at the trouble of rhetoric, or study the *bon mien*, when his introduction is so much easier obtained by a sudden reverence in a down-cast look at the meeting the eye of a fair lady, and beginning again to *ogle* her as soon as she glances another way? I remember very well, when I was last at an opera, I could perceive the eyes of the whole audience cast into particular cross angles one upon another, without any manner of regard to the stage, though king Latinus was himself present when I made that observation. It was then very pleasant to look into the hearts of the whole company; for the balls of sight are so formed, that one man's eyes are spectacles to another to read his heart with. The most ordinary beholder can take notice of any violent agitation in the mind, any pleasing transport,

or any inward grief, in the person he looks at; but one of these Oglers can see a studied indifference, a concealed love, or a smothered resentment, in the very glances that are made to hide those dispositions of thought. The naturalists tell us, that the rattle-snake will fix himself under a tree where he sees a squirrel playing; and when he has once got the exchange of a glance from the pretty wanton, will give it such a sudden stroke on its imagination, that though it may play from bough to bough, and strive to avert its eyes from it for some time, yet it comes nearer and nearer by little intervals of looking another way, until it drops into the jaws of the animal, which it knew gazed at it for no other reason but to ruin it. I did not believe this piece of philosophy until that night I was just now speaking of; but I then saw the same thing pass between an Ogler and a Coquette. Mirtillo, the most learned of the former, had for some time discontinued to visit Flavia, no less eminent among the latter. They industriously avoided all places where they might probably meet, but chance brought them together to the play-house, and seated them in a direct line over-against each other, she in a front *box*, he in the *pit* next the stage. As soon as Flavia had received the looks of the whole crowd below her with that air of insensibility, which is necessary at the first entrance, she began to look round her, and saw the vagabond Mirtillo, who had so long absented himself from her circle; and when she first discovered him, she looked upon him with that glance, which in the language of Oglers is called the *Scornful*, but immediately turned her observation another way, and returned upon him with the *Indifferent*. This gave Mirtillo no small resentment; but he used her accordingly. He took care to be ready for her next glance. She found his eyes

full in the *Indolent*, with his lips crumpled up, in the posture of one whistling. Her anger at this usage immediately appeared in every muscle of her face; and after many emotions, which glistened in her eyes, she cast them round the whole house, and gave them softness in the face of every man she had ever seen before. After she thought she had reduced all she saw to her obedience, the play began, and ended their dialogue. As soon as the first act was over, she stood up with a visage full of dissembled alacrity and pleasure, with which she overlooked the audience, and at last came to him; he was then placed in a side-way, with his hat slouched over his eyes, and gazing at a wench in the side-box, as talking of that gipsy to the gentleman who sat by him. But as she fixed upon him, he turned suddenly with a full face upon her, and, with all the respect imaginable, made her the most obsequious bow in the presence of the whole theatre. This gave her a pleasure not to be concealed; and she made him the recovering, or second courtsy, with a smile that spoke a perfect reconciliation. Between the ensuing acts, they talked to each other with gestures and glances so significant, that they ridiculed the whole house in this silent speech, and made an appointment that Mirtillo should lead her to her coach.

The peculiar language of one eye, as it differs from another, as much as the tone of one voice from another, and the fascination or enchantment, which is lodged in the optic nerves of the persons concerned in these dialogues, is, I must confess, too nice a subject for one who is not an adept in these speculations; but I shall, for the good and safety of the fair sex, call my learned friend Sir William Read to my assistance, and, by the help of his observations on this organ, acquaint them when

the eye is to be believed, and when distrusted. On the contrary, I shall conceal the true meaning of the looks of ladies, and indulge in them all the art they can acquire in the management of their glances: all which is but too little against creatures who triumph in falsehood, and begin to forswear with their eyes, when their tongues can be no longer believed.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** A very clean well-behaved young gentleman, who is in a very good way in Cornhill, has writ to me the following lines; and seems in some passages of his letter, which I omit, to lay it very much to heart, that I have not spoken of a supernatural beauty whom he sighs for, and complains to in most elaborate language. Alas! What can a Monitor do? All mankind live in romance.

"Royal Exchange, March 11.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"Some time since, you were pleased to mention the beauties in the New Exchange and Westminster-hall, and in my judgment were not very impartial; for if you were pleased to allow there was one *Goddess* in the New Exchange, and two *Shepherdesses* in Westminster-hall*, you very well might say, there was and is at present one *Angel* in the Royal Exchange: and I humbly beg the favour of you to let justice be done her, by inserting this in your next Tatler; which will make her my good *Angel*, and me your most humble servant,

A. B."

* See Tatler, No. 139.

N° 146. THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1709-10.

Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quia
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Dii.
Carior est illis homo, quam sibi. Nos animorum
Impulsu, et cæca magnâque cupidine ducti,
Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris; at illis
Notum, qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor.
Juv. Sat. x. 347 & seq.

Intrust thy fortune to the Powers above;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
In goodness as in greatness they excel;
Ah! that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!
We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
Are hot for action, and desire to wed;
Then wish for heirs, but to the gods alone
Our future offspring and our wives are known.
Dryden.

From my own Apartment, March 15.

Among the various sets of correspondents who apply to me for advice, and send up their cases from all parts of Great Britain, there are none who are more importunate with me, and whom I am more inclined to answer, than the Complainers. One of them dates his letter to me from the banks of a purling stream, where he used to ruminate in solitude upon the divine Clarissa, and where he is now looking about for a convenient leap, which he tells me he is resolved to take, unless I support him under the loss of that charming perjured woman. Poor Lavinia presses as much for consolation on the

other side, and is reduced to such an extremity of despair by the inconstancy of Philander, that she tells me she writes her letter with her pen in one hand, and her garter in the other. A gentleman of an antient family in Norfolk is almost out of his wits upon the account of a greyhound, that, after having been his inseparable companion for ten years, is at last run mad. Another, who I believe is serious, complains to me, in a very moving manner, of the loss of a wife; and another, in terms still more moving, of a purse of money that was taken from him on Bagshot-heath, and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him, if he had given it to the poor. In short, there is scarce a calamity in human life that has not produced me a letter.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, how men are able to raise afflictions to themselves out of every thing. Lands and houses, sheep and oxen, can convey happiness and misery into the hearts of reasonable creatures. Nay, I have known a muff, a scarf, or a tippet, become a solid blessing or misfortune. A lap-dog has broke the hearts of thousands. Flavia, who had buried five children and two husbands, was never able to get over the loss of her parrot. How often has a divine creature been thrown into a fit by a neglect at a ball or an assembly! Mopsa has kept her chamber ever since the last masquerade, and is in greater danger of her life upon being left out of it, than Clarinda from the violent cold which she caught at it. Nor are these dear creatures the only sufferers by such imaginary calamities. Many an author has been dejected at the censure of one whom he ever looked upon as an idiot: and many an hero cast into a fit of melancholy, because the rabble have not hooted at him as he passed through the streets. Theron places all his happiness in a running horse, Suffenus in a

gilded chariot, Fulvius in a blue string, and Florio in a tulip-root. It would be endless to enumerate the many fantastical afflictions that disturb mankind; but as a misery is not to be measured from the nature of the evil, but from the temper of the sufferer, I shall present my readers, who are unhappy either in reality or imagination, with an allegory, for which I am indebted to the great father and prince of poets.

As I was sitting after dinner in my elbow-chair, I took up Homer, and dipped into that famous speech of Achilles to Priam*, in which he tells him, that Jupiter has by him two great vessels, the one filled with blessings, and the other with misfortunes; out of which he mingles a composition for every man that comes into the world. This passage so exceedingly pleased me, that, as I fell insensibly into my afternoon's slumber, it wrought my imagination into the following dream.

When Jupiter took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of nature with the presiding deities did homage to him. One presented him with a mountain of winds, another with a magazine of hail, and a third with a pile of thunder-bolts. The Stars offered up their influences; Ocean gave in his trident, Earth her fruits, and the Sun his seasons. Among the several deities who came to make their court on this occasion, the

* Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to those, to those distributes ills:
To most he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curs'd indeed;
Pursu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and Heaven.
POPE's Hom. Il. xiv. ver. 863.

Destinies advanced with two great tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the right-hand of Jupiter, as he sat upon his throne, and the other on his left. The first was filled with all the blessings, and the other with all the calamities of human life. Jupiter, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this iron age, poured very plentifully out of the tun that stood at his right-hand; but, as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his blessings, he set abroach the other vessel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and distempers, jealousy and falsehood, intoxicating pleasures and untimely deaths.

He was at length so very much incensed at the great depravation of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that, having resolved to destroy the whole species, except Deucalion and Pyrrha, he commanded the Destinies to gather up the blessings which he had thrown away upon the sons of men, and lay them up until the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous and deserving race of mortals.

The *three* Sisters immediately repaired to the earth in search of the several blessings that had been scattered on it; but found the task which was enjoined them, to be much more difficult than they imagined. The first places they resorted to, as the most likely to succeed in, were cities, palaces, and courts; but, instead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but envy, repining, uneasiness, and the like bitter ingredients of the left-hand vessel. Whereas, to their great surprise, they discovered content, cheerfulness, health, innocence, and other the most substantial blessings of life, in cottages, shades, and solitudes.

There was another circumstance no less unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the discharge of the trust which Jupiter had committed to them. They observed, that several blessings had degenerated into calamities, and that several calamities had improved into blessings, according as they fell into the possession of wise or foolish men. They often found power with so much insolence and impatience cleaving to it, that it became a misfortune to the person on whom it was conferred. Youth had often distempers growing about it, worse than the infirmities of old age. Wealth was often united to such a sordid avarice, as made it the most uncomfortable and painful kind of poverty. On the contrary, they often found pain made glorious by fortitude, poverty lost in content, deformity beautified with virtue. In a word, the blessings were often like good fruits planted in a bad soil, that by degrees fall off from their natural relish, into tastes altogether insipid or unwholesome: and the calamities, like harsh fruits, cultivated in a good soil, and enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, until they swell with generous and delightful juices.

There was still a third circumstance that occasioned as great a surprise to the *three* Sisters as either of the foregoing, when they discovered several blessings and calamities which had never been in either of the tuns that stood by the throne of Jupiter, and were nevertheless as great occasions of happiness or misery as any there. These were that spurious crop of blessings and calamities which were never sown by the hand of the Deity, but grow of themselves out of the fancies and dispositions of human creatures. Such are dress, titles, place, equipage, false shame, and groundless fear, with

the like vain imaginations, that shoot up in trifling, weak, and irresolute minds.

The Destinies, finding themselves in so great a perplexity, concluded that it would be impossible for them to execute the commands that had been given them, according to their first intention; for which reason they agreed to throw all the blessings and calamities together into one large vessel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of Jupiter.

This was performed accordingly; the *Eldest Sister* presenting herself before the vessel, and introducing it with an apology for what they had done.

"O Jupiter," says she, "we have gathered together all the good and evil, the comforts and distresses of human life, which we thus present before thee in one promiscuous heap. We beseech thee, that thou thyself wilt sort them out for the future, as in thy wisdom thou shalt think fit. For we acknowledge, that there is none besides thee that can judge what will occasion grief or joy in the heart of a human creature, and what will prove a blessing or a calamity to the person on whom it is bestowed."

N° 147. SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1709-10.

——*Ut ameris, amabilis esto.* OVID.

——Be lovely, that you may be lov'd.

From my own Apartment, March 17.

READING is to the mind, what exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened, and invigorated; by the other, virtue, which is the health of the mind, is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed. But as exercise becomes tedious and painful, when we make use of it only as the means of health, so reading is apt to grow uneasy and burdensome, when we apply ourselves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this reason, the virtue which we gather from a fable, or an allegory, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us insensible of the fatigues that accompany it.

After this preface, I shall set down a very beautiful allegorical fable of the great poet whom I mentioned in my last paper, and whom it is very difficult to lay aside when one is engaged in the reading of him. And this I particularly design for the use of several of my fair correspondents, who in their letters have complained to me, that they have lost the affections of their husbands, and desire my advice how to recover them.

Juno, says Homer, seeing her Jupiter seated on the top of mount Ida, and knowing that he had con-

ceived an aversion to her, began to study how she should regain his affections, and make herself amiable to him. With this thought she immediately retired into her chamber, where she bathed herself in *ambrosia;* which gave her person all its beauty, and diffused so divine an odour, as refreshed all nature, and sweetened both heaven and earth. She let her immortal tresses flow in the most graceful manner, and took a particular care to dress herself in several ornaments, which the poet describes at length, and which the goddess chose out as the most proper to set off her person to the best advantage. In the next place, she made a visit to Venus, the deity who presides over love, and begged of her, as a particular favour, that she would lend her for a while those charms with which she subdued the hearts both of gods and men. "For," says the goddess, "I would make use of them to reconcile the two Deities, who took care of me in my infancy, and who at present are at so great a variance, that they are estranged from each other's bed." Venus was proud of an opportunity of obliging so great a goddess, and therefore made her a present of the *cestus* which she used to wear about her own waist, with advice to hide it in her bosom until she had accomplished her intention. This *cestus* was a fine party-coloured girdle, which, as Homer tells us, had all the attractions of the sex wrought into it. The four principal figures in the embroidery were Love, Desire, Fondness of speech, and Conversation, filled with that sweetness and complacency, which, says the poet, insensibly steal away the hearts of the wisest men.

Juno, after having made these necessary preparations, came, as by accident, into the presence of Jupiter, who is said to have been as much inflamed with her beauty, as when he first stole to her em-

braces, without the consent of their parents. Juno, to cover her real thoughts, told him, as she had told Venus, that she was going to make a visit to Oceanus and Tethys. He prevailed upon her to stay with him, protesting to her, that she appeared more amiable in his eye than ever any mortal, goddess, or even herself, had appeared to him until that day. The poet then represents him in so great an ardour, that, without going up to the house which had been built by the hands of Vulcan according to Juno's direction, he threw a golden cloud over their heads as they sat upon the top of Mount Ida, while the earth beneath them sprung up in *lotuses*, saffrons, hyacinths, and a bed of the softest flowers for their repose.

This close translation of one of the finest passages in Homer, may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman who has a mind to preserve, or recall the affection of her husband. The care of the person and the dress, with the particular blandishments woven in the *cestus*, are so plainly recommended by this fable, and so indispensably necessary in every female who desires to please, that they need no further explanation. The discretion, likewise, in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended visit to Tethys, in the speech where Juno addresses herself to Venus; as the chaste and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated by the same pretence for her appearing before Jupiter, and by the concealment of the *cestus* in her bosom.

I shall leave this tale to the consideration of such good housewives who are never well dressed but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their husbands: as also to those prudent ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their

husbands with indifference, aversion, sullen silence, or exasperating language.

Sheer-lane, March 17.

Upon my coming home last night, I found a very handsome present of wine left for me, as a taste " of two hundred and sixteen hogsheads, which are to be put to sale at twenty pounds a hogshead, at Garraway's coffee-house in Exchange-alley, on the twenty-second instant, at three in the afternoon, and to be tasted in major Long's vaults from the twentieth instant until the time of sale." This having been sent to me with a desire that I would give my judgment upon it, I immediately impannelled a jury of men of nice palates, and strong heads, who, being all of them very scrupulous, and unwilling to proceed rashly in a matter of so great importance, refused to bring in their verdict until three in the morning; at which time the foreman pronounced, as well as he was able, " Extra-a-ordinary French claret." For my own part, as I love to consult my pillow in all points of moment, I slept upon it before I would give my sentence, and this morning confirmed the verdict.

Having mentioned this tribute of wine, I must give notice to my correspondents for the future, who shall apply to me on this occasion, that, as I shall decide nothing unadvisedly in matters of this nature, I cannot pretend to give judgment of a right good liquor, without examining at least three dozen bottles of it. I must, at the same time, do myself the justice to let the world know, that I have resisted great temptations in this kind; as it is well known to a butcher in Clare-market, who endeavoured to corrupt me with a dozen and a half of marrow-bones. I had likewise a bribe sent me by a fishmonger, consisting of a collar of brawn, and a jole of salmon;

but not finding them excellent in their kinds, I had the integrity to eat them both up, without speaking one word of them. However, for the future, I shall have an eye to the diet of this great city, and will recommend the best and most wholesome food to them, if I receive these proper and respectful notices from the sellers; that it may not be said hereafter, that my readers were better taught than fed.

N° 148. TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1709-10.

——— *Gustus elementa per omnia quærunt,*
Nunquam animo pretiis obstantibus.

Juv. Sat. xi. 14.

They ransack ev'ry element for choice
Of ev'ry fish and fowl, at any price.

Congreve.

From my own Apartment, March 20.

Having intimated in my last paper, that I design to take under my inspection the Diet of this great city, I shall begin with a very earnest and serious exhortation to all my well-disposed readers, that they would return to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themselves to beef and mutton. This was the diet which bred that hardy race of mortals who won the fields of Cressy and Agincourt. I need not go up so high as the history of Guy earl of Warwick, who is well known to have eaten up a dun cow of his own killing. The renowned king Arthur is ge-

nerally looked upon as the first who ever sat down to a whole roasted ox, which was certainly the best way to preserve the gravy; and it is further added, that he and his knights sat about it at his round table, and usually consumed it to the very bones before they would enter upon any debate of moment. The Black Prince was a professed lover of the Brisket; not to mention the history of the Sirloin, or the institution of the order of Beef-eaters; which are all so many evident and undeniable marks of the great respect which our warlike predecessors have paid to this excellent food. The tables of the antient gentry of this nation were covered thrice a day with hot roast beef; and I am credibly informed, by an antiquary who has searched the registers in which the bills of fare of the court are recorded, that instead of tea and bread and butter, which have prevailed of late years, the maids of honour in queen Elizabeth's time were allowed three rumps of beef for their breakfast. Mutton has likewise been in great repute among our valiant countrymen; but was formerly observed to be the food rather of men of nice and delicate appetites, than those of strong and robust constitutions. For which reason, even to this day, we use the word *Sheep-biter*, as a term of reproach, as we do *Beef-eater* in a respectful and honourable sense. As for the flesh of lamb, veal, chicken, and other animals under age, they were the invention of sickly and degenerate palates, according to that wholesome remark of Daniel the historian; who takes notice, that in all taxes upon provisions during the reigns of several of our kings, there is nothing mentioned besides the flesh of such fowl and cattle as were arrived at their full growth, and were mature for slaughter. The common people of this kingdom do still keep up the taste of their ancestors; and it is to this that we, in a great measure, owe

the unparalleled victories that have been gained in this reign: for I would desire my reader to consider, what work our countrymen would have made at Blenheim and Ramillies, if they had been fed with fricasees and ragoûts.

For this reason, we at present see the florid complexion, the strong limb, and the hale constitution, are to be found chiefly among the meaner sort of people, or in the wild gentry who have been educated among the woods or mountains. Whereas many great families are insensibly fallen off from the athletic constitution of their progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, sickly, spindle-legged generation of valetudinarians.

I may perhaps be thought extravagant in my notion; but I must confess, I am apt to impute the dishonours that sometimes happen in great families, to the inflaming kind of diet which is so much in fashion. Many dishes can excite desire without giving strength, and heat the body without nourishing it; as physicians observe, that the poorest and most dispirited blood is most subject to fevers. I look upon a French ragoût to be as pernicious to the stomach as a glass of spirits; and when I have seen a young lady swallow all the instigations of high soups, seasoned sauces, and forced meats, I have wondered at the despair or tedious sighing of her lovers.

The rules among these false Delicates are, to be as contradictory as they can be to nature.

Without expecting the return of hunger, they eat for an appetite, and prepare dishes, not to allay, but to excite it.

They admit of nothing at their tables in its natural form, or without some disguise.

They are to eat every thing before it comes in season, and to leave it off as soon as it is good to be eaten.

They are not to approve any thing that is agreeable to ordinary palates; and nothing is to gratify their senses, but what would offend those of their inferiors.

I remember I was last summer invited to a friend's house, who is a great admirer of the French cookery, and, as the phrase is, "eats well." At our sitting down, I found the table covered with a great variety of unknown dishes. I was mightily at a loss to learn what they were, and therefore did not know where to help myself. That which stood before me, I took to be a roasted porcupine, however did not care for asking questions; and have since been informed, that it was only a larded turkey. I afterwards passed my eye over several hashes, which I do not know the names of to this day; and, hearing that they were delicacies, did not think fit to meddle with them.

Among other dainties, I saw something like a pheasant, and therefore desired to be helped to a wing of it; but, to my great surprise, my friend told me it was a rabbit, which is a sort of meat I never cared for. At last I discovered, with some joy, a pig at the lower end of the table, and begged a gentleman that was near it to cut me a piece of it. Upon which the gentleman of the house said, with great civility, "I am sure you will like the pig, for it was whipped to death." I must confess, I heard him with horror, and could not eat of an animal that had died so tragical a death. I was now in great hunger and confusion, when methought I smelled the agreeable savour of roast beef; but could not tell from which dish it arose, though I did not question but it lay disguised in one of them. Upon turning my head I saw a noble sirloin on the side-table, smoking in the most delicious manner. I had recourse to it more than once, and could not see without some indignation, that substantial English dish

banished in so ignominious a manner, to make way for French kickshaws.

The desert was brought up at last, which in truth was as extraordinary as any thing that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper order, looked like a very beautiful winter-piece. There were several pyramids of candied sweetmeats, that hung like icicles, with fruits scattered up and down, and hid in an artificial kind of frost. At the same time there were great quantities of cream beaten up into a snow, and near them little plates of sugar-plums, disposed like so many heaps of hailstones, with a multitude of congelations in jellies of various colours. I was indeed so pleased with the several objects which lay before me, that I did not care for displacing any of them; and was half angry with the rest of the company, that, for the sake of a piece of lemon-peel, or a sugar-plum, would spoil so pleasing a picture. Indeed, I could not but smile to see several of them cooling their mouths with *lumps of ice*, which they had just before been burning with salts and peppers.

As soon as this show was over, I took my leave, that I might finish my dinner at my own house. For as I in every thing love what is simple and natural, so particularly in my food: two plain dishes, with two or three good-natured, cheerful, ingenuous friends, would make me more pleased and vain than all that pomp and luxury can bestow. For it is my maxim, That "he keeps the greatest table who has the most valuable company at it."

N° 149. THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1709-10.

From my own Apartment, March 22.

It has often been a solid grief to me, when I have reflected on this glorious nation, which is the scene of public happiness and liberty, that there are still crowds of private tyrants, against whom there neither is any law now in being, nor can there be invented any by the wit of man. These cruel men are ill-natured husbands. The commerce in the conjugal state is so delicate, that it is impossible to prescribe rules for the conduct of it, so as to fit ten thousand nameless pleasures and disquietudes which arise to people in that condition. But it is in this as in some other nice cases, where touching upon the malady tenderly is half way to the cure; and there are some faults which need only to be observed, to be amended. I am put into this way of thinking by a late conversation, which I am going to give an account of.

I made a visit the other day to a family for which I have a great honour, and found the father, the mother, and two or three of the younger children, drop off designedly to leave me alone with the eldest daughter; who was but a visitant there as well as myself; and is the wife of a gentleman of a very fair character in the world. As soon as we were alone, I saw her eyes full of tears, and methought she had much to say to me, for which she wanted encouragement. "Madam," said I, "you know I wish you all as well as any friend you have: speak freely

what I see you are oppressed with; and you may be sure, if I cannot relieve your distress, you may at least reap so much present advantage, as safely to give yourself the ease of uttering it." She immediately assumed the most becoming composure of countenance, and spoke as follows: "It is an aggravation of affliction in a married life, that there is a sort of guilt in communicating it: for which reason it is, that a lady of your and my acquaintance, instead of speaking to you herself, desired me, the next time I saw you, as you are a professed friend to our sex, to turn your thoughts upon the reciprocal complaisance which is the duty of a married state.

"My friend was neither in birth, fortune, nor education below the gentleman whom she married. Her person, her age, and her character, are also such as he can make no exception to. But so it is, that from the moment the marriage ceremony was over, the obsequiousness of a lover was turned into the haughtiness of a master. All the kind endeavours which she uses to please him, are at best but so many instances of her duty. This insolence takes away that secret satisfaction, which does not only excite to virtue, but also rewards it. It abates the fire of a free and generous love, and imbitters all the pleasures of a social life." The young lady spoke all this with such an air of resentment, as discovered how nearly she was concerned in the distress.

When I observed she had done speaking, "Madam," said I, "the affliction you mention is the greatest that can happen in human life; and I know but one consolation in it, if that be a consolation, that the calamity is a pretty general one. There is nothing so common as for men to enter into marriage, without so much as expecting to be

happy in it. They seem to propose to themselves a few holidays in the beginning of it; after which they are to return at best to the usual course of their life; and for aught they know, to constant misery and uneasiness. From this false sense of the state they are going into, proceed the immediate coldness and indifference, or hatred and aversion, which attend ordinary marriages, or rather bargains to cohabit." Our conversation was here interrupted by company which came in upon us.

The humour of affecting a superior carriage, generally rises from a false notion of the weakness of a female understanding in general, or an overweening opinion that we have of our own; for when it proceeds from a natural ruggedness and brutality of temper, it is altogether incorrigible, and not to be amended by admonition. Sir Francis Bacon, as I remember, lays it down as a maxim, that no marriage can be happy in which the wife has no opinion of her husband's wisdom; but, without offence to so great an authority, I may venture to say, that a sullen wise man is as bad as a good-natured fool. Knowledge, softened with complacency and good-breeding, will make a man equally beloved and respected; but when joined with a severe, distant, and unsociable temper, it creates rather fear than love. I, who am a bachelor, have no other notions of conjugal tenderness but what I learn from books; and shall therefore produce three letters of Pliny, who was not only one of the greatest, but the most learned man in the whole Roman empire. At the same time, I am very much ashamed, that on such occasions I am obliged to have recourse to heathen authors; and shall appeal to my readers, if they would not think it a mark of narrow education in a man of quality, to write such passionate letters to any woman but a mistress. They were all three

written at a time when she was at a distance from him. The first of them puts me in mind of a married friend of mine, who said, "Sickness itself is pleasant to a man that is attended in it by one whom he dearly loves."

"PLINY TO CALPHURNIA.

"I never was so much offended at business, as when it hindered me from going with you into the country, or following you thither: for I more particularly wish to be with you at present, that I might be sensible of the progress you make in the recovery of your strength and health; as also of the entertainment and diversions you can meet with in your retirement. Believe me, it is an anxious state of mind to live in ignorance of what happens to those whom we passionately love. I am not only in pain for your absence, but also for your indisposition. I am afraid of every thing, fancy every thing, and, as it is the nature of man in fear, I fancy those things most, which I am most afraid of. Let me therefore earnestly desire you to favour me, under these my apprehensions, with one letter every day, or, if possible, with two; for I shall be a little at ease while I am reading your letters, and grow anxious again as soon as I have read them."

SECOND LETTER.

"You tell me, that you are very much afflicted at my absence, and that you have no satisfaction in any thing but my writings, which you often lay by you upon my pillow. You oblige me very much in wishing to see me, and making me your comforter in my absence. In return I must let you know, I am no less pleased with the letters which you *writ* to me, and read them over a thousand times with new pleasure. If your letters are capable of giving

me so much pleasure, what would your conversation do? Let me beg of you to write to me often; though at the same time I must confess, your letters give me anguish whilst they give me pleasure."

THIRD LETTER.

"It is impossible to conceive how much I languish for you in your absence; the tender love I bear you is the chief cause of this my uneasiness; which is still the more insupportable, because absence is wholly a new thing to us. I lie awake most part of the night in thinking of you, and several times of the day go as naturally to your apartment as if you were there to receive me; but when I miss you, I come away dejected, out of humour, and like a man that had suffered a repulse. There is but one part of the day in which I am relieved from this anxiety, and that is when I am engaged in public affairs.

"You may guess at the uneasy condition of one who has no rest but in business, no consolation but in trouble."

I shall conclude this Paper with a beautiful pas sage out of Milton, and leave it as a lecture to those of my own sex, who have a mind to make their conversation agreeable, as well as instructive to the fair partners who have fallen into their care. Eve having observed, that Adam was entering into some deep disquisitions with the Angel, who was sent to visit him, is described as retiring from their company, with a design of learning what should pass there from her husband.

"So spake our sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve
Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat

Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high. Such pleasures she reserv'd,
Adam relating, she sole auditress;
Her husband the relater she preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather. He, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O! when meet now
Such pairs in love and mutual honour join'd!"

N° 150. SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1710.

Hæc sunt jucundi causa, sibusque mali. OVID.

'Tis this that causes and foments the evil,
And gives us pleasure mixt with pain. ——

R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, March 24.

I HAVE received the following letter upon the subject of my last Paper. The writer of it tells me, I there spoke of marriage as one that knows it only by speculation, and for that reason he sends me his sense of it, as drawn from experience:

" MR. BICKERSTAFF,

" I have received your paper of this day, and think you have done the nuptial state a great deal of justice in the authority you give us of Pliny, whose letters to his wife you have there translated. But

give me leave to tell you, that it is impossible for you, that are a bachelor, to have so just a notion of this way of life, as to touch the affections of your readers in a particular, wherein every man's own heart suggests more than the nicest observer can form to himself without experience. I, therefore, who am an old married man, have sat down to give you an account of the matter from my own knowledge, and the observations which I have made upon the conduct of others in that most agreeable or wretched condition.

" It is very commonly observed, that the most smart pangs which we meet with, are in the beginning of wedlock, which proceed from ignorance of each other's humour, and want of prudence to make allowances for a change from the most careful respect, to the most unbounded familiarity. Hence it arises, that trifles are commonly occasions of the greatest anxiety; for contradiction being a thing wholly unusual between a new married couple, the smallest instance of it is taken for the highest injury; and it very seldom happens, that the man is slow enough in assuming the character of a husband, or the woman quick enough in condescending to that of a wife. It immediately follows, that they think they have all the time of their courtship been talking in masks to each other, and therefore begin to act like disappointed people. Philander finds Delia ill-natured and impertinent; and Delia, Philander surly and inconstant.

" I have known a fond couple quarrel in the very honey-moon about cutting up a tart: nay, I could name two, who, after having had seven children, fell out and parted beds upon the boiling of a leg of mutton. My very next neighbours have not spoke to one another these three days, because they differed in their opinions, whether the clock should

stand by the window or over the chimney. It may seem strange to you, who are not a married man, when I tell you how the least trifle can strike a woman dumb for a week together. But, if you ever enter into this state, you will find that the soft sex as often express their anger by an obstinate silence, as by an ungovernable clamour.

" Those indeed who begin this course of life without jars at their setting out, arrive within few months at a pitch of benevolence and affection, of which the most perfect friendship is but a faint resemblance. As in the unfortunate marriage, the most minute and indifferent things are objects of the sharpest resentment; so in an happy one, they are occasions of the most exquisite satisfaction. For what does not oblige in one we love? What does not offend in one we dislike? For these reasons I take it for a rule, that in marriage, the chief business is to acquire a prepossession in favour of each other. They should consider one another's words and actions with a secret indulgence. There should be always an inward fondness pleading for each other, such as may add new beauties to every thing that is excellent, give charms to what is indifferent, and cover every thing that is defective. For want of this kind propensity and bias of mind, the married pair often take things ill of each other, which no one else would take notice of in either of them.

" But the most unhappy circumstance of all is, where each party is always laying up fuel for dissension, and gathering together a magazine of provocations, to exasperate each other with when they are out of humour. These people, in common discourse, make no scruple to let those who are by know, they are quarrelling with one another; and think they are discreet enough, if they conceal from the company the matters which they are hinting at.

About a week ago, I was entertained for a whole dinner with a mysterious conversation of this nature: out of which I could learn no more, than that the husband and wife were angry at one another. We had no sooner sat down, but says the gentleman of the house, in order to raise discourse, 'I thought Margarita sung extremely well last night.' Upon this, says the lady, looking as pale as ashes, 'I suppose she had *cherry-coloured ribbands* on.' 'No,' answered the husband with a flush in his face, 'but she had *laced shoes*.' I look upon it, that a stander-by on such occasions has as much reason to be out of countenance as either of the combatants. To turn off my confusion and seem regardless of what had passed, I desired the servant who attended, to give me the vinegar, which unluckily created a new dialogue of hints; for, as far as I could gather by the subsequent discourse, they had dissented the day before about the preference of *elder* to wine vinegar. In the midst of their discourse, there appeared a dish of chicken and asparagus*, when the husband seemed disposed to lay aside all disputes; and looking upon her with a great deal of good-nature, said, 'Pray, my dear, will you help my friend to a wing of the fowl that lies next you, for I think it looks extremely well.' The lady, instead of answering him, addressing herself to me, 'Pray, Sir,' said she, 'do you in Surrey reckon the white or the black-legged fowls the best?' I found the husband change colour at the question; and before I could answer, asked me, 'Whether we did not call hops broom in our country?' I quickly found they did not ask questions so much out of curiosity as anger: for which reason I thought fit to keep my opinion to myself, and, as

* *Chickens and Sparagrass.* O. F.

an honest man ought, when he sees two friends in warmth with each other, I took the first opportunity I could to leave them by themselves.

" You see, Sir, I have laid before you only small incidents, which are seemingly frivolous; but take it from a man very well experienced in this state, they are principally evils of this nature which make marriages unhappy. At the same time, that I may do justice to this excellent institution, I must own to you there are unspeakable pleasures which are as little regarded in the computation of the advantages of marriage, as the others are in the usual survey that is made of its misfortunes.

" Lovemore and his wife live together in the happy possession of each other's hearts, and by that means have no indifferent moments, but their whole life is one continued scene of delight. Their passion for each other communicates a certain satisfaction, like that which they themselves are in, to all that approach them. When she enters the place where he is, you see a pleasure which he cannot conceal, nor he or any one else describe. In so consummate an affection, the very presence of the person beloved has the effect of the most agreeable conversation. Whether they have matter to talk of or not, they enjoy the pleasures of society, and at the same time the freedom of solitude. Their ordinary life is to be preferred to the happiest moments of other lovers. In a word, they have each of them great merit, live in the esteem of all who know them, and seem but to comply with the opinions of their friends, in the just value they have for each other."

N° 151. TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1710.

——— *Ni vis boni*
In ipsâ inesset formâ, hæc formam extinguerent. Tul.

"These things would extinguish beauty, if there were not an innate pleasure-giving energy in beauty itself."

From my own Apartment, March 27.

When artists would expose their diamonds to an advantage, they usually set them to show in little cases of black velvet. By this means the jewels appear in their true and genuine lustre, while there is no colour that can infect their brightness, or give a false cast to the water. When I was at the opera the other night, the assembly of ladies in mourning made me consider them in the same kind of view. A dress wherein there is so little variety shows the face in all its natural charms, and makes one differ from another only as it is more or less beautiful. Painters are ever careful of offending against a rule which is so essential in all just representations. The chief figure must have the strongest point of light, and not be injured by any gay colourings, that may draw away the attention to any less considerable part of the picture. The present fashion obliges every body to be dressed with propriety, and makes the ladies' faces the principal objects of sight. Every beautiful person shines out in all the excellence with which nature has adorned her; gaudy ribbands and glaring colours being now out of use, the sex has no opportunity given them to disfigure themselves,

which they seldom fail to do whenever it lies in their power. When a woman comes to her glass, she does not employ her time in making herself look more advantageously what she really is; but endeavours to be as much another creature as she possibly can. Whether this happens because they stay so long, and attend their work so diligently, that they forget the faces and persons which they first sat down with, or whatever it is, they seldom rise from the toilet the same women they appeared when they began to dress. What jewel can the charming Cleora place in her ears, that can please her beholders so much as her eyes? The cluster of diamonds upon the breast can add no beauty to the fair chest of ivory which supports it. It may indeed tempt a man to steal a woman, but never to love her. Let Thalestris change herself into a motley, party-coloured animal: the pearl necklace, the flowered stomacher, the artificial nosegay, and *shaded furbelow*, may be of use to attract the eye of the beholder, and turn it from the imperfections of her features and shape. But if ladies will take my word for it (and as they dress to please men, they ought to consult our fancy rather than their own in this particular), I can assure them, there is nothing touches our imagination so much as a beautiful woman in a plain dress. There might be more agreeable ornaments found in our own manufacture, than any that rise out of the looms of Persia.

This, I know, is a very harsh doctrine to womankind, who are carried away with every thing that is showy, and with what delights the eye, more than any other species of living creatures whatsoever. Were the minds of the sex laid open, we should find the chief idea in one to be a tippet, in another a muff, in a third a fan, and in a fourth a fardingale. The memory of an old visiting lady is so

filled with gloves, silks, and ribbands, that I can look upon it as nothing else but a toy-shop. A matron of my acquaintance, complaining of her daughter's vanity, was observing, that she had all of a sudden held up her head higher than ordinary, and *taken an air* that showed a secret satisfaction in herself, mixed with a scorn of others. "I did not know," says my friend, "what to make of the carriage of this fantastical girl, until I was informed by her elder sister, that she had a pair of striped garters on." This odd turn of mind often makes the sex unhappy, and disposes them to be struck with every thing that makes a show, however trifling and superficial.

Many a lady has fetched a sigh at the *toss* of a wig*, and been ruined by the tapping of a snuff-box. It is impossible to describe all the execution that was done by the *shoulder-knot*, while that fashion prevailed, or to reckon up all the virgins that have fallen a sacrifice to a pair of *fringed gloves*. A sincere heart has not made half so many conquests as an *open waistcoat;* and I should be glad to see an able head make so good a figure in a woman's company as a pair of *red heels*. A Grecian hero, when he was asked whether he could play upon the lute, thought he had made a very good reply, when he answered, "No; but I can make a great city of a little one." Notwithstanding his boasted wisdom, I appeal to the heart of any Toast in town, whether she would not think the *lutenist* preferable to the statesman? I do not speak this out of any aversion that I have to the sex: on the contrary, I have always had a tenderness for them; but, I must confess, it troubles me very much, to

* A *Tye*. A.

see the generality of them place their affections on improper objects, and give up all the pleasures of life for gewgaws and trifles.

Mrs. Margery Bickerstaff, my great aunt, had a thousand pounds to her portion, which our family was desirous of keeping among themselves, and therefore used all possible means to turn off her thoughts from marriage. The method they took was, in any time of danger, to throw a new gown or petticoat in her way. When she was about twenty-five years of age, she fell in love with a man of an agreeable temper and equal fortune, and would certainly have married him, had not my grandfather, Sir Jacob, dressed her up in a suit of flowered satin; upon which she set so immoderate a value upon herself, that the lover was contemned and discarded. In the fortieth year of her age, she was again smitten; but very luckily transferred her passion to a *tippet*, which was presented to her by another relation who was in the plot. This, with a *white sarsnet hood*, kept her safe in the family until fifty. About sixty, which generally produces a kind of latter spring in amorous constitutions, my aunt Margery had again a colt's tooth in her head; and would certainly have eloped from the mansion-house, had not her brother Simon, who was a wise man and a scholar, advised to dress her in *cherry-coloured ribbands*, which was the only expedient that could have been found out by the wit of man to preserve the thousand pounds in our family, part of which I enjoy at this time.

The discourse puts me in mind of an humourist mentioned by Horace, called Eutrapelus, who, when he designed to do a man a mischief, made him a present of a gay suit; and brings to my memory another passage of the same author, when he de-

scribes the most ornamental dress that a woman can appear in with two words, *Simplex Munditiis*, which I have quoted for the benefit of my female readers.

N° 152. THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1710.

Dii, quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui; sit numine vestro
Pandere res altâ terrâ & caligine mersas.

VIRG. Æn. vi. 264.

Infernal gods, who rule the shades below,
Chaos and Phlegethon, the realms of woe;
Grant what I've heard I may to light expose,
Secrets which earth, and night, and Hell enclose!

PITT.

From my own Apartment, March 29.

A MAN who confines his speculations to the time present, has but a very narrow province to employ his thoughts in. For this reason, persons of studious and contemplative natures often entertain themselves with the history of past ages, or raise schemes and conjectures upon futurity. For my own part, I love to range through that half of eternity which is still to come, rather than look on that which is already run out; because I know I have a real share and interest in the one, whereas all that was transacted in the other can be only matter of curiosity to me.

Upon this account, I have been always very much delighted with meditating on the soul's immortality, and in reading the several notions which the wisest of men, both antient and modern, have entertained on that subject. What the opinions of the greatest philosophers have been, I have several times hinted at, and shall give an account of them from time to time as occasion requires. It may likewise be worth while to consider, what men of the most exalted genius and elevated imagination have thought of this matter. Among these, Homer stands up as a prodigy of mankind, that looks down upon the rest of human creatures, as a species beneath him. Since he is the most antient heathen author, we may guess from his relation, what were the common opinions in his time concerning the state of the soul after death.

Ulysses, he tells us, made a voyage to the regions of the dead, in order to consult Tiresias how he should return to his own country, and recommend himself to the favour of the gods. The poet scarce introduces a single person, who doth not suggest some useful precept to his reader, and designs his description of the dead for the amendment of the living.

Ulysses, after having made a very plenteous sacrifice, *sat him down* by the pool of holy blood, which attracted a prodigious assembly of ghosts of all ages and conditions, that hovered about the hero, and feasted upon the steams of his oblation. The first he knew was the shade of Elpenor, who, to show the activity of a spirit above that of body, is represented as arrived there long before Ulysses, notwithstanding the winds and seas had contributed all their force to hasten his voyage thither. This Elpenor, to inspire the reader with a detestation of drunkenness, and at the same time with a religious

care of doing proper honours to the dead, describes himself as having broken his neck in a debauch of wine; and begs Ulysses, that for the repose of his soul, he would build a monument over him, and perform funeral rites to his memory. Ulysses, with great sorrow of heart, promises to fulfil his request, and is immediately diverted to an object much more moving than the former. The ghost of his own mother Anticlea, whom he still thought living, appears to him among the multitudes of shades that surrounded him; and sits down at a small distance from him by the lake of blood, without speaking to him, or knowing who he was. Ulysses was exceedingly troubled at the sight, and could not forbear weeping as he looked upon her: but being all along set forth as a pattern of consummate wisdom, he makes his affection give way to prudence; and therefore, upon his seeing Tiresias, does not reveal himself to his mother, until he had consulted that great prophet, who was the occasion of this his descent into the empire of the dead. Tiresias having cautioned him to keep himself and his companions free from the guilt of sacrilege, and to pay his devotions to all the gods, promises him a safe return to his kingdom and family, and a happy old age in the enjoyment of them.

The poet having thus with great art kept the curiosity of his reader in suspense, represents his wise man, after the dispatch of business with Tiresias, as yielding himself up to the calls of natural affection, and making himself known to his mother. Her eyes are no sooner opened, but she cries out in tears, "O my son!" and inquires into the occasions that brought him thither, and the fortune that attended him.

Ulysses on the other hand, desires to know what the sickness was that had sent her into those regions,

and the condition in which she had left his father, his son, and more particularly his wife. She tells him, " they were all three inconsolable for his absence. As for myself," says she, " that was the sickness of which I died. My impatience for your return, my anxiety for your welfare, and my fondness for my dear Ulysses, were the only distempers that preyed upon my life, and separated my soul from my body." Ulysses was melted with these expressions of tenderness, and thrice endeavoured to catch the apparition in his arms, that he might hold his mother to his bosom, and weep over her.

This gives the poet occasion to describe the notion the heathens at that time had of an unbodied soul, in the excuse which the mother makes for seeming to withdraw herself from her son's embraces. " The soul," says she, " is composed neither of bones, flesh, nor sinews; but leaves behind her all those incumbrances of mortality to be consumed on the funeral pile. As soon as she has thus cast her burden, she makes her escape, and flies away from it like a dream."

When this melancholy conversation is at an end, the poet draws up to view as charming a vision as could enter into man's imagination. He describes the next who appeared to Ulysses, to have been the shades of the finest women that had ever lived upon the earth, and who had either been the daughters of kings, the mistresses of gods, or mothers of heroes; such as Antiope, Alcmena, Leda, Ariadne, Iphimedia, Eriphyle, and several others, of whom he gives a catalogue, with a short history of their adventures. The beautiful assembly of apparitions were all gathered together about the blood: " Each of them," says Ulysses, as a gentle satire upon female vanity, " giving me an account of her birth and family." This scene of extraordinary women

seems to have been designed by the poet as a lecture of mortality to the whole sex, and to put them in mind of what they must expect, notwithstanding the greatest perfections, and highest honours they can arrive it.

The circle of beauties at length disappeared, and was succeeded by the shades of several Grecian heroes, who had been engaged with Ulysses in the siege of Troy. The first that approached was Agamemnon, the generalissimo of that great expedition, who, at the appearance of his old friend, wept very bitterly, and, without saying any thing to him, endeavoured to grasp him by the hand. Ulysses, who was much moved at the sight, poured out a flood of tears, and asked him the occasion of his death, which Agamemnon related to him in all its tragical circumstances; how he was murdered at a banquet by the contrivance of his own wife, in confederacy with her adulterer: from whence he takes occasion to reproach the whole sex, after a manner which would be inexcusable in a man who had not been so great a sufferer by them. "My wife," says he, "has disgraced all the women that shall ever be born into the world, even those who hereafter shall be innocent. Take care how you grow too fond of your wife. Never tell her all you know. If you reveal some things to her, be sure you keep others concealed from her. You, indeed, have nothing to fear from your Penelope, she will not use you as my wife has treated me; however, take care how you trust a woman." The poet, in this and other instances, according to the system of many heathen as well as Christian philosophers, shows, how anger, revenge, and other habits which the soul had contracted in the body, subsist, and grow in it under its state of separation.

I am extremely pleased with the companions which the poet in the next description assigns to Achilles. "Achilles," says the hero, "came up to me with Patroclus and Antilochus." By which we may see that it was Homer's opinion, and probably that of the age he lived in, that the friendships which are made among the living, will likewise continue among the dead. Achilles inquires after the welfare of his son, and of his father, with a fierceness of the same character that Homer has every where expressed in the actions of his life. The passage relating to his son is so extremely beautiful, that I must not omit it. Ulysses, after having described him as wise in council and active in war, and mentioned the foes whom he had slain in battle, adds an observation that he himself had made of his behaviour, whilst he lay in the wooden horse. "Most of the generals," says he, "that were with us either wept or trembled: as for your son, I never saw him wipe a tear from his cheeks, or change his countenance. On the contrary, he would often lay his hand upon his sword, or grasp his spear, as impatient to employ them against the Trojans." He then informs his father of the great honour and rewards which he had purchased before Troy, and of his return from it without a wound. "The shade of Achilles," says the poet, "was so pleased with the account he received of his son, that he inquired no farther, but stalked away with more than ordinary majesty, over the green meadow that lay before them."

This last circumstance, of a deceased father's rejoicing in the behaviour of his son, is very finely contrived by Homer, as an incentive to virtue, and made use of by none that I know besides himself.

The description of Ajax, which follows, and his refusing to speak to Ulysses, who had won the armour of Achilles from him, and by that means occasioned his death, is admired by every one that reads it. When Ulysses relates the sullenness of his deportment, and considers the greatness of the hero, he expresses himself with generous and noble sentiments. "Oh! that I had never gained a prize which cost the life of so brave a man as Ajax! who, for the beauty of his person, and greatness of his actions, was inferior to none but the divine Achilles." The same noble condescension, which never dwells but in truly great minds, and such as Homer would represent that of Ulysses to have been, discovers itself likewise in the speech which he made to the ghost of Ajax on that occasion. "Oh! Ajax," says he, "will you keep your resentments even after death? What destructions hath this fatal armour brought upon the Greeks, by robbing them of you, who were their bulwark and defence! Achilles is not more bitterly lamented among us than you. Impute not then your death to any one but Jupiter, who, out of his anger to the Greeks, took you away from among them: let me intreat you to approach me; restrain the fierceness of your wrath, and the greatness of your soul, and hear what I have to say to you." Ajax, without making a reply, turned his back upon him, and retired into a crowd of ghosts.

Ulysses, after all these visions, took a view of those impious wretches who lay in tortures for the crimes they had committed upon the earth, whom he describes under all the varieties of pain, as so many marks of divine vengeance, to deter others from following their example. He then tells us, that notwithstanding he had a great curiosity to see the heroes that lived in the ages before him, the

ghosts began to gather about him in such prodigious multitudes, and with such a confusion of voices, that his heart trembled as he saw himself amidst so great a scene of horrors. He adds, that he was afraid lest some hideous spectre should appear to him, that might terrify him to distraction; and therefore withdrew in time,

I question not but my reader will be pleased with this description of a future state, represented by such a noble and fruitful imagination, that had nothing to direct it besides the light of nature, and the opinions of a dark and ignorant age.

N° 153. SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1710.

Bombalio, clangor, staidor, taratantara, murmur.
FARN. Rhet.

Rend with tremendous sounds your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder.
POPE.

From my own Apartment, March 31.

I HAVE heard of a very valuable picture, wherein all the painters of the age in which it was drawn, are represented sitting together in a circle, and joining in a *consort* of music. Each of them plays upon such a particular instrument as is the most suitable to his character, and expresses that style and manner of painting which is peculiar to him. The

famous cupola-painter of those times, to show the grandeur and boldness of his figures, hath a horn in his mouth, which he seems to wind with great strength and force. On the contrary, an eminent artist, who wrought up his pictures with the greatest accuracy, and gave them all those delicate touches which are apt to please the nicest eye, is represented as tuning a theorbo. The same kind of *humour* runs through the whole piece.

I have often, from this hint, imagined to myself, that different talents in discourse might be shadowed out after the same manner by different kinds of music; and that the several conversable parts of mankind in this great city, might be cast into proper characters and divisions, as they resemble several instruments that are in use among the masters of harmony. Of these, therefore, in their order; and first of the Drum.

Your Drums are the blusterers in conversation, that, with a loud laugh, unnatural mirth, and a torrent of noise, domineer in public assemblies; overbear men of sense; stun their companions; and fill the place they are in with a rattling sound, that hath seldom any wit, humour, or good breeding in it. The drum, notwithstanding, by this boisterous vivacity, is very proper to impose upon the ignorant; and in conversation with ladies who are not of the finest taste, often passes for a man of mirth and wit, and for wonderful pleasant company. I need not observe, that the emptiness of the Drum very much contributes to its noise.

The Lute is a character directly opposite to the Drum, that sounds very finely by itself, or in a very small *consort*. Its notes are exquisitely sweet, and very low, easily drowned in a multitude of instruments, and even lost among a few, unless you give a particular attention to it. A Lute is seldom heard

in a company of more than five, whereas a Drum will show itself to advantage in an assembly of five hundred. The Lutenists, therefore, are men of a fine genius, uncommon reflection, great affability, and esteemed chiefly by persons of a good taste, who are the only proper judges of so delightful and soft a melody.

The Trumpet is an instrument that has in it no compass of music, or variety of sound, but is notwithstanding very agreeable, so long as it keeps within its pitch. It has not above four or five notes, which are however very pleasing, and capable of exquisite turns and modulations. The gentlemen who fall under this denomination, are your men of the most fashionable education, and refined breeding, who have learned a certain smoothness of discourse and sprightliness of air, from the polite company they have kept; but at the same time have shallow parts, weak judgments, and a short reach of understanding. A play-house, a drawing-room, a ball, a visiting-day, or a Ring at Hyde-park, are the few notes they are masters of, which they touch upon in all conversations. The Trumpet, however, is a necessary instrument about a court, and a proper enlivener of a *consort*, though of no great harmony by itself.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate wits, that distinguish themselves by the flourishes of imagination, sharpness of repartee, glances of satire, and bear away the upper part in every *consort*. I cannot, however, but observe, that when a man is not disposed to hear music, there is not a more disagreeable sound in harmony than that of a Violin.

There is another musical instrument, which is more frequent in this nation than any other; I mean your Bass-viol, which grumbles in the bottom of the *consort*, and with a surly masculine sound strengthens

the harmony and tempers the sweetness of the several instruments that play along with it. The Bass-viol is an instrument of a quite different nature *to* the Trumpet, and may signify men of rough sense and unpolished parts; who do not love to hear themselves talk, but sometimes break out with an agreeable bluntness, unexpected wit, and surly pleasantries, to the no small diversion of their friends and companions. In short, I look upon every sensible, true-born Briton to be naturally a Bass-viol.

As for your rural wits, who talk with great eloquence and alacrity of foxes, hounds, horses, quick-set-hedges, and six-bar gates, double ditches, and broken necks, I am in doubt whether I should give them a place in the conversable world. However, if they will content themselves with being raised to the dignity of Hunting-horns, I shall desire, for the future, that they may be known by that name.

I must not here omit the Bag-pipe *species*, that will entertain you from morning to night with the repetition of a few notes, which are played over and over, with the perpetual humming of a drone running underneath them. These are your dull, heavy, tedious story-tellers, the load and burden of conversations, that set up for men of importance, by knowing secret history, and giving an account of transactions, that whether they ever passed in the world or not, doth not signify an half-penny to its instruction, or its welfare. Some have observed. that the Northern parts of this island are more particularly fruitful in Bag-pipes.

They are so very few persons who are masters in every kind of conversation, and can talk on all subjects, that I do not know whether we should make a distinct species of them. Nevertheless, that my scheme may not be defective, for the sake of those

few who are endowed with such extraordinary talents, I shall allow them to be Harpsichords, a kind of music which every one knows is a *consort* by itself.

As for your Passing bells, who look upon mirth as criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholy in itself, and mortifying to human nature, I shall not mention them.

I shall likewise pass over in silence all the rabble of mankind, that crowd our streets, coffee-houses, feasts, and public tables. I cannot call their discourse conversation, but rather something that is practised in imitation of it. For which reason, if I would describe them by any musical instrument, it should be by those modern inventions of the bladder and string, tongs and key, marrow-bone and cleaver.

My reader will doubtless observe, that I have only touched here upon male instruments, having reserved my female *consort* to another occasion. If he has a mind to know where these several characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole club of Drums; not to mention another of Bag-pipes, which I have before given some account of in my description of our nightly meetings in Sheer-lane. The Lutes may often be met with in couples upon the banks of a crystal stream, or in the retreats of shady woods, and flowery meadows; which, for different reasons, are likewise the great resort of your Hunting-horns. Bass-viols are frequently to be found over a glass of stale beer, and a pipe of tobacco; whereas, those who set up for Violins, seldom fail to make their appearance at Will's once every evening. You may meet with a Trumpet any where on the other side of Charing-cross.

That we may draw something for our advantage

in life out of the foregoing discourse, I must intreat my reader to make a narrow search into his life and conversation, and, upon his leaving any company, to examine himself seriously, whether he has behaved himself in it like a Drum or a Trumpet, a Violin or a Bass-viol; and accordingly endeavour to mend his music for the future. For my own part, I must confess I was a Drum for many years; nay, and a very noisy one, until, having polished myself a little in good company, I threw as much of the Trumpet into my conversation, as was possible for a man of an impetuous temper, by which mixture of different musics I look upon myself, during the course of many years, to have resembled a Tabor and Pipe. I have since very much endeavoured at the sweetness of the Lute; but, in spite of all my resolutions, I must confess, with great confusion, that I find myself daily degenerating into a Bagpipe; whether it be the effect of my old age, or of the company I keep, I know not. All that I can do is to keep a watch over my conversation, and to silence the Drone as soon as I find it begin to hum in my discourse, being determined rather to hear the notes of others, than to play out of time, and encroach upon their parts in the *consort* by the noise of so tiresome an instrument.

I shall conclude this Paper with a letter which I received last night from a friend of mine, who knows very well my notions upon this subject, and invites me to pass the evening at his house, with a select company of friends, in the following words:

"DEAR ISAAC,

"I intend to have a *consort* at my house this evening, having by great chance got a Harpsichord,

which I am sure will entertain you very agreeably. There will be likewise two Lutes and a Trumpet: let me beg you to put yourself in tune, and believe me

Your very faithful servant,
NICHOLAS HUMDRUM*."

N° 154. TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1710.

Obscuris vera involvens. VIRG. Æn. vi. 100.
Involving truth in terms obscure.

From my own Apartment, April 3.

WE have already examined Homer's description of a future state, and the condition in which he hath placed the souls of the deceased. I shall, in this Paper, make some observations on the account which Virgil hath given us of the same subject, who, besides a greatness of genius, had all the lights of philosophy and human learning to assist and guide him in his discoveries.

Æneas is represented as descending into the empire of death, with a prophetess by his side, who instructs him in the secrets of those lower regions.

Upon the confines of the dead, and before the very gates of this infernal world, Virgil describes several inhabitants, whose natures are wonderfully suited to the situation of the place, as being either

* See Tatler, No. 157.

the occasions or resemblances of death. Of the first kind are the shadows of Sickness, Old Age, Fear, Famine, and Poverty; apparitions very terrible to behold, with several others, as Toil, War, Contention, and Discord, which contribute all of them to people this common receptacle of human souls. As this was likewise a very proper residence for every thing that resembles death, the poet tells us, that Sleep, whom he represents as a near relation to Death, has likewise his habitation in these quarters: and describes in them a huge gloomy elm-tree, which seems a very proper ornament for the place, and is possessed by an innumerable swarm of dreams, that hang in clusters under every leaf of it. He then gives us a list of imaginary persons, who very naturally lie within the shadow of the dream-tree, as being of the same kind of make in themselves, and the materials, or, to use Shakspeare's phrase, "the stuff of which dreams are made." Such are the shades of the giant with an hundred hands, and of his brother with three bodies; of the double-shaped Centaur, and Scylla; the Gorgon with snaky hair; the Harpy with a woman's face and lion's talons; the seven-headed Hydra; and the Chimæra, which breathes forth a flame, and is a compound of three animals. These several mixed natures, the creatures of imagination, are not only introduced with great art after the dreams, but, as they are planted at the very entrance, and within the very gates of those regions, do probably denote the wild deliriums and extravagancies of fancy, which the soul usually falls into when she is just upon the verge of death.

Thus far Æneas travels in an allegory. The rest of the description is drawn with great exactness, according to the religion of the heathens, and the opinions of the Platonic philosophy. I shall not

trouble my reader with a common dull story, that gives an account why the heathens first of all supposed a ferryman in Hell, and his name to be Charon; but must not pass over in silence the point of doctrine which Virgil hath very much insisted upon in this book, That the souls of those who are unburied, are not permitted to go over into their respective places of rest, until they have wandered a hundred years upon the banks of Styx. This was probably an invention of the heathen priesthood, to make the people extremely careful of performing proper rites and ceremonies to the memory of the dead. I shall not, however, with the infamous scribblers of the age, take an occasion from such a circumstance, to run into declamations against priestcraft, but rather look upon it even in this *light* as a religious artifice, to raise in the minds of men an esteem for the memory of their forefathers, and a desire to recommend themselves to that of posterity; as also to excite in them an ambition of imitating the virtues of the deceased, and to keep alive in their thoughts the sense of the soul's immortality. In a word, we may say in defence of *the* severe opinions relating to the shades of unburied persons, what hath been said by some of our divines in regard to the rigid doctrines concerning the souls of such who die without being initiated into our religion, that supposing they should be erroneous, they can do no hurt to the dead, and will *have a good effect* upon the living, in making them cautious of neglecting such necessary solemnities.

Charon is no sooner appeased, and the triple-headed dog laid asleep, but Æneas makes his entrance into the dominions of Pluto. There are three kinds of persons described, as being situated on the borders; and I can give no reason for their being

stationed there in so particular a manner, but because none of them seem to have had a proper right to a place among the dead, as not having run out the whole thread of their days, and finished the term of life that had been allotted them upon earth. The first of these are the souls of infants, who are snatched away by untimely ends. The second are of those who are put to death wrongfully, and by an unjust sentence: and the third, of those who grew weary of their lives, and laid violent hands upon themselves. As for the second of these, Virgil adds, with great beauty, that Minos, the judge of the dead, is employed in giving them a rehearing, and assigning them their several quarters suitable to the parts they acted in life. The poet, after having mentioned the souls of those unhappy men who destroyed themselves, breaks out into a fine exclamation. "Oh! how gladly," says he, "would they now endure life with all its miseries! but the Destinies forbid their return to earth, and the waters of Styx surround them with nine streams that are unpassable." It is very remarkable, that Virgil, notwithstanding self-murder was so *frequent* among the heathens, and had been practised by some of the greatest men in the very age before him, hath here represented it as so heinous a crime. But in this particular he was guided by the doctrines of his great master Plato; who says on this subject, "that a man is placed in his station of life, like a soldier in his proper post, which he is not to quit, whatever may happen, until he is called off by his commander who planted him in it.

There is another point in the Platonic philosophy, which Virgil has made the ground-work of the greatest part in the piece we are now examining; having with wonderful art and beauty materialized, if I may so call it, a scheme of abstracted notions,

and clothed the most nice refined conceptions of philosophy in sensible images, and poetical representations. The Platonists tell us, that the soul, during her residence in the body, contracts many virtuous and vicious habits, so as to become a beneficent, mild, charitable; or an angry, malicious, revengeful being: a substance inflamed with lust, avarice, and pride; or, on the contrary, brightened with pure, generous, and humble dispositions: that these and the like habits of virtue and vice growing into the very essence of the soul, survive and gather strength in her after her dissolution: that the torments of a vicious soul in a future state arise principally from those importunate passions which are not capable of being gratified without a body; and that, on the contrary, the happiness of virtuous minds very much consists in their being employed in sublime speculations, innocent diversions, sociable affections, and all the ecstacies of passion and rapture which are agreeable to reasonable natures, and of which they gained a relish in this life.

Upon this foundation the poet raises that beautiful description of the secret haunts and walks, which, he tells us, are inhabited by deceased lovers.

Not far from hence, says he, lies a great waste of plains, that are called, "the Fields of Melancholy." In these there grows a forest of myrtle, divided into many shady retirements and covered walks, and inhabited by the souls of those who pined away with love. The passion, says he, continues with them after death. He then gives a list of this languishing tribe, in which his own Dido makes the principal figure, and is described as living in this soft romantic scene with the shade of her first husband Sichæus.

The poet, in the next place, mentions another plain that was peopled with the ghosts of warriors,

as still delighting in each other's company, and pleased with the exercise of arms. He there represents the Grecian generals and common soldiers who perished in the siege of Troy, as drawn up in squadrons; and terrified at the approach of Æneas, which renewed in them those impressions of fear they had before received in battle with the Trojans. He afterwards likewise, upon the same notions, gives a view of the Trojan heroes who lived in former ages, amidst a visionary scene of chariots and arms, flowery meadows, shining spears, and generous steeds, which he tells us were their pleasures upon earth, and now make up their happiness in *Elysium*. For the same reason, also, he mentions others as singing Pæans, and songs of triumph, amidst a beautiful grove of laurel. The chief of the *consort* was the poet Musæus; who stood enclosed with a circle of admirers, and rose by the head and shoulders above the throng of shades that surrounded him. The habitations of unhappy spirits, to show the duration of their torments, and the desperate condition they are in, are represented as guarded by a Fury, moated round with a lake of fire, strengthened with towers of iron, encompassed with a triple wall and fortified with pillars of adamant, which all the gods together are not able to heave from their foundations. The noise of stripes, the clank of chains, and the groans of the tortured, strike the pious Æneas with a kind of horror. The poet afterwards divides the criminals into two classes. The first and blackest catalogue consists of such as were guilty of outrages against the gods; and the next of such who were convicted of injustice between man and man: the greatest number of whom, says the poet, are those who followed the dictates of avarice.

It was an opinion of the Platonists, that the souls of men having contracted in the body great stains

and pollutions of vice and ignorance, there were several purgations and cleansings necessary to be passed through, both here and hereafter, in order to refine and purify them.

Virgil, to give this thought likewise a clothing of poetry, describes some spirits as bleaching in the winds, others as cleansing under great falls of waters, and others as purging in fire, to recover the primitive beauty and purity of their natures.

It was likewise an opinion of the same sect of philosophers, that the souls of all men exist in a separate state, long before their union with their bodies; and that upon their immersion into flesh, they forget every thing which passed in the state of pre-existence; so that what we here call knowledge, is nothing else but memory, or the recovery of those things which we knew before.

In pursuance of this scheme, Virgil gives us a view of several souls, who, to prepare themselves for living upon earth, flock about the banks of the river *Lethe*, and swill themselves with the waters of oblivion.

The same scheme gives him an opportunity of making a noble compliment to his countrymen, where Anchises is represented taking a survey of the long train of heroes that are to descend from him, and giving his son Æneas an account of all the glories of his race.

I need not mention the revolution of the Platonic year, which is but just touched upon in this book; and as I have consulted no author's thoughts in this explication, shall be very well pleased, if it can make the noblest piece of the most accomplished poet more agreeable to my female readers, when they think fit to look into Dryden's translation of it.

N° 155. THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1710.

——— *Aliena negotia curat,*
Excussus propriis. HOR. 3 Sat. ii. 19.

When he had lost all business of his own,
He ran in quest of news through all the town.

From my own Apartment, April 5.

THERE lived some years since, within my neighbourhood, a very grave person, an upholsterer *, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent upon matters of importance. Upon my inquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the Postman; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of

* Mr. Arne, an upholsterer in Covent Garden, was, it is said, the original of the politician exposed in this paper.

Mr. Arne was the father of Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne, an eminent musician, and a dramatic writer, who died in 1778.

mind for king Augustus's welfare, than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for, about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, until about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's-Park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me: and who should it be but my old neighbour the upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for, notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great coat and a *muff*, with a *long campaign wig* out of curl: to which he had added the ornament of a pair of *black garters buckled under the knee*. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to inquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, "whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender?" I told him, "None that I heard of;" and asked him, "whether he had yet married his eldest daughter?" He told me, "No. But pray," says he, "tell me sincerely, what are your thoughts of the king of Sweden?" For though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him, "that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age." "But pray," says he, "do you think there is any truth in the story of his wound?" And finding me surprised at the question, "Nay," says he, "I only propose it to you." I answered, "that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it." "But why in the heel," says he, "more than in any other

part of the body?" "Because," said I, "the bullet chanced to light there."

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the North; and after having spent some time on them, he told me, "he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the Supplement with the English-Post, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. The Daily Courant," says he, "has these words. 'We have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration.' This is very mysterious; but the Post-boy leaves us more in the dark; for he tells us, 'That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light.' Now the Postman," says he, "who uses to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words. 'The late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation.' This certain prince," says the upholsterer, "whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be———" Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, "that, by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a

storm gathering in the Black-sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation." To this he added, "that, for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture." He then told us, "that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and those," says he, "are prince Menzikoff, and the duchess of Mirandola." He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen; whether, in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right-hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the West Indies, assured us, "that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the Pope at sea;" and added, "that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands." Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said, "that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the Northern crowns hold together, and the czar of Muscovy stand neuter."

He further told us, for our comfort, "that there were vast tracts of lands about the pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater

extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe."

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negociations of peace; in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but, instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half a crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, "if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the great Turk was driven out of Constantinople:" which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

This paper I design for the peculiar benefit of those worthy citizens who live more in a coffee-house than in their shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the affairs of the allies, that they forget their customers.

N° 156. SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1710.

——*Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.*
VIRG. Æn. ii. 742.

——follows his FATHER,
But with steps not equal.——

From my own Apartment, April 7.

WE have already described out of Homer the voyage of Ulysses to the infernal shades, with the several adventures that attended it. If we look into the beautiful romance published not many years since by the Archbishop of Cambray, we may see the son of Ulysses bound on the same expedition, and after the same manner making his discoveries among the regions of the dead. The story of Telemachus is formed altogether in the spirit of Homer, and will give an unlearned reader a notion of that great poet's manner of writing, more than any translation of him can possibly do. As it was written for the instruction of a young prince who may one day sit upon the throne of France, the author took care to suit the several parts of his story, and particularly the description we are now entering upon, to the character and quality of his pupil. For which reason, he insists very much on the misery of bad, and the happiness of good kings, in the account he hath given of punishments and rewards in the other world.

We may, however, observe, notwithstanding the endeavours of this great and learned author, to copy

after the style and sentiments of Homer, that there is a certain tincture of Christianity running through the whole relation. The prelate in several places mixes himself with the poet; so that his future state puts me in mind of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment;" where Charon and his boat are represented as bearing a part in the dreadful solemnities of that great day.

Telemachus, after having passed through the dark avenues of Death in the retinue of Mercury, who every day delivers up a certain tale of ghosts to the ferryman of Styx, is admitted to the infernal bark. Among the companions of his voyage is the shade of Nabopharzan, a king of Babylon, and tyrant of all the East. Among the ceremonies and pomps of his funeral, there were four slaves sacrificed, according to the custom of the country, in order to attend him among the shades. The author, having described this tyrant in the most odious colours of pride, insolence, and cruelty, tells us, that his four slaves, instead of serving him after death, were perpetually insulting him with reproaches and affronts for his past usage: that they spurned him as he lay upon the ground, and forced him to show his face, which he would fain have covered, as lying under all the confusion of guilt and infamy; and in short, that they kept him bound in a chain, in order to drag him before the tribunal of the Dead.

Telemachus, upon looking out of the bark, sees all the strand covered with an innumerable multitude of shades, who, upon his jumping ashore, immediately vanished. He then pursues his course to the palace of Pluto, who is described as seated on his throne in terrible majesty, with Proserpine by his side. At the foot of his throne was the pale hideous spectre, who, by the ghastliness of his visage, and the nature of the apparitions that surround him, dis-

covers himself to be Death. His attendants are, Melancholy, Distrust, Revenge, Hatred, Avarice, Despair, Ambition, Envy, Impiety, with frightful Dreams, and waking Cares, which are all drawn very naturally in proper actions and postures. The author, with great beauty, places near his frightful Dreams an assembly of phantoms, which are often employed to terrify the living, by appearing in the shape and likeness of the dead.

The young hero in the next place takes a survey of the different kinds of criminals, that lay in torture among clouds of sulphur, and torrents of fire. The first of these were such as had been guilty of impieties, which every one hath an horror for: to which is added a catalogue of such offenders that scarce appear to be faulty in the eyes of the vulgar. Among these, says the author, are malicious critics, that have endeavoured to cast a blemish upon the perfections of others; with whom he likewise places such as have often hurt the reputation of the innocent, by passing a rash judgment on their actions, without knowing the occasion of them. These crimes, he says, are more severely punished after death, because they generally meet with impunity upon earth.

Telemachus after having taken a survey of several other wretches in the same circumstances, arrives at that region of torments in which wicked kings are punished. There are very fine strokes of imagination in the description which he gives of this unhappy multitude. He tells us, that on one side of them there stood a revengeful Fury, thundering in their ears incessant repetitions of all the crimes they had committed upon earth, with the aggravations of ambition, vanity, hardness of heart, and all those secret affections of mind that enter into the composition of a tyrant. At the same time she holds up to them a large mirror, in which every one sees him-

self represented in the natural horror and deformity of his character. On the other side of them stands another Fury, that, with an insulting derision, repeats to them all the praises that their flatterers had bestowed upon them while they sat upon their respective thrones. She too, says the author, presents a mirror before their eyes, in which every one sees himself adorned with all those beauties and perfections, in which they had been drawn by the vanity of their own hearts, and the flattery of others. To punish them for the wantonness of the cruelty which they formerly exercised, they are now delivered up to be treated according to the fancy and caprice of several slaves, who have here an opportunity of tyrannizing in their turns.

The author, having given us a description of these ghastly spectres, who, says he, are always calling upon Death, and are placed under the distillation of that burning vengeance which falls upon them drop by drop, and is never to be exhausted, leads us into a pleasing scene of groves, filled with the melody of birds, and the odours of a thousand different plants. These groves are represented as rising among a great many flowery meadows, and watered with streams that diffuse a perpetual freshness, in the midst of an eternal day, and a never-fading spring. This, says the author, was the habitation of those good princes who were friends of the gods, and parents of the people. Among these, Telemachus converses with the shade of one of his ancestors, who makes a most agreeable relation of the joys of Elysium, and the nature of its inhabitants. The residence of Sesostris among these happy shades, with his character and present employment, is drawn in a very lively manner, and with a great elevation of thought.

The description of that pure and gentle light which overflows these happy regions, and clothes the spirits

of these virtuous persons, hath something in it of that enthusiasm which this author was accused of by his enemies in the church of Rome; but, however it may look in religion, it makes a very beautiful figure in poetry.

The rays of the sun, he says, are darkness in comparison with this light, which rather deserves the name of glory, than that of light. It pierces the thickest bodies, in the same manner as the sun-beams pass through crystal. It strengthens the sight instead of dazzling it; and nourishes in the most inward recesses of the mind a perpetual serenity that is not to be expressed. It enters and incorporates itself with the very substance of the soul: the spirits of the blessed feel it in all their senses, and in all their perceptions. It produces a certain source of peace and joy that arises in them for ever, running through all the faculties, and refreshing all the desires of the soul. External pleasures and delights, with all their charms and allurements, are regarded with the utmost indifference and neglect by these happy spirits, who have this great principle of pleasure within them, drawing the whole mind to itself, calling off their attention from the most delightful objects, and giving them all the transports of inebriation, without the confusion and the folly of it.

I have here only mentioned some master-touches of this admirable piece, because the original itself is understood by the greater part of my readers. I must confess, I take a particular delight in these prospects of futurity, whether grounded upon the probable suggestions of a fine imagination, or the more severe conclusions of philosophy; as a man loves to hear all the discoveries or conjectures relating to a foreign country which he is, at some time, to inhabit. Prospects of this nature lighten the burden of any present evil, and refresh us under the worst and lowest cir-

cumstances of mortality. They extinguish in us both the fear and envy of human grandeur. Insolence shrinks its head, power disappears ; pain, poverty, and death fly before them. In short, the mind that is habituated to the lively sense of an Hereafter, can hope for what is the most terrifying to the generality of mankind, and rejoice in what is the most afflicting.

N° 157. TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1710.

——Facile est inventis addere.——

It is easy to improve an invention.

From my own Apartment, April 10.

I WAS last night in an assembly of very fine women. How I came among them is of no great importance to the reader. I shall only let you know, that I was betrayed into so good company by the device of an old friend, who had promised to give some of his female acquaintance a sight of Mr. Bickerstaff. Upon hearing my name mentioned, a lady who sat by me, told me, they had brought together a female *consort* for my entertainment. " You must know," says she, " that we all of us look upon ourselves to be musical instruments, though we do not yet know of what kind ; which we hope to learn from you, if you will give us leave to play before you." This was followed by a general laugh, which I always look upon as a necessary flourish in the opening of a female *consort*.

They then struck up together, and played a whole hour upon two grounds, viz. the Trial* and the Opera. I could not but observe, that several of their notes were more soft, and several more sharp, than any that I ever heard in a male *consort;* though I must confess, there was not any regard to time, nor any of those rests and pauses which are frequent in the harmony of the other sex: besides that the music was generally full, and no particular instrument permitted to play long by itself.

I seemed so very well pleased with what every one said, and smiled with so much complaisance at all their pretty fancies, that though I did not put one word into their discourse, I have the vanity to think, they looked upon me as very agreeable company. I then told them, "that if I were to draw the picture of so many charming musicians, it would be like one I had seen of the Muses, with their several instruments in their hands;" upon which the lady Kettle-drum tossed back her head, and cried, "A very pretty simile!" The *consort* again revived; in which, with nods, smiles, and approbations, I bore the part rather of one who beats the time, than of a performer.

I was no sooner retired to my lodgings, but I ran over in my thoughts, the several characters of this fair assembly; which I shall give some account of, because they are various in their kind, and may each of them stand as a sample of a whole species.

The person who pleased me most was a Flute, an instrument, that, without any great compass, hath something exquisitely sweet and soft in its sound: it lulls and sooths the ear, and fills it with such a gentle kind of melody, as keeps the mind awake without startling it, and raises a most agreeable passion

* Of Dr. Sacheverell.

between transport and indolence. In short, the music of the Flute is the conversation of a mild and amiable woman, that has nothing in it very elevated, nor, at the same time, any thing mean or trivial.

I must here observe, that the Hautboy is the most perfect of the Flute-*species*, which, with all the sweetness of the sound, hath a great strength and variety of notes; though at the same time I must observe, that the Hautboy in one sex is as scarce as the Harpsichord in the other.

By the side of the Flute there sat a Flagelet; for so I must call a certain young lady, who fancying herself a wit, despised the music of the Flute as low and insipid, and would be entertaining the company with tart ill-natured observations, pert fancies, and little turns, which she imagined to be full of life and spirit. The Flagelet therefore doth not differ from the Flute so much in the compass of its notes as in the shrillness and sharpness of its sound. We must however take notice, that the Flagelets among their own sex are more valued and esteemed than the Flutes.

There chanced to be a coquette in the *consort*, that with a great many skittish notes, affected squeaks, and studied inconsistencies, distinguished herself from the rest of the company. She did not speak a word during the whole Trial: but I thought she would never have done upon the Opera. One while she would break out upon, "That hideous king!" then upon "The charming black-moor!" then, "O that dear lion!" then would hum over two or three notes; then run to the window to see what coach was coming. The coquette, therefore, I must distinguish by that musical instrument which is commonly known by the name of a Kit, that is

more jiggish than the fiddle itself, and never sounds but to dance.

The fourth person who bore a part in the conversasion was a Prude, who stuck to the Trial, and was silent upon the whole Opera. The gravity of her censures, and composure of her voice, which were often attended with supercilious casts of the eye, and a seeming contempt for the lightness of the conversation, put me in mind of that ancient, serious, matron-like instrument, the Virginal.

I must not pass over in silence a Lancashire Hornpipe, by which I would signify a young country lady, who, with a great deal of mirth and innocence, diverted the company very agreeably; and if I am not mistaken, by that time the wildness of her notes is a little softened, and the redundancy of her music restrained by conversation and good company, will be improved into one of the most amiable Flutes about the town. Your Romps and boarding-school girls fall likewise under this denomination.

On the right-hand of the Hornpipe sat a *Welsh*-Harp, an instrument which very much delights in the tunes of old historical ballads, and in celebrating the renowned actions and exploits of ancient British heroes. By this instrument I therefore would describe a certain lady, who is one of those female historians that upon all occasions enters into pedigrees and descents, and finds herself related, by some off-shoot or other, to almost every great family in England: for which reason, she jarrs and is out of tune very often in conversation, for the company's want of due attention and respect to her.

But the most sonorous part of our *consort* was a *She*-drum, or, as the vulgar call it, a *Kettle*-drum, who accompanied her discourse with motions of the body, tosses of the head, and brandishes of the fan.

Her music was loud, bold, and masculine. Every thump she gave alarmed the company, and very often set somebody or other in it a-blushing.

The last I shall mention was a certain romantic instrument called a Dulcimer, who talked of nothing but shady woods, flowery meadows, purling streams, larks and nightingales, with all the beauties of the spring, and the pleasures of a country life. This instrument hath a fine melancholy sweetness in it, and goes very well with the Flute.

I think most of the conversable part of womankind may be found under one of the foregoing divisions; but it must be confessed, that the generality of that sex, notwithstanding they have naturally a great genius for being talkative, are not mistresses of more than one note: with which, however, by frequent repetition, they make a greater sound than those who are possessed of the whole gamut; as may be observed in your Larums or Household-scolds, and in your Castanets or impertinent Tittletattles, who have no other variety in their discourse but that of talking slower or faster.

Upon communicating this scheme of music to an old friend of mine, who was formerly a man of gallantry, and a rover, he told me that he believed he had been in love with every instrument in my *consort*. The first that smit him was a Hornpipe, who lived near his father's house in the country; but upon his failing to meet her at an assize, according to appointment, she cast him off. His next passion was for a *Kettle*-drum, whom he fell in love with at a play; but when he became acquainted with her, not finding the softness of her sex in her conversation, he grew cool to her: though at the same time he could not deny but that she behaved herself very much like a gentlewoman. His third mistress was a Dulcimer, who, he found, took great

delight in sighing and languishing, but would go no farther than the preface of matrimony; so that she would never let a lover have any more of her than her heart, which after having won, he was forced to leave her, as despairing of any further success. "I must confess," says my friend, "I have often considered her with a great deal of admiration; and I find her pleasure is so much in this first step of an amour, that her life will pass away in dream, solitude, and soliloquy, until her decay of charms makes her snatch at the worst man that ever pretended to her. In the next place," says my friend, "I fell in love with a Kit, who led me such a dance through all the varieties of a familiar, cold, fond, and indifferent behaviour, that the world began to grow censorious, though without any cause; for which reason, to recover our reputations, we parted by consent. To mend my hand," says he, "I made my next application to a Virginal, who gave me great encouragement, after her cautious manner, until some malicious companion told her of my long passion for the Kit, which made her turn me off, as a scandalous fellow. At length, in despair," says he, "I betook myself to a *Welsh*-Harp, who rejected me with contempt, after having found that my great grandmother was a brewer's daughter."

I found by the sequel of my friend's discourse, that he had never aspired to a Hautboy; that he had been exasperated by a Flagelet: and that to this very day, he pines away for a Flute.

Upon the whole, having thoroughly considered how absolutely necessary it is, that two instruments, which are to play together for life, should be exactly tuned, and go in perfect *consort* with each other; I would propose matches between the music of both sexes, according to the following "Table of Marriage:"

1. Drum and *Kettle*-Drum.
2. Lute and Flute.
3. Harpsichord and Hautboy.
4. Violin and Flagelet.
5. Bass-viol and Kit.
6. Trumpet and *Welsh*-Harp.
7. Hunting-horn and Hornpipe.
8. Bagpipe and Castanet.
9. *Passing*-bell and Virginal.

*** Mr. Bickerstaff, in consideration of his ancient friendship and acquaintance with Mr. Betterton, and great esteem for his merit, summons all his disciples, whether dead or living, mad or tame, Toasts, Smarts, Dappers, Pretty-fellows, musicians, or scrapers, to make their appearance at the play-house in the Hay-market on Thursday next, when there will be a play acted for the benefit of the said Betterton.

N° 158. THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1710.

Faciunt næ intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant. TER.
While they pretend to know more than others, they know nothing in reality.

From my own Apartment, April 12.

TOM FOLIO is a broker in learning, employed to get together good editions, and stock the libraries of great men. There is not a sale of books begins until Tom Folio is seen at the door. There is not

an auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a subscription goes forward in which Tom is not privy to the first rough draught of the proposals; nor a catalogue printed, that doth not come to him wet from the press. He is an universal scholar, so far as the title-page of all authors; knows the manuscripts in which they were discovered, the editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir, than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out into a panegyric upon Harry Stephens. He thinks he gives you an account of an author when he tells you the subject he treats of, the name of the editor, and the year in which it was printed. Or if you draw him into further particulars he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the diligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be sound learning, and substantial criticism. As for those who talk of the fineness of style, and the justness of thought, or describe the brightness of any particular passages; nay, though they themselves write in the genius and spirit of the author they admire; Tom looks upon them as men of superficial learning, and flashy parts.

I had yesterday morning a visit from this learned *ideot*, for *that* is the light in which I consider every pedant, when I discover in him some little touches of the coxcomb, which I had not before observed. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the republic of letters, and wonderfully satisfied with his great stock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations that he did not believe in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a

thought of a certain author upon a passage of Virgil's account of the dead, which I made the subject of a late paper. This thought hath taken very much among men of Tom's pitch and understanding, though universally exploded by all that know how to construe Virgil, or have any relish of antiquity. Not to trouble my reader with it, I found upon the whole that Tom did not believe a future state of rewards and punishments, because Æneas, at his leaving the empire of the dead, passed through the gate of ivory, and not through that of horn. Knowing that Tom had not sense enough to give up an opinion which he had once received, that I might avoid wrangling, I told him, "that Virgil possibly had his oversights as well as another author." "Ah! Mr. Bickerstaff," says he, "you would have another opinion of him, if you would read him in Daniel Heinsius's edition. I have perused him myself several times in that edition," continued he; "and after the strictest and most malicious examination, could find but two faults in him; one of them is in the Æneids, where there are two commas instead of a parenthesis; and another in the third Georgic, where you may find a semicolon turned upside down." "Perhaps," said I, "these were not Virgil's faults, but those of the transcriber." "I do not design it," says Tom, "as a reflection on Virgil; on the contrary, I know that all the manuscripts declaim against such a punctuation. Oh! Mr. Bickerstaff," says he, "what would a man give to see one simile of Virgil writ in his own hand!" I asked him which was the simile he meant; but was answered, any simile in Virgil. He then told me all the secret history in the commonwealth of learning; of modern pieces that had the names of ancient authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the

several parts of Europe; of many amendments which are made, and not yet published; and a thousand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burdened with for a Vatican.

At length, being fully persuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know several of Tom's class, who are professed admirers of Tasso, without understanding a word of Italian: and one in particular, that carries a *Pastor Fido* in his pocket, in which, I am sure, he is acquainted with no other beauty but the clearness of the character.

There is another kind of pedant, who, with all Tom Folio's impertinences, hath greater superstructures and embellishments of Greek and Latin; and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are editors, commentators, interpreters, scholiasts, and critics; and, in short, all men of deep learning without common sense. These persons set a greater value on themselves for having found out the meaning of a passage in Greek, than upon the author for having written it; nay, will allow the passage itself not to have any beauty in it, at the same time that they would be considered as the greatest men of the age, for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt on the most beautiful poems that have been composed by any of their contemporaries; but will lock themselves up in their studies for a twelvemonth together, to correct, publish, and expound such trifles of antiquity, as a modern author would be contemned for. Men of the strictest morals, severest lives, and the gravest professions, will write volumes upon an idle sonnet, that is originally in Greek or Latin; give editions of the most immoral authors; and spin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expression. All that can be said in excuse for them is,

that their works sufficiently show they have no taste of their authors; and that what they do in this kind, is out of their great learning, and not out of any levity or lasciviousness of temper.

A pedant of this nature is wonderfully well described in six lines of Boileau, with which I shall conclude his character.

Un Pedant enyvré de sa vaine science,
Tout herissé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance;
Et qui de mille auteurs retenus mot pour mot,
Dans sa tête entassez n'a souvent fait qu'un sot,
Croit qu'un livre fait tout, & que sans Aristote
La raison ne voit goute, & le bon sens radote.

Brim-full of learning see that pedant stride,
Bristling with horrid Greek, and puff'd with pride!
A thousand authors he in vain has read,
And with their maxims stuff'd his empty head;
And thinks that, without Aristotle's rule,
Reason is blind, and common sense a fool.

WYNNE.

N° 159. SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1710.

Nitor in adversum; nec me, qui cætera vincit
Impetus.———

OVID. Met. lib. ii. ver. 72.

I steer against their motions; nor am I
Borne back by all the current——

ADDISON.

From my own Apartment, April 14.

THE WITS of this island, for above fifty years past, instead of correcting the vices of the age, have done all they could to inflame them. Marriage has been

one of the common topics of ridicule that every stage scribbler hath found his account in; for whenever there is an occasion for a clap, an impertinent jest upon matrimony is sure to raise it. This hath been attended with very pernicious consequences. Many a country Esquire, upon his setting up for a man of the town, has gone home in the gaiety of his heart, and beat his wife. A kind husband hath been looked upon as a clown, and a good wife as a domestic animal unfit for the company or conversation of the *beau monde*. In short, separate beds, silent tables, and solitary homes have been introduced by your men of wit and pleasure of the age.

As I shall always make it my business to stem the torrents of prejudice and vice, I shall take particular care to put an honest father of a family in countenance; and endeavour to remove all the evils out of that state of life, which is either the most happy or most miserable that a man can be placed in. In order to this, let us, if you please, consider the wits and well-bred persons of former times. I have shown in another paper, that Pliny, who was a man of the greatest genius, as well as of the first quality, of his age, did not think it below him to be a kind husband, and to treat his wife as a friend, companion, and counsellor. I shall give the like instance of another, who in all respects was a much greater man than Pliny, and hath writ a whole book of letters to his wife. They are not so full of turns as those translated out of the former author, who writes very much like a modern; but are full of that beautiful simplicity which is altogether natural, and is the distinguishing character of the best ancient writers. The author I am speaking of, is Cicero; who, in the following passages, which I have taken out of his letters, shows, that he did not think it

inconsistent with the politeness of his manners, or the greatness of his wisdom, to stand upon record in his domestic character.

These letters were written at a time when he was banished from his country, by a faction that then prevailed at Rome.

CICERO TO TERENTIA.

I.

"I learn from the letters of my friends, as well as from common report, that you give incredible proofs of virtue and fortitude, and that you are indefatigable in all kinds of good offices. How unhappy a man am I, that a woman of your virtue, constancy, honour, and good nature, should fall into so great distresses upon my account! and that my dear Tulliola should be so much afflicted for the sake of a father, with whom she had once so much reason to be pleased! How can I mention little Cicero, whose first knowledge of things began with the sense of his misery? If all this had happened by the decrees of fate, as you would kindly persuade me, I could have borne it: But, alas! it is all befallen me by my own indiscretion, who thought I was beloved by those that envied me, and did not join with them who sought my friendship.—At present, since my friends bid me hope, I shall take care of my health, that I may enjoy the benefit of your affectionate services. Plancius hopes we may some time or other come together into Italy. If I ever live to see that day; if I ever return to your dear embraces; in short, if I ever again recover you and myself, I shall think our conjugal piety very well rewarded. As for what you write to me about selling your estate, consider, my dear Terentia, consider, alas! what would be the event of it. If our present fortune continues to oppress us,

what will become of our poor boy! My tears flow so fast, that I am not able to write any further: and I would not willingly make you weep with me.—Let us take care not to undo the child that is already undone: if we can leave him any thing, a little virtue will keep him from want, and a little fortune raise him in the world. Mind your health, and let me know frequently what you are doing.—Remember me to Tulliola and Cicero."

II.

"Do not fancy that I write longer letters to any one than to yourself, unless when I chance to receive a longer letter from another, which I am indispensably obliged to answer in every particular. The truth of it is, I have no subject for a letter at present; and as my affairs now stand, there is nothing more painful to me than writing. As for you, and our dear Tulliola, I cannot write to you without abundance of tears; for I see both of you miserable, whom I always wished to be happy, and whom I thought to have made so.—I must acknowledge, you have done every thing for me with the utmost fortitude, and the utmost affection; nor indeed is it more than I expected from you; though at the same time it is a great aggravation of my ill fortune, that the afflictions I suffer can be relieved only by those which you undergo for my sake. For honest Valerius has written me a letter, which I could not read without weeping very bitterly; wherein he gives me an account of the public procession which you have made for me at Rome. Alas! my dearest life, must then Terentia, the darling of my soul, whose favour and recommendations have been so often sought by others; must my Terentia droop under the weight of sorrow, appear in the habit of a mourner, pour out floods of

tears, and all this for my sake; for my sake, who have undone my family by consulting the safety of others?—As for what you write about selling your house, I am very much afflicted, that what is laid out upon my account may any way reduce you to misery and want. If we can bring about our design, we may indeed recover every thing; but if fortune persists in persecuting us, how can I think of your sacrificing for me the poor remainder of your possessions? No, my dearest life, let me beg you to let those bear my expenses who are able, and perhaps willing to do it; and if you would show your love to me, do not injure your health, which is already too much impaired. You present yourself before my eyes day and night; I see you labour amidst innumerable difficulties; I am afraid lest you should sink under them; but I find in you all the qualifications that are necessary to support you: be sure therefore to cherish your health, that you may compass the end of your hopes and your endeavours.—Farewell, my Terentia, my heart's desire, farewell."

III.

"Aristocritus hath delivered to me three of your letters, which I have almost defaced with my tears. Oh! my Terentia, I am consumed with grief, and feel the weight of your sufferings more than of my own. I am more miserable than you are, notwithstanding you are very much so; and that for this reason, because, though our calamity is common, it is my fault that brought it upon us. I ought to have died rather than have been driven out of the city: I am therefore overwhelmed, not only with grief, but with shame. I am ashamed, that I did not do my utmost for the best of wives, and the dearest of children. You are ever present before my eyes, in

your mourning, your affliction, and your sickness. Amidst all which, there scarce appears to me the least glimmering of hope. However, as long as you hope, I will not despair—I will do what you advise me. I have returned my thanks to those friends whom you mentioned, and have let them know, that you have acquainted me with their good offices. I am sensible of Piso's extraordinary zeal and endeavours to serve me. Oh! would the gods grant that you and I might live together in the enjoyment of such a son-in law, and of our dear children!—As for what you write of your coming to me, if I desire it, I would rather you should be where you are, because I know you are my principal agent at Rome. If you succeed, I shall come to you: if not——But I need say no more. Be careful of your health; and be assured, that nothing is, or ever was, so dear to me as yourself. Farewell, my Terentia! I fancy that I see you, and therefore cannot command my weakness so far as to refrain from tears."

IV.

"I do not write to you as often as I might; because, notwithstanding I am afflicted at all times, I am quite overcome with sorrow whilst I am writing to you, or reading any letters that I receive from you.—If these evils are not to be removed, I must desire to see you, my dearest life, as soon as possible, and to die in your embraces; since neither the gods, whom you always religiously worshipped, nor the men, whose good I always promoted, have rewarded us according to our deserts.—What a distressed wretch am I! Should I ask a weak woman oppressed with cares and sickness, to come and live with me; or shall I not ask her? Can I live without you? But I find I must. If there be

any hopes of my return, help it forward, and promote it as much as you are able. But if all that is over, as I fear it is, find out some way or other of coming to me. This you may be sure of, that I shall not look upon myself as quite undone whilst you are with me. But what will become of Tulliola? You must look to that; I must confess, I am entirely at a loss about her. Whatever happens, we must take care of the reputation and marriage of that dear unfortunate girl. As for Cicero, he shall live in my bosom, and in my arms. I cannot write any further, my sorrows will not let me——Support yourself, my dear Terentia, as well as you are able. We have lived and flourished together amidst the greatest honours; it is not our crimes, but our virtues, that have distressed us.——Take more than ordinary care of your health; I am more afflicted with your sorrows than my own.—Farewell, my Terentia, thou dearest, faithfuliest, and best of wives."

Methinks it is a pleasure to see this great man in his family, who makes so different a figure in the *Forum*, or Senate of Rome. Every one admires the orator and the consul; but, for my part, I esteem the husband and the father. His private character, with all the little weaknesses of humanity, is as amiable, as the figure he makes in public is awful and majestic. But at the same time that I love to surprise so great an author in his private walks, and to survey him in his most familiar lights, I think it would be barbarous to form to ourselves any idea of mean-spiritedness from these natural openings of his heart, and disburdening of his thoughts to a wife. He has written several other letters to the same person, but none with so great passion as these of which I have given the foregoing extracts.

It would be ill natured not to acquaint the English reader, that his wife was successful in her solicitations for this great man; and saw her husband return to the honours of which he had been deprived, with all the pomp and acclamation that usually attended the greatest triumph.

N° 160. TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 17.

A COMMON civility to an impertinent fellow often draws upon one a great many unforeseen troubles; and, if one doth not take particular care, will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendship and intimacy. This I was very sensible of this morning. About two hours before day, I heard a great rapping at my door, which continued some time, until my maid could get herself ready to go down and see what was the occasion of it. She then brought me up word, that there was a gentleman who seemed very much in haste, and said he must needs speak with me. By the description she gave me of him, and by his voice, which I could hear as I lay in my bed, I fancied him to be my old acquaintance the upholsterer, whom I met the other day in St. James's-Park. For which reason, I bid her tell the gentleman, whoever he was, "that I was indisposed; that I could see nobody; and that, if he had any thing to say to me, I desired he would leave it in writing." My maid, after having delivered

her message, told me, " that the gentleman said he would stay at the next coffee-house until I was stirring; and bid her be sure to tell me, that the French were driven from the Scarp, and that Douay was invested." He gave her the name of another town, which I found she had dropped by the way.

As much as I love to be informed of the success of my brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a victory before day; and was therefore very much out of humour at this unseasonable visit. I had no sooner recovered my temper, and was falling asleep, but I was immediately startled by a second rap; and upon my maid's opening the door, heard the same voice ask her, if her master was yet up? and at the same time bid her tell me, that he was come on purpose to talk with me about a piece of home news, which every one in town will be full of two hours hence. I ordered my maid as soon as she came into the room, without hearing her message, to tell the gentleman, " that whatever his news was, I would rather hear it two hours hence than now; and that I persisted in my resolution not to speak with any body that morning." The wench delivered my answer presently, and shut the door. It was impossible for me to compose myself to sleep after two such unexpected alarms; for which reason I put on my clothes in a very peevish humour. I took several turns about my chamber, reflecting with a great deal of anger and contempt on these volunteers in politics, that undergo all the pain, watchfulness, and disquiet of a first minister, without turning it to the advantage either of themselves or their country; and yet it is surprising to consider how numerous this species of men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a tailor breaking his rest on the affairs of Europe, and to

see a cluster of porters sitting upon the ministry. Our streets swarm with politicians, and there is scarce a shop which is not held by a statesman. As I was musing after this manner, I heard the upholsterer at the door delivering a letter to my maid, and begging her, in a very great hurry, to give it to her master as soon as ever he was awake; which I opened, and found as follows:

" MR. BICKERSTAFF,

" I was to wait upon you about a week ago, to let you know, that the honest gentlemen whom you conversed with upon the bench at the end of the Mall, having heard that I had received five shillings of you, to give you an hundred pounds upon the Great Turk's being driven out of Europe, desired me to acquaint you, that every one of that company would be willing to receive five shillings, to pay a hundred pounds on the same condition. Our last advices from Muscovy making this a fairer bet than it was a week ago, I do not question but you will accept the wager.

" But this is not my present business. If you remember, I whispered a word in your ear, as we were walking up the Mall; and you see what has happened since. If I had seen you this morning, I would have told you in your ear another secret. I hope you will be recovered of your indisposition by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you at the same hour as I did this; my private circumstances being such, that I cannot well appear in this quarter of the town after it is day.

" I have been so taken up with the late good news from Holland, and expectation of further particulars, as well as with other transactions, of which I will tell you more to-morrow morning, that I have not slept a wink these three nights,

" I have reason to believe that Picardy will soon follow the example of Artois, in case the enemy continue in their present resolution of flying away from us. I think I told you the last time we were together my opinion about the *Deulle*.

" The honest gentlemen upon the bench bid me tell you that they would be glad to see you often among them. We shall be there all the warm hours of the day during the present posture of affairs.

" This happy opening of the campaign will, I hope, give us a very joyful summer; and I propose to take many a pleasant walk with you, if you will sometimes come into the Park; for that is the only place in which I can be free from the malice of my enemies. Farewell until three of the clock to-morrow morning! I am,

Your most humble servant, &c.

" P. S. The king of Sweden is still at Bender."

I should have fretted myself to death at this promise of a second visit, if I had not found in his letter an intimation of the good news which I have since heard at large. I have however ordered my maid to tie up the knocker of my door, in such a manner as she would do if I was really indisposed. By which means I hope to escape breaking my morning's rest.

Since I have given this letter to the public, I shall communicate one or two more, which I have lately received from others of my correspondents. The following is from a coquette, who is very angry at my having disposed of her in marriage to a Bass-viol.

" MR. BICKERSTAFF,

" I thought you would never have descended from the Censor of Great Britain, to become a

match-maker. But pray, why so severe upon the Kit? Had I been a Jew's-harp that is nothing but tongue, you could not have used me worse. Of all things, a Bass-viol is my aversion. Had you married me to a Bag-pipe, or a Passing-bell, I should have been better pleased. Dear father Isaac, either choose me a better husband, or I will live and die a Dulcimer. In hopes of receiving satisfaction from you, I am your's, whilst

ISABELLA KIT."

The pertness, which this fair lady hath shown in this letter, was one occasion of my joining her to the Bass-viol, which is an instrument that wants to be quickened by these little vivacities; as the sprightliness of the Kit ought to be checked and curbed by the gravity of the Bass-viol.

My next letter is from Tom Folio, who, it seems, takes it amiss, that I have published a character of him so much to his disadvantage.

" SIR,

" I suppose you mean Tom Fool, when you called me Tom Folio in a late trifling paper of your's; for I find it is your design to run down all useful and solid learning. The tobacco-paper on which your own writings are usually printed, as well as the incorrectness of the press, and the scurvy letter, sufficiently show the extent of your knowledge. I question not but you look upon John Morphew to be as great a man as Elzevir: and Aldus to have been such another as Bernard Lintot. If you would give me my revenge, I would only desire of you to let me publish an account of your library, which I dare say, would furnish out an extraordinary catalogue.

TOM FOLIO."

It hath always been my way to baffle reproach with silence; though I cannot but observe the disingenuous proceedings of this gentleman, who is not content to asperse my writings, but hath wounded, through my sides, those eminent and worthy citizens, Mr. John Morphew and Mr. Bernard Lintot.

N° 161. THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1710.

——— *Nunquam Libertas gratior exstat*
Quàm sub rege pio.

Never does Liberty appear more amiable than under the government of a pious and good prince.

From my own Apartment, April 19.

I WAS walking two or three days ago in a very pleasant retirement, and amusing myself with the reading of that antient and beautiful allegory, called "The Table of Cebes." I was at last so tired with my walk, that I sat down to rest myself upon a bench that stood in the midst of an agreeable shade. The music of the birds, that filled all the trees about me, lulled me asleep before I was aware of it; which was followed by a dream, that I impute in some measure to the foregoing author, who had made an impression upon my imagination, and put me into his own way of thinking.

I fancied myself among the Alps, and, as it is natural in a dream, seemed every moment to bound

from one summit to another, until at last, after having made this airy progress over the tops of several mountains, I arrived at the very centre of those broken rocks and precipices. I here, methought, saw a prodigious circuit of hills, that reached above the clouds, and encompassed a large space of ground, which I had a great curiosity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling through a great variety of winter scenes, until I had gained the top of these white mountains, which seemed another Alps of snow. I looked down from hence into a spacious plain, which was surrounded on all sides by this mound of hills, and which presented me with the most agreeable prospect I had ever seen. There was a greater variety of colours in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the leaves and grass, a brighter crystal in the streams, than what I ever met with in any other region. The light itself had something more shining and glorious in it, than that of which the day is made in other places. I was wonderfully astonished at the discovery of such a paradise amidst the wildness of those cold hoary landscapes which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy region was inhabited by the goddess of Liberty; whose presence softened the rigours of the climate, enriched the barrenness of the soil, and more than supplied the absence of the sun. The place was covered with a wonderful profusion of flowers, that, without being disposed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiscuously; and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriancy and disorder, than they could have received from the checks and restraints of art. There was a river that arose out of the south side of the mountain, that by an infinite number of turnings and windings, seemed to visit every plant, and cherish the several beauties of

the spring with which the fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful variety of meanders, as unwilling to leave so charming a place, it at last throws itself into the hollow of a mountain; from whence it passes under a long range of rocks, and at length rises in that part of the Alps where the inhabitants think *is* the first source of the Rhône. This river, after having made its progress through those free nations, stagnates in a huge lake * at the leaving of them; and no sooner enters into the regions of slavery but *it* runs through them with an incredible rapidity, and takes its shortest way to the sea.

I descended into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and in the midst of them beheld the goddess sitting upon a throne. She had nothing to enclose her but the bounds of her own dominions, and nothing over her head but the heavens. Every glance of her eye cast a track of light where it fell, that revived the spring, and made all things smile about her. My heart grew cheerful at the sight of her; and as she looked upon me, I found a certain confidence growing in me, and such an inward resolution as I never felt before that time.

On the left-hand of the goddess sat the Genius *of a Commonwealth*, with the cap of Liberty on her head, and in her hand a wand, like that with which a Roman citizen used to give his slaves their freedom. There was something mean and vulgar, but at the same time exceeding bold and daring, in her air; her eyes were full of fire; but had in them such casts of fierceness and cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her shoulders she wore a mantle, on which there was

* The Lake of Geneva.

wrought a great confusion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw wounds in the bodies of some, and agonies in the faces of others; and over one part of it could read in letters of blood, "The Ides of March."

On the right-hand of the goddess was the Genius *of Monarchy*. She was clothed in the whitest ermine, and wore a crown of the purest gold upon her head. In her hand she held a sceptre like that which is borne by the British monarchs. A couple of tame lions lay crouching at her feet. Her countenance had in it a very great majesty without any mixture of terror. Her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with so much sweetness, accompanied with such an air of condescension, as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In the train of the Goddess of Liberty were the several Arts and Sciences, who all of them flourished underneath her eye. One of them in particular made a greater figure than any of the rest, who held a thunderbolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking, every thing that stood in its way. The name of this goddess was Eloquence.

There were two other dependent goddesses, who made a very conspicuous figure in this blissful region. The first of them was seated upon a hill, that had every plant growing out of it, which the soil was in its own nature capable of producing. The other was seated in a little island, that was covered with groves of spices, olives, and orange-trees; and in a word, with the products of every foreign clime. The name of the first was Plenty,

of the second Commerce. The first leaned her right arm upon a plough, and under her left held a huge horn out of which she poured a *whole autumn of fruits.* The other wore a rostral crown upon her head, and kept her eyes fixed upon a compass.

I was wonderfully pleased in ranging through this delightful place, and the more so, because it was not encumbered with fences and enclosures; until at length, methought, I sprung from the ground, and pitched upon the top of a hill, that presented several objects to my sight which I had not before taken notice of. The winds that passed over this flowery plain, and through the tops of the trees which were full of blossoms, blew upon me in such a continued breeze of sweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my situation. I here saw all the *inner declivities* of that great circuit of mountains, whose outside was covered with snow, overgrown with huge forests of fir-trees, which indeed are very frequently found in other parts of the Alps. These trees were inhabited by storks, that came thither in great flights from very distant quarters of the world. *Methoughts,* I was pleased in my dream to see what became of these birds, when, upon leaving the places to which they make an annual visit, they rise in great flocks *so* high *until* they are out of sight, and for that reason have been thought by some modern philosophers to take a flight to the moon. But my eyes were soon diverted from this prospect, when I observed two great gaps that led through this circuit of mountains where guards and watches were posted day and night. Upon examination, I found that there were two formidable enemies encamped before each of these avenues, who kept the place in a perpetual alarm, and watched all opportunities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the head of one of these armies, dressed in an eastern habit, and grasping in her hand an iron sceptre. Behind her was Barbarity, with the garb and complexion of an Ethiopian; Ignorance with a turban upon her head; and Persecution holding up a bloody flag, embroidered with flower-de-luces. These were followed by Oppression, Poverty, Famine, Torture, and a dreadful train of apearances that made me tremble to behold them. Among the baggage of this army, I could discover racks, wheels, chains, and gibbets, with all the instruments art could invent to make human nature miserable.

Before the other avenue I saw Licentiousness, dressed in a garment not unlike the Polish cassock, and leading up a whole army of monsters, such as Clamour, with a hoarse voice and an hundred tongues; Confusion, with a mis-shapen body, and a thousand heads; Impudence with a forehead of brass; and Rapine with hands of iron. The tumult, noise, and uproar in this quarter, were so very great, that they disturbed my imagination more than is consistent with sleep, and by that means awaked me.

N° 162. SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1710.

Tertius è cœlo cecidit Cato. Juv. Sat. ii. 40.

See! a third Cato from the clouds is dropt.
R. Wynne.

From my own Apartment, April 21.

In my younger years I used many endeavours to get a place at court, and indeed continued my pursuits until I arrived at my grand climacteric. But at length altogether despairing of success, whether it were for want of capacity, friends, or due application, I at last resolved to erect a new office, and, for my encouragement, to place myself in it. For this reason, I took upon me the title and dignity of "Censor of Great Britain," reserving to myself all such perquisites, profits, and emoluments, as should arise out of the discharge of the said office. These in truth have not been inconsiderable; for, besides those *weekly contributions* which I receive from John Morphew, and those annual subscriptions which I propose to myself from the most elegant part of this great island, I daily live in a very comfortable affluence of wine, stale beer, Hungary water, beef, books, and marrow-bones, which I receive from many well-disposed citizens; not to mention the forfeitures, which accrue to me from the several offenders that appear before me on court-days.

Having now enjoyed this office *for the space of a twelvemonth*, I shall do what all good officers ought

to do, take a survey of my behaviour, and consider carefully, whether I have discharged my duty, and acted up to the character with which I am invested. For my direction in this particular, I have made a narrow search into the nature of the old Roman Censors, whom I must always regard, not only as my predecessors, but as my patterns in this great employment; and have several times asked my own heart with great impartiality, whether Cato will not bear a more venerable figure among posterity than Bickerstaff?

I find the duty of the Roman Censor was two-fold. The first part of it consisted in making frequent reviews of the people, in casting up their numbers, ranging them under their several tribes, disposing them into proper classes, and subdividing them into their respective centuries.

In compliance with this part of the office, I have taken many curious surveys of this great city. I have collected into particular bodies the Dappers and the Smarts, the *natural* and *affected* Rakes, the Pretty Fellows, and the *very* Pretty Fellows. I have likewise drawn out in several distinct parties your Pedants and Men of Fire, your Gamesters and Politicians. I have separated Cits from Citizens, Freethinkers from Philosophers, Wits from Snuff-takers, and Duellists from Men of Honour. I have likewise made a calculation of Esquires; not only considering the several distinct swarms of them that are settled in the different parts of this town, but also that more rugged species that inhabit the fields and woods, and are often found in pot-houses, and upon hay-cocks.

I shall pass the soft sex over in silence, having not yet reduced them into any tolerable order; as likewise the softer tribe of Lovers, which will cost me

a great deal of time, before I shall be able to cast them into their several centuries and subdivisions.

The second part of the Roman Censor's office was to look into the manners of the people; and to check any growing luxury, whether in diet, dress, or building. This duty likewise I have endeavoured to discharge, by those wholesome precepts which I have given my countrymen in regard to beef and mutton, and the severe censures which I have passed upon ragoûts and fricasees. There is not, as I am informed, a pair of *red heels* to be seen within ten miles of London; which I may likewise ascribe, without vanity, to the becoming zeal which I expressed in that particular. I must own, my success with the petticoat is not so great: but, as I have not yet done with it, I hope I shall in a little time put an effectual stop to that growing evil. As for the article of building, I intend hereafter to enlarge upon it; having lately observed several warehouses, nay, private shops, that stand upon *Corinthian pillars*, and whole rows of tin pots showing themselves, in order to their sale, through a *sash-window*.

I have likewise followed the example of the Roman Censors, in punishing offences according to the quality of the offender. It was usual for them to expel a senator, who had been guilty of great immoralities, out of the senate-house, by omitting his name when they called over the list of his brethren. In the same manner, to remove effectually several worthless men who stand possessed of great honour, I have made frequent draughts of dead men out of the vicious part of the nobility, and given them up to the new society of Upholders, with the necessary orders for their interment. As the Roman Censors used to punish the knights or gentlemen of Rome, by taking away their horses from

them, I have seized the canes of many criminals of figure, whom I had just reason to animadvert upon. As for the offenders among the common people of Rome, they were generally chastised by being thrown out of a higher tribe, and placed in one which was not so honourable. My reader cannot but think I have had an eye to this punishment, when I have degraded one species of men into Bombs, Squibs, and Crackers, and another into Drums, Bass-viols, and Bagpipes; not to mention whole packs of delinquents whom I have shut up in kennels, and the new hospital which I am at present erecting for the reception of those of my countrymen, who give me but little hopes of their amendment, on the borders of Moor-fields. I shall only observe upon this last particular, that, since some late surveys I have taken of this island, I shall think it necessary to enlarge the plan of the buildings which I design in this quarter.

When my great predecessor, Cato the Elder, stood for the censorship of Rome, there were several other competitors who offered themselves; and, to get an interest among the people, gave them great promises of the mild and gentle treatment which they would use towards them in that office. Cato, on the contrary, told them, "he presented himself as a candidate, because he knew the age was sunk in immorality and corruption; and that, if they would give him their votes, he would promise them to make use of such a strictness and severity of discipline, as should recover them out of it." The Roman historians, upon this occasion, very much celebrated the public-spiritedness of that people, who chose Cato for their Censor, notwithstanding his method of recommending himself. I may in some measure extol my own countrymen upon the same account; who, without any respect

to party, *or any applications from myself*, have made such *generous subscriptions* for the Censor of Great-Britain, as will give a magnificence to my old age, and which I esteem more than I would any post in Europe of an hundred times the value. I shall only add, that upon looking into my *catalogue of subscribers*, which I intend to print alphabetically in the front of my Lucubrations, I find the names of the greatest Beauties and Wits in the whole island of Great-Britain; which I only mention for the benefit of any of them who have not yet subscribed, it being my design to close the subscription in a very short time.

N° 163. TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1710.

Idem inficeto est inficetior rure,
Simul poemata attigit; neque idem unquam
Æquè est beatus, ac poema cum scribit:
Tam gaudet in se, tamque se ipse miratur.
Nimirum idem omnes fallimur; neque est quisquam
Quem non in aliquâ re videre Suffenum
Possis——————

CATUL. de Suffeno, xx. 14.

Suffenus has no more wit than a mere clown, when he attempts to write verses; and yet he is never happier than when he is scribbling; so much does he admire himself and his compositions. And, indeed, this is the foible of every one of us; for there is no man living who is not a Suffenus in one thing or other.

Will's Coffee-house, April 24.

I YESTERDAY came hither about two hours before the company generally make their appearance, with a design to read over all the newspapers; but,

upon my sitting down, I was accosted by Ned Softly, who saw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something. "Mr. Bickerstaff," says he, "I observe by a late Paper of yours, that you and I are just of a humour; for you must know, of all impertinences, there is nothing which I so much hate as news. I never read a Gazette in my life; and never trouble my head about our armies, whether they win or lose, or in what part of the world they lie encamped." Without giving me time to reply, he drew a paper of verses out of his pocket, telling me, "that he had something which would entertain me more agreeably; and that he would desire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us until the company came in."

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller is his favourite: and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our great English poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book; which he repeats upon occasion, to show his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true English reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles; which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with *so very odd* a fellow. "You must understand," says Ned, "that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady, who showed

me some verses of her own making, and is, perhaps, the best *poet* of our age. But you shall hear it."

Upon which he began to read as follows:

To MIRA, on her incomparable Poems.

1.

When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a sister of the Nine,
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

2.

I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art)
Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid s wing;
For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"Why," says I, "this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt: every verse has something in it that piques; and then the *dart* in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram, for so I think you critics call it, as ever entered into the thought of a poet." "Dear Mr. Bickerstaff," says he, shaking me by the hand, "every body knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon's translation of 'Horace's Art of Poetry' three several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shown you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it; for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.

When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,

"That is," says he, "when you have your garland on; when you are writing verses." To which I replied, "I know your meaning: a metaphor!" "The same," said he, and went on.

And tune your soft melodious notes,

"Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it." "Truly," said I, "I think it as good as the former." "I am very glad to hear you say so," says he; "but mind the next.

You seem a sister of the Nine,

"That is," says he, "you seem a sister of the Muses; for, if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion, that there were nine of them." "I remember it very well," said I; "but pray proceed."

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

"Phœbus," says he, "was the god of Poetry. These little instances, Mr. Bickerstaff, show a gentleman's reading. Then to take off from the air of learning, which Phœbus and the Muses had given to this first stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar; 'in Petticoats!'

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats."

"Let us now," says I, "enter upon the second stanza: I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor.

I fancy, when your song you sing."

"It is very right," says he: but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting *of* them, and have still a doubt upon me, whether in the second line it should be, 'Your song you sing; or, You sing your song!' You shall hear them both:

I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art)

Or

I fancy, when your song you sing,
(You sing your song with so much art).”

“Truly,” said I, “the turn is so natural either way, that you have made me almost giddy with it.” “Dear Sir,” said he, grasping me by the hand, “you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?

Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing.”

“Think!” says I; “I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose.” “That was my meaning,” says he: “I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we come now to the last, which sums up the whole matter.

For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.”

“Pray how do you like that *Ah!* doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? *Ah!*——it looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out as being pricked with it.

For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

“My friend Dick Easy,” continued he, “assured me, he would rather have written that *Ah!* than *to* have been the author of the Æneid. He indeed objected, that I made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as to that———” “Oh! as to that,” says I, “it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing.” He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, “he would show it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.”

N° 164. THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1710.

——*Qui promittit cives, urbem, sibi curæ,*
Imperium fore, & Italiam, et delubra deorum,
Quo patre sit natus, num ignotâ matre inhonestus?
Omnes mortales curare & quærere cogit.

HOR. 1 Sat. vi. 34.

Whoever promises to guard the state,
The gods, the temples, and imperial seat,
Makes ev'ry mortal ask his father's name,
Or if his mother was a slave-born dame?

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, April 26.

I HAVE lately been looking over the many packets of letters which I have received from all quarters of Great-Britain, as well as from foreign countries, since my entering upon the office of Censor: and indeed am very much surprised to see so great a number of them, and pleased to think that I have so far increased the revenue of the post-office. As this collection will grow daily, I have digested it into several bundles, and made proper indorsements on each particular letter; it being my design, when I lay down the work that I am now engaged in, to erect *a paper office*, and give it to the public.

I could not but make several observations upon reading over the letters of my correspondents. As first of all, on the different tastes that reign in the different parts of this city. I find, by the approbations which are given me, that I am seldom famous on the same days on both sides of Temple-bar;

and that when I am in the greatest repute within the liberties, I dwindle at the court-end of the town. Sometimes I sink in both these places at the same time; but, for my comfort, my name hath then been up in the districts of Wapping and Rotherhithe. Some of my correspondents desire me to be always serious, and others to be always merry. Some of them intreat me to go to bed and fall into a dream, and like me better when I am asleep than when I am awake: others advise me to sit all night upon the stars: and be more frequent in my astrological observations; for that a vision is not properly a Lucubration. Some of my readers thank me for filling my Paper with the flowers of antiquity, others desire news from Flanders. Some approve my criticisms on the dead, and others my censures on the living. For this reason I once resolved, in the new edition of my works, to range my several Papers under distinct heads, according as their principal design was to benefit and instruct the different capacities of my readers; and to follow the example of some very great authors, by writing at the head of each discourse, *Ad Aulam, Ad Academiam, Ad Populum, Ad Clerum.*

There is no particular in which my correspondents of all ages, conditions, sexes, and complexions, universally agree, except only in their thirst after scandal. It is impossible to conceive, how many have recommended their neighbours to me upon this account, or how unmercifully I have been abused by several unknown hands, for not publishing the secret histories of cuckoldom that I have received from almost every street in town.

It would indeed be very dangerous for me to read over the many praises and eulogiums, which come post to me from all the corners of the nation, were they not mixed with many checks, reprimands,

scurrilities, and reproaches: which several of my good-natured countrymen cannot forbear sending me, though it often costs them *two-pence* or a *groat* before they can convey them to my hands: so that sometimes when I am put into the best humour in the world, after having read a panegyric upon my performances, and looked upon myself as a benefactor to the British nation, the next letter, perhaps, I open, begins with "You old doting scoundrel!——Are not you a sad dog?——Sirrah, you deserve to have your nose slit;" and the like ingenious conceits. These little mortifications are necessary to suppress that pride and vanity which naturally arise in the mind of a *received* author, and enable me to bear the reputation which my courteous readers bestow upon me, without becoming a coxcomb by it. It was for the same reason, that when a Roman general entered the city in the pomp of a triumph, the commonwealth allowed of several little drawbacks to his reputation, by conniving at such of the rabble as repeated libels and lampoons upon him within his hearing; and by that means engaged his thoughts upon his weakness and imperfections, as well as on the merits that advanced him to so great honours. The conqueror, however, was not the less esteemed for being a man in some particulars, because he appeared as a god in others.

There is another circumstance in which my countrymen have dealt very perversely with me; and that is, in searching not only into my life, but also into the lives of my ancestors. If there has been a blot in my family for these ten generations, it hath been discovered by some or other of my correspondents. In short, I find the ancient family of the Bickerstaffs has suffered very much through the malice and prejudice of my enemies. Some of them twit me in the teeth with the conduct of my

aunt Margery. Nay, there are some who have been so disingenuous, as to throw Maud the milk-maid into my dish, notwithstanding I myself was the first who discovered that alliance. I reap however many benefits from the malice of these enemies, as they let me see my own faults, and give me a view of myself in the worst light; as they hinder me from being blown up by flattery and self-conceit; as they make me keep a watchful eye over my own actions; and at the same time make me cautious how I talk of others, and particularly of my friends or relations, or value myself upon the antiquity of my family.

But the most formidable part of my correspondents are those, whose letters are filled with threats and menaces. I have been treated so often after this manner, that, not thinking it sufficient to fence well, in which I am now arrived at the utmost perfection, and to carry pistols about me, which I have always tucked within my girdle; I several months since made my will, settled my estate, and took leave of my friends, looking upon myself as no better than a dead man. Nay, I went so far as to write a long letter to the most intimate acquaintance I have in the world, under the character of a departed person; giving him an account of what brought me to that untimely end, and of the fortitude with which I met it. This letter being too long for the present paper, I intend to print it by itself very suddenly; and at the same time I must confess, I took my hint of it from the behaviour of an old soldier in the civil wars, who was corporal of a company in a regiment of foot, about the same time that I myself was a *cadet* in the king's army.

This gentleman was taken by the enemy; and the

two parties were upon such terms at that time, that we did not treat each other as prisoners of war, but as traitors and rebels. The poor corporal, being condemned to die, wrote a letter to his wife when under sentence of execution. He writ on the Thursday, and was to be executed on the Friday; but, considering that the letter would not come to his wife's hands until Saturday, the day after execution, and being at that time more scrupulous than ordinary in speaking exact truth, he formed his letter rather according to the posture of his affairs when she should read it, than as they stood when he sent it: though, it must be confessed, there is a certain perplexity in the style of it, which the reader will easily pardon, considering his circumstances.

" DEAR WIFE,

" Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing: this is to let you know, that yesterday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I was *hanged, drawn, and quartered.* I died very penitently, and every body thought my case very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherless children. Your's, until death,

W. B."

It so happened that this honest fellow was relieved by a party of his friends, and had the satisfaction to see all the rebels hanged who had been his enemies. I must not omit a circumstance which exposed him to raillery his whole life after. Before the arrival of the next post, that would have set all things clear, his wife was married to a second husband, who lived in the peaceable

possession of her; and the corporal, who was a man of plain understanding, did not care to stir in the matter, as knowing that she had the news of his death under his own hand, which she might have produced upon that occasion.

N° 165. SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 28.

It has always been my endeavour to distinguish between realities and appearances, and to separate true merit from the pretence to it. As it shall ever be my study to make discoveries of this nature in human life, and to settle the proper distinctions between the virtues and perfections of mankind, and those false colours and resemblances of them that shine alike in the eyes of the vulgar; so I shall be more particularly careful to search into the various merits and pretences of the learned world. This is the more necessary, because there seems to be a general combination among the pedants to extol one another's labours, and cry up one another's parts; while men of sense, either through that modesty which is natural to them, or the scorn they have for such trifling commendations, enjoy their stock of knowledge, like a hidden treasure, with satisfaction and silence. Pedantry indeed in learning is like hypocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it; that attracts the eyes of the common people; breaks out in noise and show; and finds its

reward not from any inward pleasure that attends it, but from the praises and approbations which it receives from men.

Of this shallow species there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited animal than that which is generally known by the name of a Critic. This, in the common acceptation of the word, is one that, without entering into the sense and soul of an author, has a few general rules, which, like mechanical instruments, he applies to the works of every writer; and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the author perfect or defective. He is master of a certain set of words, as *Unity*, *Style*, *Fire*, *Phlegm*, *Easy*, *Natural*, *Turn*, *Sentiment*, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together, in every part of his discourse, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are, an elevated eye, and dogmatical brow, a positive voice, and a contempt for every thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in generals. He praises or dispraises in the lump. He shakes his head very frequently at the pedantry of universities, and bursts into laughter when you mention an author that is *not known* at Will's. He hath formed his judgment upon Homer, Horace, and Virgil, not from their own works, but from those of Rapin and Bossu. He knows his own strength so well, that he never dares praise any thing in which he has not a French author for his voucher.

With these extraordinary talents and accomplishments, Sir Timothy Tittle *puts men in vogue*, or condemns them to obscurity; and sits as judge of life and death upon every author that appears in public. It is impossible to represent the pangs, agonies, and convulsions, which Sir Timothy expresses in

every feature of his face, and muscle of his body, upon the reading of a bad poet.

About a week ago, I was engaged, at a friend's house of mine, in an agreeable conversation with his wife and daughters, when, in the height of our mirth, Sir Timothy, who makes love to my friend's eldest daughter, came in amongst us, puffing and blowing as if he had been very much out of breath. He immediately called for a chair, and desired leave to sit down without any further ceremony. I asked him where he had been? whether he was out of order? He only replied, that he was quite spent, and fell a cursing in soliloquy. I could hear him cry,—"A wicked rogue—An execrable wretch—— Was there ever such a monster?"—The young ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and asked whether any one had hurt him? He answered nothing, but still talked to himself. "To lay the first scene," says he, "in St. James's park, and the last in Northamptonshire!" "Is that all?" said I. "Then I suppose you have been at the rehearsal of a play this morning." "Been!" says he, "I have been at Northampton, in the Park, in a lady's bed-chamber, in a dining-room, every where; the rogue has led me such a dance—" Though I could scarce forbear laughing at his discourse, I told him I was glad it was no worse, and that he was only metaphorically weary. "In short, Sir," says he, "the author has not observed a single Unity in his whole play; the scene shifts in every dialogue; the villain has hurried me up and down at such a rate, that I am tired off my legs." I could not but observe with some pleasure, that the young lady whom he made love to, conceived a very just aversion towards him, upon seeing him so very passionate in trifles. And as she had that natural sense which makes her a better judge than a thousand critics, she began to rally him upon

this foolish humour. "For my part," says she, "I never knew a play take that was written up to your rules, as you call them." "How, Madam!" says he, "is that your opinion? I am sure you have a better taste." "It is a pretty kind of magic," says she, "the poets have, to transport an audience from place to place without the help of a coach and horses; I could travel round the world at such a rate. It is such an entertainment as an enchantress finds when she fancies herself in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a feast, or a solemnity; though at the same time she has never stirred out of her cottage." "Your simile, Madam," says Sir Timothy, "is by no means just." "Pray," says she, "let my similes pass without a criticism. I must confess," continued she (for I found she was resolved to exasperate him), "I laughed very heartily at the last new comedy which you found so much fault with." "But, Madam," says he, "you ought not to have laughed; and I defy any one to show me a single rule that you could laugh by." "Ought not to laugh!" says she, "pray who should hinder me?" "Madam," says he, "there are such people in the world as Rapin, Dacier, and several others, that ought to have spoiled your mirth." "I have heard," says the young lady, "that your great critics are always very bad poets; I fancy there is as much difference between the works of the one and the other, as there is between the carriage of a dancing-master and a gentleman. I must confess," continued she, "I would not be troubled with so fine a judgment as your's is; for I find you feel more vexation in a bad comedy, than I do in a deep tragedy." "Madam," says Sir Timothy, "that is not my fault: they should learn the art of writing." "For my part," says the young lady, "I should think the greatest art in your writers of comedy is to please." "To please!" says

Sir Timothy; and immediately fell a laughing. "Truly," says she, "that is my opinion." Upon this, he composed his countenance, looked upon his watch, and took his leave.

I hear that Sir Timothy has not been at my friend's house since this notable conference, to the great satisfaction of the young lady, who by this means has got rid of a very impertinent fop.

I must confess, I could not but observe, with a great deal of surprise, how this gentleman, by his ill-nature, folly, and affectation, had made himself capable of suffering so many imaginary pains, and looking with such a senseless severity upon the common diversions of life.

N° 166. TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1710.

———*Dicenda, tacenda locutus.*.

Hor. Ep. vii. 72.

———He said,
Or right, or wrong, what came into his head.

Francis.

White's Chocolate-house, May 1.

The world is so overgrown with singularities in behaviour, and method of living, that I have no sooner laid before mankind the absurdity of one species of men, but there starts up to my view some new *sect* of impertinents that had before escaped notice. This afternoon, as I was talking with fine Mrs. Sprightly's

porter, and desiring admittance upon an extraordinary occasion, it was my fate to be spied by Tom Modely riding by in his chariot. He did me the honour to stop, and asked, "what I did there on a Monday?" I answered, "that I had business of importance which I wanted to communicate to the lady of the house." Tom is one of those fools, who look upon knowledge of the fashion to be the only liberal science; and was so rough as to tell me, "that a well-bred man would as soon call upon a lady, who *keeps a day*, at midnight, as on any day but that which she professes being at home. There are rules and decorums," adds he, "which are never to be transgressed by those who understand the world; and he who offends in that kind, ought not to take it ill if he is turned away, even when he sees the person look out at her window whom he inquires for. Nay," said he, "my Lady Dimple is so positive in this rule, that she takes it for a piece of good breeding and distinction to deny herself with her own mouth. Mrs. Comma, the great scholar, insists upon it, and I myself have heard her assert, That a lord's porter, or a lady's woman, cannot be said to lie in that case, because they act by instruction; and their words are no more their own than those of a puppet."

He was going on with his ribaldry, when on a sudden he looked on his watch, and said, "he had twenty visits to make," and drove away without further ceremony. I was then at leisure to reflect upon the tasteless manner of life, which a set of idle fellows lead in this town, and spend youth itself with less spirit, than other men do their old age. These expletives in human society, though they are in themselves wholly insignificant, become of some consideration when they are mixed with others. I am very much at a loss how to define, or under

what character, distinction, or denomination, to place them; except you give me leave to call them the order of the Insipids. This order is in its extent like that of the Jesuits; and you see of them in every way of life, and in every profession. Tom Modely has long appeared to me at the head of this species. By being habitually in the best company, he knows perfectly well when a coat is well cut, or a *perriwig well mounted*. As soon as you enter the place where he is, he tells the next man to him, who is your tailor, and judges of you more from the choice of your perriwig-maker than of your friend. His business in this world is to be well dressed; and the greatest circumstance that is to be recorded in his annals is, that he wears *twenty shirts a week*. Thus, without ever speaking reason among the men, or passion among the women, he is every where well received: and without any one man's esteem, he has every man's indulgence.

This order has produced great numbers of tolerable copiers in painting, good rhymers in poetry, and harmless projectors in politics. You may see them at first sight grow acquainted by sympathy; insomuch, that one who had not studied nature, and did not know the true cause of their sudden familiarities, would think that they had some secret intimation of each other, like the Free-masons. The other day at Will's, I heard Modely, and a critic of the same order, show their equal talents with great delight. The *learned Insipid* was commending Racine's turns; the *genteel Insipid*, Devillier's *curls*.

These creatures, when they are not forced into any particular employment for want of ideas in their own imaginations, are the constant plague of all they meet with, by inquiries for news and scandal, which makes them the heroes of visiting-days; where they help the design of the meeting, which is to pass away

that odious thing called *time*, in discourses too trivial to raise any reflections which may put well-bred persons to the trouble of thinking.

From my own Apartment, May 1.

I was looking out of my parlour-window this morning, and receiving the honours which Margery, the milk-maid to our lane, was doing me, by *dancing* before my door *with the plate of half her customers on her head*, when Mr. Clayton, the author of Arsinoe, made me a visit, and desired me to insert the following advertisement in my ensuing paper.

"The pastoral Masque, composed by Mr. Clayton, author of Arsinoe, will be performed on Wednesday, the third instant, in the great room at York-buildings. Tickets to be had at White's Chocolate-house, St. James's Coffee-house, in St. James's street, and Young Man's Coffee-house.

"Note; the tickets delivered out for the twenty-seventh of April, will be then taken."

When I granted his request, I made one to him, which was, that the performers should put their instruments in tune before the audience came in; for that I thought the resentment of the Eastern prince, who, according to the old story, took tuning for playing, to be very just and natural. He was so civil, as not only to promise that favour, but also to assure me, that he would order the *heels of the performers to be muffled in cotton*, that the artists, in so polite an age as ours, may not intermix with their harmony, a custom, which so nearly resembles the stamping-dances of the West Indians or Hottentots.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

*** A Bass-viol of Mr. Bickerstaff's acquaintance, whose mind and fortune do not very exactly agree, proposes to set himself to sale by way of lottery.

Ten thousand pounds is the sum to be raised, at three-pence a ticket, in consideration that there are more women who are willing to be married, than that can spare a greater sum. He has already made over his person to trustees for the said money to be forthcoming, and ready to take to wife the fortunate woman that wins him.

N. B. Tickets are given out by Mr. Charles Lillie, and by Mr. John Morphew. Each adventurer must be a virgin, and subscribe her name to her ticket.

†‡† Whereas the several churchwardens of most of the parishes within the bills of mortality have in an earnest manner applied themselves by way of petition, and have also made a presentment, of the vain and loose deportment during divine service, of persons of too great figure in all their said parishes for their reproof: and whereas it is therein set forth, that by salutations given each other, hints, shrugs, ogles, playing of fans, fooling with canes at their mouths, and other wanton gesticulations, their whole congregation appears rather a theatrical audience, than an house of devotion; it is hereby ordered, that all *Canes, Cravats, Bosom-laces, Muffs, Fans, Snuff-boxes,* and all other instruments made use of to give persons unbecoming airs, shall be immediately forfeited and sold; and of the sum arising from the sale thereof, a ninth part shall be paid to the poor, and the *rest* to the overseers.

N° 167. THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1710.

Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis submissa fidelibus.—
HOR. Ars Poet. 180.

——What we hear,
With weaker passion will affect the heart,
Than when the faithful eye beholds the part. FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, May 2.

HAVING received notice, that the famous actor Mr. Betterton was to be interred this evening in the cloisters near Westminster-abbey, I was resolved to walk thither; and see the last office done to a man whom I had always very much admired, and from whose action I had received more strong impressions of what is great and noble in human nature, than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers, or the descriptions of the most charming poets I had read. As the rude and untaught multitude are no way wrought upon more effectually, than by seeing public punishments and executions; so men of letters and education feel their humanity most forcibly exercised, when they attend the obsequies of men who had arrived at any perfection in liberal accomplishments. Theatrical action is to be esteemed as such, except it be objected, that we cannot call that an art which cannot be attained by art. Voice, stature, motion, and other gifts, must be very bountifully bestowed by nature, or labour and industry will but push the unhappy endeavourer in that way the further off his wishes.

Such an actor as Mr. Betterton ought to be recorded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans. The greatest orator has thought fit to quote his judgment, and celebrate his life. Roscius was the example to all that would form themselves into proper and winning behaviour. His action was so well adapted to the sentiments he expressed, that the youth of Rome thought they wanted only to be virtuous, to be as graceful in their appearance as Roscius. The imagination took a lively impression of what was great and good; and they, who never thought of setting up for the art of imitation, became themselves inimitable characters.

There is no human invention so aptly calculated for the forming a free-born people as that of a theatre. Tully reports, that the celebrated player of whom I am speaking, used frequently to say, "The perfection of an actor is only to become what he is doing." Young men, who are too unattentive to receive lectures, are irresistibly taken with performances. Hence it is, that I extremely lament the little relish the gentry of this nation have, at present, for the just and noble representations in some of our tragedies. The operas, which are of late introduced, can leave no trace behind them that can be of service beyond the present moment. To sing, and to dance, are accomplishments very few have any thoughts of practising; but to speak justly, and move gracefully, is what every man thinks he does perform, or wishes he did.

I have hardly a notion, that any performer of antiquity could surpass the action of Mr. Betterton in any of the occasions in which he has appeared on our stage. The wonderful agony which he appeared in when he examined the circumstance of the handkerchief in Othello; the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind, upon the innocent answers Desde-

mona makes, betrayed in his gesture such a variety and vicissitude of passions, as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart; and perfectly convince him, that it is to stab it, to admit that worst of daggers, jealousy. Whoever reads in his closet this admirable scene, will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an imagination as Shakspeare himself, find any but dry, incoherent, and broken sentences; but a reader that has seen Betterton act it, observes, there could not be a word added; that longer speeches had been unnatural, nay, impossible, in Othello's circumstances. The charming passage in the same tragedy, where he tells the manner of winning the affection of his mistress, was urged with so moving and graceful an energy, that, while I walked in the cloisters, I thought of him with the same concern as if I waited for the remains of a person who had in real life done all that I had seen him represent. The gloom of the place, and faint lights before the ceremony appeared, contributed to the melancholy disposition I was in: and I began to be extremely afflicted, that Brutus and Cassius had any difference; that Hotspur's gallantry was so unfortunate; and that the mirth and good humour of Falstaff could not exempt him from the grave. Nay, this occasion, in me who look upon the distinctions amongst men to be merely scenical, raised reflections upon the emptiness of all human perfection and greatness in general; and I could not but regret, that the sacred heads which lie buried in the neighbourhood of this little portion of earth, in which my poor old friend is deposited, are returned to dust as well as he, and that there is no difference in the grave between the imaginary and the real monarch. This made me say of human life itself, with Macbeth,

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day,
To the last moment of recorded time!
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
To their eternal night! Out, out, short candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.

The mention I have here made of Mr. Betterton, for whom I had, as long as I have known any thing, a very great esteem and gratitude for the pleasure he gave me, can do him no good; but it may possibly be of service to the unhappy woman he has left behind him, to have it known, that this great tragedian was never in a scene half so moving, as the circumstances of his affairs created at his departure. His wife, after a cohabitation of forty years in the strictest amity, has long pined away with a sense of his decay, as well in his person as his little fortune; and, in proportion to that she has herself decayed both in her health and reason. Her husband's death, added to her age and infirmities, would certainly have determined her life, but that the greatness of her distress has been her relief, by a present deprivation of her senses. This absence of reason is her best defence against age, sorrow, poverty, and sickness. I dwell upon this account so distinctly in obedience to a certain great spirit, who hides her name, and has by letter applied to me to recommend to her some object of compassion, from whom she may be concealed.

This, I think, is a proper occasion for exerting such heroic generosity; and as there is an ingenuous shame in those who have known better fortune, to be reduced to receive obligations, as well as a becoming pain in the truly generous to receive thanks; in this case both those delicacies are preserved; for the

person obliged is as incapable of knowing her benefactress, as her benefactress is unwilling to be known by her.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas it hath been signified to the Censor, that under the pretence that he has encouraged *the Moving Picture*, and particularly admired the *Walking Statue*, some persons within the liberties of Westminster have vended *walking Pictures*, insomuch that the said pictures have within few days after sales by auction, returned to the habitations of their first proprietors; that matter has been narrowly looked into, and orders are given to Pacolet, to take notice of all who are concerned in such frauds, with directions to draw their pictures, that they may be hanged *in effigie*, *in terrorem* to all auctions for the future.

N° 168. SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 5.

NEVER was man so much teased, or suffered half so much uneasiness, as I have done this evening between a couple of fellows, with whom I was unfortunately engaged to sup, where there were also several others in company. One of them is the most invincibly impudent, and the other as incorrigibly absurd. Upon hearing my name, the man of audacity, as he calls himself, began to assume an awkward way of reserve by way of ridicule upon me as

a Censor, and said, " he must have a care of his behaviour, for there would notes be writ upon all that should pass." The man of freedom and ease, for such the other thinks himself, asked me, " whether my sister Jenny was breeding or not?" After they had done with me, they were impertinent to a very smart, but well-bred man; who stood his ground very well, and let the company see they ought, but could not, be out of countenance. I look upon such a defence as a real good action; for while he received their fire, there was a modest and worthy young gentleman sat secure by him, and a lady of the family at the same time guarded against the nauseous familiarity of the one, and the more painful mirth of the other. This conversation, where there were a thousand things said, not worth repeating, made me consider with myself, how it is that men of these disagreeable characters often go great lengths in the world, and seldom fail of out-stripping men of merit; nay, succeed so well, that, with a load of imperfections on their heads, they go on in opposition to general disesteem; while they who are every way their superiors, languish away their days, though possessed of the approbation and good-will of all who know them.

If we would examine into the secret springs of action in the *impudent* and the *absurd*, we shall find, though they bear a great resemblance in their behaviour, that they move upon very different principles. The *impudent* are pressing, though they know they are disagreeable: the *absurd* are importunate, because they think they are acceptable. *Impudence* is a vice, and *Absurdity* a folly. Sir Francis Bacon talks very agreeably upon the subject of *Impudence*. He takes notice, that the orator being asked, what was the first, second, and third requisite to make a fine speaker? still answered, *action*. This, said he,

is the very outward form of speaking; and yet it is what with the generality has more force than the most consummate abilities. *Impudence* is to the rest of mankind of the same use which *action* is to orators.

The truth is, the gross of men are governed more by appearances than realities; and the impudent man in his air and behaviour undertakes for himself that he has ability and merit, while the modest or diffident gives himself up as one who is possessed of neither. For this reason, men of front carry things before them with little opposition; and make so skilful an use of their talent, that they can grow out of humour like men of consequence, and be sour, and make their dissatisfaction do them the same service as desert. This way of thinking has often furnished me with an apology for great men who confer favours on the impudent. In carrying on the government of mankind, they are not to consider what men they themselves approve in their closets and private conversations; but what men will extend themselves furthest, and more generally pass upon the world for such as their patrons want in such and such stations, and consequently take so much work off the hands of those who employ them.

Far be it that I should attempt to lessen the acceptance which men of this character meet with in the world; but I humbly propose only, that they who have merit of a different kind would accomplish themselves in some degree with this quality, of which I am now treating. Nay, I allow these gentlemen to press as forward as they please in the advancement of their interests and fortunes, but not to intrude upon others in conversation also. Let them do what they can with the rich and the great, as far as they are suffered; but let them not interrupt the easy and agreeable. They may be useful as servants

in ambition, but never as associates in pleasure. However, as I would still drive at something instructive in every Lucubration, I must recommend it to all men who feel in themselves an impulse towards attempting laudable actions, to acquire such a degree of assurance, as never to lose the possession of themselves in public or private, so far as to be incapable of acting with a due decorum on any occasion they are called to. It is a mean want of fortitude in a good man, not to be able to do a virtuous action with as much confidence as an impudent fellow does an ill one. There is no way of mending such false modesty, but by laying it down for a rule, that there is nothing shameful but what is criminal.

The Jesuits, an order whose institution is perfectly calculated for making a progress in the world, take care to accomplish their disciples for it, by breaking them of all impertinent bashfulness, and accustoming them to a ready performance of all indifferent things. I remember in my travels, when I was once at a public exercise in one of their schools, a young man made a most admirable speech, with all the beauty of action, cadence of voice, and force of argument imaginable, in defence of the love of glory. We were all enamoured with the grace of the youth, as he came down from the desk where he spoke, to present a copy of his speech to the head of the society. The principal received it in a very obliging manner, and bid him go to the market-place and fetch a joint of meat, for he should dine with him. He bowed, and in a trice the orator returned, full of the sense of glory in this obedience, and with the best shoulder of mutton in the market.

This treatment capacitates them for every scene of life. I therefore recommend it to the consideration of all who have the instruction of youth, which of the two is the more inexcusable, he who does every

thing by the mere force of his impudence, or he who performs nothing through the oppression of his modesty? In a word, it is a weakness not to be able to attempt what a man thinks he ought, and there is no modesty but in self-denial.

P. S. Upon my coming home, I received the following petition and letter:

"The humble petition of SARAH LATELY,

"Sheweth,

"That your petitioner has been one of those ladies who has had fine things constantly spoken to her in general terms, and lived, during her most blooming years, in daily expectation of declarations of marriage, but never had one made to her.

"That she is now in her grand climacteric; which being above the space of four virginities, accounting at fifteen years each;

"Your petitioner most humbly prays, that in the lottery for the Bass-viol she may have four tickets, in consideration that her single life has been occasioned by the inconstancy of her lovers, and not through the cruelty or frowardness of your petitioner.

"And your Petitioner shall, &c."

"MR. BICKERSTAFF. May 3, 1710.

"According to my fancy, you took a much better way to dispose of a Bass-viol in yesterday's paper, than you did in your Table of Marriage. I desire the benefit of a lottery for myself too——The manner of it I leave to your own discretion: only if you can——allow the tickets at above five farthings a piece. Pray accept of one ticket for your trou-

ble, and I wish you may be the fortunate man that wins.

Your very humble servant until then,

ISABELLA KIT."

I must own the request of the aged petitioner to be founded upon a very undeserved distress; and since she might, had she had justice done her, been mother of many pretenders to this prize, instead of being one herself, I do readily grant her demand; but as for the proposal of Mrs. Isabella Kit, I cannot project a lottery for her, until I have security she will surrender herself to the winner.

N° 169. TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1710.

O rus! quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis,
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

HOR. 2 Sat. vi. 60.

——Oh when again
Shall I behold the rural plain?
And when with books of Sages deep,
Sequester'd ease, and gentle sleep,
In sweet oblivion, blissful balm!
The busy cares of life becalm?

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, May 8.

THE summer season now approaching, several of our family have invited me to pass away a month or two in the country; and indeed nothing could be

more agreeable to me than such a recess, did I not consider that I am *by two quarts* a worse companion than when I was last among my relations: and I am admonished by some of our club, who lately visited Staffordshire, that they drink at a greater rate than they did at that time. As every soil does not produce every fruit or tree, so every vice is not the growth of every kind of life; and I have ever since I could think been astonished, that drinking should be the vice of the country. If it were possible to add to all our senses, as we do to that of sight by perspectives, we should methinks more particularly labour to improve them in the midst of the variety of beauteous objects, which nature has produced to entertain us in the country; and do we in that place destroy the use of what organs we have? As for my part, I cannot but lament the destruction that has been made of the wild beasts of the field, when I see large tracts of earth possessed by men who take no advantage of their being rational, but lead mere animal lives; making it their whole endeavour to kill in themselves all they have above beasts, to wit, the use of reason, and taste of society. It is frequently boasted in the writings of orators and poets, that it is to eloquence and poesy we owe that we are drawn out of woods and solitudes into towns and cities, and from a wild and savage being become acquainted with the laws of humanity and civility. If we are obliged to these arts for so great service, I could wish they were employed to give us a second turn; that as they have brought us to dwell in society, a blessing which no other creatures know, so they would persuade us, now they have settled us, to lay out all our thoughts in surpassing each other in those faculties in which only we excel other creatures. But it is at present so far otherwise, that the contention seems to be,

who shall be most eminent in performances wherein beasts enjoy greater abilities than we have. I will undertake, were the butler and swinehred at any true Esquire's in Great Britain, to keep and compare accounts of what wash is drunk up in so many hours in the parlour and pig-stye, it would appear the gentleman of the house gives much more to his friends than his hogs.

This, with many other evils, arises from an error in men's judgments, and not making true distinctions between persons and things. It is usually thought, that a few sheets of parchment, made before a male and a female of wealthy houses come together, give the heirs and descendants of that marriage possession of lands and tenements: but the truth is, there is no man who can be said to be proprietor of an estate, but he who knows how to enjoy it. Nay, it shall never be allowed, that the land is not a waste, when the master is uncultivated. Therefore, to avoid confusion, it is to be noted, that a peasant with a great estate is but an incumbent, and that he must be a gentleman to be a landlord. A landlord enjoys what he has with his heart, an incumbent with his stomach. Gluttony, drunkenness, and riot, are the entertainments of an incumbent; benevolence, civility, social and human virtues, the accomplishments of a landlord. Who, that has any passion for his native country, does not think it worse than conquered, when so large dimensions of it are in the hands of savages, that know no use of property, but to be tyrants; or liberty, but to be unmannerly? A gentleman in a country life enjoys paradise with a temper fit for it; a clown is cursed in it with all the cutting and unruly passions man could be tormented with when he was expelled from it.

There is no character more deservedly esteemed than that of a country gentleman who understands the station in which Heaven and Nature have placed him. He is father to his tenants, and patron to his neighbours, and is more superior to those of lower fortune by his benevolence than his possessions. He justly divides his time between solitude and company, so as to use the one for the other. His life is spent in the good offices of an advocate, a referee, a companion, a mediator, and a friend. His counsel and knowledge are a guard to the simplicity and innocence of those of lower talents, and the entertainment and happiness of those of equal. When a man in a country-life has this turn, as it is hoped thousands have, he lives in a more happy condition than any that is described in the pastoral descriptions of poets, or the vain-glorious solitudes recorded by philosophers.

To a thinking man it would seem prodigious, that the very situation in a country-life does not incline men to a scorn of the mean gratifications some take in it. To stand by a stream, naturally lulls the mind into composure and reverence; to walk in shades, diversifies that pleasure; and a bright sunshine makes a man consider all nature in gladness, and himself the happiest being in it, as he is the most conscious of her gifts and enjoyments. It would be the most impertinent piece of pedantry imaginable to form our pleasures by imitation of others. I will not therefore mention Scipio and Lælius, who are generally produced on this subject as authorities for the charms of a rural life*. He that does not feel the force of agreeable views and situations in his own mind, will hardly arrive at the satisfactions

* Cicero "De Oratore," lib. ii. 6; and "De Amicitia," *passim*.

they bring from the reflections of others. However, they who have a taste that way, are more particularly inflamed with desire, when they see others in the enjoyment of it, especially when men carry into the country a knowledge of the world as well as of nature. The leisure of such persons is endeared and refined by reflection upon cares and inquietudes. The absence of past labour doubles present pleasure, which is still augmented, if the person in solitude has the happiness of being addicted to letters. My cousin Frank Bickerstaff gives me a very good notion of this sort of felicity in the following letter:

"SIR,

"I write this to communicate to you the happiness I have in the neighbourhood and conversation of the noble lord, whose health you inquired after in your last. I have bought that little hovel which borders upon his royalty; but am so far from being oppressed by his greatness, that I, who know no envy, and he, who is above pride, mutually recommend ourselves to each other by the difference of our fortunes. He esteems me for being so well pleased with a little, and I admire him for enjoying so handsomely a great deal. He has not the little taste of observing the colour of a tulip, or the edging of a leaf of box; but rejoices in open views, the regularity of this plantation, and the wildness of another, as well as the fall of a river, the rising of a promontory, and all other objects fit to entertain a mind like his, that has been long versed in great and public amusements. The make of the soul is as much seen in leisure as in business. He has long lived in courts, and been admired in assemblies; so that he has added to experience a most charming eloquence, by which he communicates to me the

ideas of my own mind upon the objects we meet with so agreeably, that with his company in the fields, I at once enjoy the country, and a landscape of it. He is now altering the course of canals and rivulets, in which he has an eye to his neighbour's satisfaction, as well as his own. He often makes me presents by turning the water into my grounds, and sends me fish by their own streams. To avoid my thanks, he makes nature the instrument of his bounty, and does all good offices so much with the air of a companion, that his frankness hides his own condescension, as well as my gratitude. Leave the world to itself, and come see us.

Your affectionate cousin,

FRANCIS BICKERSTAFF."

N° 170. THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1710.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

HOR. 3 Od. xxix. 49.

But Fortune, ever changing dame,
Indulges her malicious joy,
And constant plays her haughty game,
Proud of her office to destroy;
To-day to me her bounty flows,
And now to others she the bliss bestows.

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, May 10.

HAVING this morning spent some time in reading on the subject of the vicissitude of human life, I

laid aside my book, and began to ruminate on the discourse which raised in me those reflections. I believed it a very good office to the world, to sit down and show others the road, in which I am experienced by my wanderings and errors. This is Seneca's way of thinking, and he had half convinced me, how dangerous it is to our true happiness and tranquillity, to fix our minds upon any thing which is in the power of fortune. It is excusable only in animals who have not the use of reason, to be catched by hooks and baits. Wealth, glory, and power, which the ordinary people look up *at* with admiration, the learned and wise know to be only so many snares laid to enslave them. There is nothing farther to be sought for with earnestness, than what will cloath and feed us. If we pamper ourselves in our diet, or give our imaginations a loose in our desires, the body will no longer obey the mind. Let us think no further than to defend ourselves against hunger, thirst, and cold. We are to remember that every thing else is despicable, and not worth our care. To want little is true grandeur, and very few things are great, to a great mind. Those who form their thoughts in this manner, and abstract themselves from the world, are out of the way of fortune, and can look with contempt both on her favours and her frowns. At the same time, they who separate themselves from the immediate commerce with the busy part of mankind, are still beneficial to them, while, by their studies and writings, they recommend to them the small value which ought to be put upon what they pursue with so much labour and disquiet. While such men are thought the most idle, they are the most usefully employed. They have all things, both human and divine, under consideration. To be perfectly free from the insults of for-

tune, we should arm ourselves with their reflections. We should learn, that none but intellectual possessions are what we can properly call our own. All things from without are but borrowed. What fortune gives us, is not ours; and whatever she gives, she can take away.

It is a common imputation to Seneca, that though he declaimed with so much strength of reason, and a stocial contempt of riches and power, he was at the same time one of the richest and most powerful men in Rome. I know no instance of his being insolent in that fortune, and can therefore read his thoughts on those subjects with the more deference. I will not give philosophy so poor a look as to say it cannot live in courts; but I am of opinion, that it is there in the greatest eminence, when, amidst the affluence of all the world can bestow, and the addresses of a crowd who follow him for that reason, a man can think both of himself and those about him, abstracted from these circumstances. Such a philosopher is as much above an anchorite, as a wise matron, who passes through the world with innocence, is preferable to the nun who locks herself up from it.

Full of these thoughts, I left my lodging, and took a walk to the court end of the town; and the hurry and busy faces I met with about Whitehall made me form to myself ideas of the different prospects of all I saw, from the turn and cast of their countenances. All, methought, had the same things in view: but prosecuted their hopes with a different air. Some showed an unbecoming eagerness, some a surly impatience, some a winning deference; but the generality a servile complaisance.

I could not but observe, as I roved about the offices, that all who were still but in expectation, murmured at Fortune; and all who had obtained

their wishes, immediately began to say, there was no such being. Each believed it an act of blind chance that any other man was preferred, but *owed* only to service and merit what he had obtained himself. It is the fault of studious men to appear in public with too contemplative a carriage; and I began to observe, that my figure, age, and dress, made me particular; for which reason, I thought it better to remove a studious countenance from among busy ones, and take a turn with a friend in the *Privy-Garden.*

When my friend was alone with me there, "Isaac," said he, "I know you come abroad only to moralize and make observations; and I will carry you hard by, where you shall see all that you have yourself considered or read in authors or collected from experience, concerning blind Fortune and irresistible Destiny, illustrated in real persons and proper mechanisms. The Graces, the Muses, the Fates, all the beings which have a good or ill influence upon human life, are, you will say, very justly figured in the persons of women: and where I am carrying you, you will see *enough* of that sex together, in an employment which will have so important an effect upon those who are to receive their manufacture, as will make them be respectively called Deities or Furies, as their labour shall prove disadvantageous or successful to their votaries." Without waiting for my answer, he carried me to an apartment contiguous to the Banqueting-house, where there were placed at two long tables a large company of young women, in decent and agreeable habits, making up tickets for the lottery appointed by the government. There walked between the tables a person who presided over the work. This gentlewoman seemed an emblem of Fortune; she commanded as if uncon-

cerned in their business; and though every thing was performed by her direction, she did not visibly interpose in particulars. She seemed in pain at our near approach to her, and most to approve us when we made her no advances. Her height, her mien, her gesture, her shape, and her countenance, had something that spoke familiarity and diguity. She therefore appeared to be not only a picture of Fortune, but of Fortune as I liked her; which made me break out in the following words:

" MADAM,

" I am very glad to see the fate of the many, who now languish in expectation of what will be the event of your labours, in the hands of one who can act with so impartial an indifference. Pardon me, that have often seen you before, and have lost you for want of the respect due to you. Let me beg of you, who have both the furnishing and turuing of that wheel of lots, to be unlike the rest of your sex; repulse the forward and the bold, and favour the modest and the humble. I know you fly the importunate; but smile no more upon the careless. Add not to the coffers of the usurer; but give the power of bestowing to the generous. Continue his wants, who cannot enjoy or communicate plenty; but turn away his poverty, who can bear it with more ease than he can see it in another."

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** Whereas Philander signified to Clarinda, by letter bearing date Thursday twelve o'clock, that he had lost his heart by a shot from her eyes, and desired she would condescend to meet him the same day at eight in the evening at Rosamond's pond; faithfully protesting, that in case she would not do him that honour, she might see the body of the said

Philander the next day floating on the said lake of love, and that he desired only three sighs upon view of his said body: it is desired if he has not made away with himself accordingly, that he would forthwith show himself to the coroner of the city of Westminster; or Clarinda, being an old offender, will be found guilty of wilful murder.

N° 171. SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1710.

Alter rixatur de lanâ sæpe caprinâ,
Propugnat nugis armatus ——

Hor. 1 Ep. xviii. 15.

He strives for trifles, and for toys contends,
And then in earnest, what he says, defends.

Grecian Coffee-house, May 12.

It hath happened to be for some days the deliberation at the learnedest board in this house, whence honour and title had its first original. Timoleon, who is very particular in his opniion, but is thought particular for no other cause but that he acts against depraved custom by the rules of nature and reason, in a very handsome discourse gave the company to understand, that in those ages which first degenerated from the simplicity of life and natural justice, the wise among them thought it necessary to inspire men with the love of virtue, by giving those who adhered to the interests of innocence and truth some distinguishing name to raise them above the com-

mon level of mankind. This way of fixing appellations of credit upon eminent merit, was what gave being to titles and terms of honour. "Such a name," continued he, "without the qualities which should give a man pretence to be exalted above others, does but turn him to jest and ridicule. Should one see another cudgelled, or scurvily treated, do you think a man so used would take it kindly to be called Hector or Alexander? Every thing must bear a proportion with the outward value that is set upon it; or, instead of being long had in veneration, that very term of esteem will become a word of reproach." When Timoleon had done speaking, Urbanus pursued the same purpose, by giving an account of the manner in which the Indian kings*, who were lately in Great-Britain, did honour to the person where they lodged. "They were placed," said he, "in *an* handsome apartment at an upholsterer's in King-street, Covent-garden. The man of the house, it seems, had been very observant of them, and ready in their service. These just and generous princes, who act according to the dictates of natural justice, thought it proper to confer some dignity upon their landlord before they left his house. One of them had been sick during his residence there, and having never before been in a bed, had a very great veneration for him who made that engine of repose, so useful and so necessary in his distress. It was consulted among the four princes, by what name to dignify his great merit and services. *The Emperor of the* Mohocks

* About a month before the date of this paper, the four Indian kings here spoken of, came into England with the West-India fleet, in behalf of the six Indian nations, who at that time inhabited the back-country of North America, between New England and the French settlements in Canada.

and the other three kings stood up, and in that posture recounted the civilities they had received; and particularly repeated the care which was taken of their sick brother. This, in their imagination, who are used to know the injuries of weather, and the vicissitudes of cold and heat, gave them very great impressions of a skilful upholsterer, whose furniture was so well contrived for their protection on such occasions. It is with these less instructed, I will not say less knowing people, the manner of doing honour, to impose some name significant of the qualities of the person they distinguish, and the good offices received from him. It was therefore resolved to call their landlord *Cadaroque*, which is the name of the strongest fort in their part of the world. When they had agreed upon the name, they sent for their landlord; and as he entered into their presence, *the Emperor of the* Mohocks, taking him by the hand, called him *Cadaroque*. After which, the other three princes repeated the same words and ceremony."

Timoleon appeared much satisfied with this account; and, having a philosophic turn, began to argue against the modes and manners of those nations which we esteem polite, and *to* express himself with disdain at our usual method of calling such as are strangers to our innovations *barbarous*. "I have," says he, "so great a deference for the distinction given by these princes, that *Cadaroque* shall be my upholsterer"——He was going on; but the intended discourse was interrupted by Minucio, who sat near him, a small philosopher who is also somewhat of a politician; one of those who set up for knowledge by doubting, and has no other way of making himself considerable, but by contradicting all he hears said. He has, besides much doubt and spirit of contradiction, a constant sus-

picion as to state affairs. This accomplished gentleman, with a very awful brow, and a countenance full of weight, told Timoleon, " that it was a great misfortune men of letters seldom looked into the bottom of things. Will any man," continued he, " persuade me, that this was not, from the beginning to the end a concerted affair? Who can convince the world, that four kings shall come over here, and lie at *the two Crowns and Cushion*, and one of them fall sick, *and the place be called* King-*street*, and all this by mere accident? No, no. To a man of very small penetration it appears, that *Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Row*, emperor of the Mohocks, was prepared for this adventure beforehand. I do not care to contradict any gentleman in his discourse; but I must say, however *Sa Ga Yeath Rua Geth Ton* and *E Tow Oh Koam* might be surprised in this matter; nevertheless, *Ho Nec Yeth Taw No Row* knew it before he set foot on the English shore."

Timoleon looked steadfastly at him for some time; then shaked his head, paid for his tea, and marched off. Several others, who sat round him, were in their turns attacked by this ready disputant. A gentleman, who was at some distance, happened in discourse to say it was four miles to Hammersmith, " I must beg your pardon," says Minucio; " when we say a place is so far off, we do not mean exactly from the very spot of earth we are in, but from the town where we are; so that you must begin your account from the end of Piccadilly; and if you do so, I will lay any man ten to one, it is not above three good miles off." Another, about Minucio's level of understanding, began to take him up in this important argument; and maintained that considering the way from Pimlico at the end of St. James's-park, and the crossing from Chelsea by

Earl's-court, he would stand to it, that it was full four miles. But Minucio replied with great vehemence, and seemed so much to have the better of the dispute, that his adversary quitted the field, as well as the other. I sat until I saw the table almost all vanished; when, for want of discourse, Minucio asked me, "How I did?" to which I answered, "Very well." "That is very much," said he; "I assure you, you look paler than ordinary." Nay, thought I, if he will not allow me to know whether I am well or not, there is no staying for me neither. Upon which I took my leave, pondering, as I went home, at this strange poverty of imagination, which makes men run into the fault of giving contradiction. They want in their minds entertainment for themselves or their company, and therefore build all they speak upon what is started by others; and since they cannot improve that foundation, they strive to destroy it. The only way of dealing with these people is to answer in monosyllables, or by way of question. When one of them tells you a thing that he thinks extraordinary, I go no farther than, "Say you so, Sir? Indeed! Heyday!" or, "Is it come to that?" These little rules, which appear but silly in the repetition, have brought me with great tranquillity to this age. And I have made it an observation, that as assent is more agreeable than flattery, so contradiction is more odious than calumny.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** Mr. Bickerstaff's aërial messenger has brought him a report of what passed at the auction of pictures, which was in Somerset-house yard on Monday last; and finds there were no *screens* present, but all transacted with great justice.

N. B. All false buyers at auctions being employed only to hide others, are from this day forward to be known in Mr. Bickerstaff's writings by the word Screens.

N° 172. TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1710.

Quod quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas.———

HOR. 2 Od. xiii. 13.

No man can tell the dangers of each hour,
Nor is prepared to meet them———

From my own Apartment, May 15.

WHEN a man is in a serious mood, and ponders upon his own make, with a retrospect to the actions of his life and the many fatal miscarriages in it, which he owes to ungoverned passions, he is then apt to say to himself, that experience has guarded him against such errors for the future: but nature often recurs in spite of his best resolutions; and it is to the very end of our days a struggle between our reason and our temper, which shall have the empire over us. However, this is very much to be helped by circumspection, and a constant alarm against the first onsets of passion. As this is, in general, a necessary care to make a man's life easy and agreeable to himself; so it is more particularly the duty of such as are engaged in friendship, and nearer commerce with others. Those who have their joys, have also their griefs in proportion; and

none can extremely exalt or depress friends, but friends. The harsh things, which come from the rest of the world, are received and repulsed with that spirit, which every honest man bears for his own vindication; but unkindness, in words or actions, among friends, affects us at the first instant in the inmost recesses of our souls. Indifferent people, if I may so say, can wound us only in heterogeneous parts, maim us in our legs or arms; but the friend can make no *pass* but at the heart itself. On the other side, the most impotent assistance, the mere *well-wishes* of a friend, gives a man constancy and courage against the most prevailing force of his enemies. It is here only a man enjoys and suffers to the quick. For this reason, the most gentle behaviour is absolutely necessary to maintain friendship in any degree above the common level of acquaintance. But there is a relation of life much more near than the most strict and sacred friendship, that is to say, marriage. This union is of too close and delicate a nature to be easily conceived by those who do not know that condition by experience. Here a man should, if possible, soften his passions; if not for his own ease, in compliance to a creature formed with a mind of a quite different make from his own. I am sure, I do not mean it an injury to women, when I say there is a sort of sex in souls. I am tender of offending them, and know it is hard not to do it on this subject; but I must go on to say, that the soul of a man, and that of a woman, are made very unlike, according to the employments for which they are designed. The ladies will please to observe, I say, our minds have different, not superior, qualities to theirs. The virtues have respectively a masculine and feminine cast. What we call in men *wisdom*, is in women *prudence*. It is a par-

tiality to call one greater than the other. *A prudent* woman is in the same class of honour as a *wise* man, and the scandals in the way of both are equally dangerous. But to make this state any thing but a burden, and not hang a weight upon our very beings, it is proper each of the couple should frequently remember that there are many things which grow out of their very natures that are pardonable, nay becoming, when considered as such, but without that reflection must give the quickest pain and vexation. To manage well a great family, is as worthy an instance of capacity, as to execute a great employment: and for the generality, as women perform the considerable part of their duties, as well as men do theirs; so in their common behaviour, females of ordinary genius are not more trivial than the common rate of men; and, in my opinion, the playing of a fan is every whit as good an entertainment as the beating of a snuff-box.

But, however I have rambled in this libertine manner of writing by way of *Essay*, I now sat down with an intention to represent to my readers, how pernicious, how sudden, and how fatal, surprises of passion are to the mind of man; and that in the more intimate commerces of life they are more liable to arise, even in our most sedate and indolent hours. Occurrences of this kind have had very terrible effects; and when one reflects upon them, we cannot but tremble to consider, what we are capable of being wrought up to, against all the ties of nature, love, honour, reason, and religion, though the man who breaks through them all had, an hour before he did so, a lively and virtuous sense of their dictates. When unhappy catastrophes make up part of the history of princes and persons who act in high spheres, or are represented in the moving

language and well-wrought scenes of tragedians, they do not fail of striking us with terror; but then they affect us only in a transient manner, and pass through our imaginations as incidents in which our fortunes are too humble to be concerned, or which writers form for the ostentation of their own force; or, at most, as things fit rather to exercise the powers of our minds, than to create new habits in them. Instead of such high passages, I was thinking it would be of great use, if any body could hit it, to lay before the world such adventures as befall persons not exalted above the common level. This, methought, would better prevail upon the ordinary race of men; who are so prepossessed with outward appearances, that they mistake fortune for nature, and believe nothing can relate to them, that does not happen to such as live and look like themselves.

The unhappy end of a gentleman, whose story an acquaintance of mine was just now telling me, would be very proper for this end, if it could be related with all the circumstances as I heard it this evening; for it touched me so much, that I cannot forbear entering upon it.

"Mr. Eustace, a young gentleman of a good estate near *Dublin in Ireland*, married a lady of youth, beauty, and modesty, and lived with her, in general, with much ease and tranquillity; but was in his secret temper impatient of rebuke. She was apt to fall into little sallies of passion; yet as suddenly recalled by her own reflection on her fault, and the consideration of her husband's temper. It happened, as he, his wife, and her sister, were at supper together about two months ago, that in the midst of a careless and familiar conversation, the sisters fell into a little warmth and contradiction. He, who was one of that sort of men

who are never unconcerned at what passes before them, fell into an outrageous passion on the side of the sister. The person about whom they disputed was so near, that they were under no restraint from running into vain repetitions of past heats; on which occasion all the aggravations of anger and distaste boiled up, and were repeated with the bitterness of exasperated lovers. The wife, observing her husband extremely moved, began to turn it off, and rally him for interposing between two people, who from their infancy had been angry and pleased with each other every half hour. But it descended deeper into his thoughts, and they broke up with a sullen silence. The wife immediately retired to her chamber, whither her husband soon after followed. When they were in bed, he soon dissembled a sleep; and she, pleased that his thoughts were composed, fell into a real one. Their apartment was very distant from the rest of the family, in a lonely country-house. He now saw his opportunity, and with a dagger he had brought to bed with him stabbed his wife in the side. She awaked in the highest terror; but immediately imagining it was a blow designed for her husband by ruffians, began to grasp him, and strove to wake and arouse him to defend himself. He still pretended himself sleeping, and gave her a second wound.

"She now drew open the curtain, and by the help of moonlight, saw his hand lifted up to stab her. The horror disarmed her from further struggling; and he, enraged anew at being discovered, fixed his poniard in her bosom. As soon as he believed he had dispatched her, he attempted to escape out of the window: but she, still alive, called to him not to hurt himself; for she might live. He was so stung with the insupportable reflection upon her goodness, and his own villany,

that he jumped to the bed, and wounded her all over with as much rage as if every blow was provoked by new aggravations. In this fury of mind he fled away. His wife had still strength to go to her sister's apartment, and give an account of this wonderful tragedy; but died the next day. Some weeks after, an officer of justice, in attempting to seize the criminal, fired upon him, as did the criminal upon the officer. Both their balls took place, and both immediately expired.

N° 173. THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1710.

——— *Sapientia prima est*
Stultitiâ caruisse. HOR. Ep. i. 41.

When free from folly, we to wisdom rise.

FRANCIS.

Sheer-lane, May 17.

WHEN I first began to learn to push, this last winter, my master had a great deal of work upon his hands to make me unlearn the postures and motions which I had got, by having in my younger years practised backsword, with a little eye to the *single falchion*. *Knock Down*, was the word in the civil wars; and we generally added to this skill the knowledge of the *Cornish hug*, as well as the grapple, to play with hand and foot. By this means, I was for defending my head when the French gentleman was making a full pass at my bosom;

insomuch that he told me I was fairly killed seven times in one morning, without having done my master any other mischief than one knock on the pate. This was a great misfortune to me; and I believe I may say, without vanity, I am the first who ever pushed so erroneously, and yet conquered the prejudice of education so well, as to make my passes so clear, and recover hand and foot with that agility as I do at this day. The truth of it is, the first rudiments of education are given very indiscreetly by most parents, as much with relation to the more important concerns of the mind, as in the gestures of the body. Whatever children are designed for, and whatever prospects the fortune or interest of their parents may give them in their future lives, they are all promiscuously instructed the same way; and Horace and Virgil must be thumbed by a boy, as well before he goes to an apprenticeship, as to the university. This ridiculous way of treating the under-aged of this island has very often raised both my spleen and mirth, but I think never both at once so much as to-day. A good mother of our neighbourhood made me a visit with her son and heir; a lad somewhat above five feet, and wants but little of the height and strength of a good musqueteer in any regiment in the service. Her business was to desire I would examine him; for he was far gone in a book, the first letters of which she often saw in my papers. The youth produced it, and I found it was my friend Horace. It was very easy to turn to the place the boy was learning in, which was the fifth Ode of the first book, to Pyrrha. I read it over aloud, as well because I am always delighted when I turn to the beautiful parts of that author, as also to gain time for considering a little how to keep up the mother's pleasure in her child, which I thought barbarity to interrupt. In

the first place I asked him, "Who this same Pyrrha was?" He answered very readily, "She was the wife of Pyrrhus, one of Alexander's captains." I lifted up my hands. The mother courtsies—"Nay," says she,—"I knew you would stand in admiration—I assure you," continued she, "for all he looks so tall, he is but very youug. Pray ask him some more; never spare him." With that I took the liberty to ask him, "what was the character of this gentlewoman?" He read the three first verses;

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro? Hor. 1 Od. v. 1.

And very gravely told me, she lived at the sign of *The Rose* in a cellar. I took care to be very much astonished at the lad's improvements; but withal advised her, as soon as possible, to take him from school, for he could learn no more there. This very silly dialogue was a lively image of the impertinent method used in breeding boys without genius or spirit to the reading things for which their heads were never framed. But this is the natural effect of a certain vanity in the minds of parents; who are wonderfully delighted with the thought of breeding their children to accomplishments, which they believe nothing, but want of the same care in their own fathers, prevented them from being masters of. Thus it is, that the part of life most fit for improvement is generally employed in a method against the bent of nature; and a lad of such parts as are fit for an occupation, where there can be no calls out of the beaten path, is two or three years of his time wholly taken up in knowing, how well Ovid's mistress became such a dress; how such a nymph for her cruelty was changed into such an

animal; and how it is made generous in Æneas to put Turnus to death; gallantries that can no more come within the occurrences of the lives of ordinary men, than they can be relished by their imaginations. However, still the humour goes on from one generation to another; and the pastry cook here in the lane, the other night, told me, "he would not yet take away his son from his learning; but has resolved, as soon as he had a little smattering in the Greek, to put him apprentice to a soap-boiler." These wrong beginnings determine our success in the world; and when our thoughts are originally falsely biassed, their agility and force do but carry us the further out of our way, in proportion to our speed. But we are half way our journey, when we have got into the right road. If all our days were usefully employed, and we did not set out impertinently, we should not have so many grotesque professors in all the arts of life; but every man would be in a proper and becoming method of distinguishing or entertaining himself suitably to what nature designed him. As they go on now, our parents do not only force us upon what is against our talents, but our teachers are also as injudicious in what they put us to learn. I have hardly ever since suffered so much by the charms of any beauty, as I did before I had a sense of passion, for not apprehending that the smile of Lalage was what pleased Horace; and I verily believe the stripes I suffered, about *Digito malè pertinaci* has given me that irreconcileable aversion, which I shall carry to my grave, against coquettes.

As for the elegant writer of whom I am talking, his excellencies are to be observed as they relate to the different concerns of his life; and he is always to be looked upon as a lover, a courtier, or a man of wit. His admirable Odes have numberless in-

stances of his merit in each of these characters. His Epistles and Satires are full of proper notices for the conduct of life in a court; and what we call good breeding, is most agreeably intermixed with his morality. His addresses to the persons who favoured him, are so inimitably engaging, that Augustus complained of him for so seldom writing to him, and asked him, "whether he was afraid posterity should read their names together?" Now for the generality of men to spend much time in such writings is as pleasant a folly as any he ridicules. Whatever the crowd of scholars may pretend, if their way of life, or their own imaginations, do not lead them to a taste of him, they may read, nay write, fifty volumes upon him, and be just as they were when they began. I remember to have heard a great painter say, "There are certain faces for certain painters, as well as certain subjects for certain poets." This is as true in the choice of studies; and no one will ever relish an author thoroughly well, who would not have been fit company for that author, had they lived at the same time. All others are mechanics in learning, and take the sentiments of writers like waiting-servants who report what passed at their master's table; but debase every thought and expression, for want of the air with which they were uttered.

N° 174. SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1710.

Quem mala stultitia, aut quæcunque inscitia veri,
Cæcum agit, insanum Chrysippi porticus, et grex
Autumat———

Hor. 2 Sat. iii. 23.

Whom vicious passions, or whom falsehood, blind,
Are by the Stoics held of madding kind.

Francis.

From my own Apartment, May 19.

The learned Scotus, to distinguish the race of mankind, gives every individual of that species what he calls a *Seity*, something peculiar to himself, which makes him different from all other persons in the world. This particularity renders him either venerable or ridiculous, according as he uses his talents, which always grow out into faults, or improve into virtues. In the office I have undertaken, you are to observe, that I have hitherto presented only the more insignificant and lazy part of mankind, under the denomination of dead men, together with the degrees towards non-existence, in which others can neither be said to live or be defunct; but are only animals merely dressed up like men, and differ from each other but as flies do by a little colouring or fluttering of their wings. Now as our discourses heretofore have chiefly regarded the indolent part of the species, it remains that we do justice also upon the impertinently active and enterprising. Such as these I shall take particular care to place in safe custody,

and have used all possible diligence to run up my edifice in Moorfields for that service.

We, who are adepts in astrology, can impute it to several causes in the planets, that this quarter of our great city is the region of such persons as either never had or have lost the use of reason. It has indeed been, time out of mind, the reception of fools as well as madmen. The care and information of the former I assign to other learned men, who have for that end taken up their habitation in those parts; as, among others, to the famous Dr. Trotter, and my ingenious friend Dr. Langham. These oraculous proficients are day and night employed in deep searches, for the direction of such as run astray after their lost goods: but at present they are more particularly serviceable to their country, in foretelling the fate of such as have chances in the public lottery. Dr. Langham shows a peculiar generosity on this occasion, taking only one half-crown for a prediction, eighteen-pence of which to be paid out of the prizes; which method the doctor is willing to comply with in favour of every adventurer in the whole lottery. Leaving therefore the whole generation of such inquirers to such *Literati* as I have now mentioned, we are to proceed towards peopling our house, which we have erected with the greatest cost and care imaginable.

It is necessary in this place to premise, that the superiority and force of mind which is born with men of great genius, and which, when it falls in with a noble imagination, is called *poetical fury*, does not come under my consideration; but the pretence to such an impulse, without natural warmth, shall be allowed a fit object of this charity; and all the volumes, written by such hands, shall be from time to time placed in proper order upon the rails of the un-

housed booksellers within the district of the college, who have long inhabited this quarter, in the same manner as they are already disposed, soon after the publication. I promise myself from these writings my best opiates for those patients, whose high imaginations and hot spirits have awakened them into distraction. Their boiling tempers are not to be wrought upon by my gruels and juleps, but must ever be employed, or appear to be so; or their recovery will be impracticable. I shall therefore make use of such poets as preserve so constant a mediocrity, as never to elevate the mind into joy, or depress it into sadness, yet at the same time keep the faculties of the readers in suspense, though they introduce no ideas of their own. By this means, a disordered mind, like a broken limb, will recover its strength by the sole benefit of being out of use, and lying without motion. But, as reading is not an entertainment that can take up the full time of my patients, I have now in pension a proportionable number of story-tellers, who are by turns to walk about the galleries of the house, and by their narrations second the labours of my pretty good poets. There are among these story-tellers, some that have so earnest countenances, and weighty brows, that they will draw a madman, even when his fit is just coming on, into a whisper; and by the force of shrugs, nods, and busy gestures, make him stand amazed so long, as that we have time to give him his broth without danger.

But, as fortune has the possession of men's minds, a physician may cure all the sick people of ordinary degree in the whole town, and never come into reputation. I shall therefore begin with persons of condition; and the first I shall undertake shall be the lady Fidget, the general visitant, and Will Voluble,

the fine talker. These persons shall be first locked up, for the peace of all whom the one visits, and all whom the other talks to.

The passion, that first touched the brain of both these persons, was envy: which had such wondrous effects, that to this lady Fidget owes that she is so courteous; to this, Will Voluble that he is so eloquent. Fidget has a restless torment in hearing of any one's prosperity; and cannot know any quiet until she visits her, and is eye-witness of something that lessens it. Thus her life is a continual search after what does not concern her; and her companious speak kindly even of the absent and the unfortunate to teaze her. She was the first that visited Flavia after the small-pox, and has never seen her since, because she is not altered. Call a young woman handsome in her company, and she tells you it is a pity she has no fortune: say she is rich, and she is as sorry that she is silly. With all this ill-nature, Fidget is herself young, rich, and handsome; but loses the pleasure of all those qualities, because she has them in common with others.

To make up her misery, she is well bred; she hears commendations, until she is ready to faint for want of venting herself in contradictions. This madness is not expressed by the voice: but is uttered in the eyes and features; its first symptom is, upon beholding an agreeable object, a sudden approbation immediately checked with dislike.

This lady I shall take the liberty to conduct into a bed of straw and darkness; and have some hopes, that after long absence from the light, the pleasure of seeing at all, may reconcile her to what she shall see, though it proves to be never so agreeable.

My physical remark on the distraction of envy in other persons, and particularly in Will Voluble, is interrupted by a visit from Mr. Kidney, with advices

which will bring matter of new disturbance to many possessed with this sort of disorder, which I shall publish to bring out the symptoms more kindly, and lay the distemper more open to my view.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 19.

This evening a mail from Holland brought the following advices:

From the Camp before Douay, May 26, N. S.

On the twenty-third the French assembled their army, and encamped with their right near Bouchain, and their left near Crevecœur. Upon this motion of the enemy, the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene made a movement with their army on the twenty-fourth, and encamped from Arlieux to Vitry and Isez Esquerchien, where they are so advantageously posted, that they not only cover the siege, secure our convoys of provisions, forage, and ammunition from Lisle and Tournay, and the canals and dikes we have made to turn the water of the Scarp and La Cense to Bouchain; but are in readiness, by marching from the right, to possess themselves of the field of battle marked out betwixt Vitry and Montigny, or from the left to gain the lines of circumvallation betwixt Fierin and Dechy: so that whatever way the enemy shall approach to attack us, whether by the plains of Lens, or by Bouchain and Valenciennes, we have but a very small movement to make, to possess ourselves of the ground on which it will be most advantageous to receive them. The enemy marched this morning from their left, and are encamped with their right at Oisy, and their left towards Arras, and, according to our advices, will pass the Scarp to-morrow, and enter on the plains of Lens, though several regiments of horse, the German and Liege troops, which are destined to

compose part of their army, have not yet joined them. If they pass the Scarp, we shall do the like at the same time, to possess ourselves with all possible advantage of the field of battle: but if they continue where they are, we shall not remove, because in our present station we sufficiently cover from all insults both our siege and convoys.

Monsieur Villars cannot yet go without crutches, and it is believed will have much difficulty to ride. He and the duke of Berwick are to command the French army, the rest of the marshals being only to assist in council.

Last night we entirely perfected four bridges over the *Avant Fossé* at both attacks; and our saps are so far advanced, that in three or four days, batteries will be raised on the *Glacis*, to batter in breach both the outworks and ramparts of the town.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-seventh, N. S. say, That the deputies of the States of Holland, who set out for Gertruydenburgh on the twenty-third, to renew the conferences with the French ministers, returned on the twenty-sixth, and had communicated to the States-general the new overtures that were made on the part of France, which, it is believed, if they are in earnest, may produce a general treaty.

N° 175. TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 22.

In the distribution of the apartments in the New Bedlam, proper regard is had to the different sexes, and the lodgings accommodated accordingly. Among

other necessaries, as I have thought fit to appoint story-tellers to soothe the men, so I have allowed tale-bearers to indulge the intervals of my female patients. But before I enter upon disposing of the main of the great body that wants my assistance, it is necessary to consider the human race abstracted from all other distinctions and considerations except that of sex. This will lead us to a nearer view of their excellencies and imperfections, which are to be accounted the one or the other, as they are suitable to the design for which the person so defective or accomplished came into the world.

To make this inquiry aright, we must speak of the life of people of condition; and the proportionable applications to those below them will be easily made, so as to value the whole species by the same rule. We will begin with the woman, and behold her as a virgin in her father's house. This state of her life is infinitely more delightful than that of her brother at the same age. While she is entertained with learning melodious airs at her spinnet, is led round a room, in the most complaisant manner to a fiddle, or is entertained with applauses of her beauty and perfection in the ordinary conversation she meets with; the young man is under the dictates of a rigid schoolmaster or instructor, contradicted in every word he speaks, and curbed in all the inclinations he discovers. Mrs. Elizabeth is the object of desire and admiration, looked upon with delight, courted with all the powers of eloquence and address, approached with a certain worship, and defended with a certain loyalty. This is her case as to the world. In her domestic character, she is the companion, the friend, and confidant of her mother, and the object of a pleasure, something like the love between angels, to her father. Her youth, her beauty, her air, are by him looked upon with an ineffa-

ble transport beyond any other joy in this life, with as much purity as can be met with in the next.

Her brother William, at the same years, is but in the rudiments of those acquisitions which must gain him esteem in the world. His heart beats for applause among men; yet he is fearful of every step towards it. If he proposes to himself to make a figure in the world, his youth is damped with the prospect of difficulties, dangers, and dishonours; and an opposition in all generous attempts, whether they regard his love or his ambition.

In the next stage of life, she has little else to do but (what she is accomplished for by the mere gifts of nature) to appear lovely and agreeable to her husband, tender to her children, and affable to her servants. But a man, when he enters into this way, is but in the first scene, far from the accomplishment of his design. He is now in all things to act for others as well as himself. He is to have industry and frugality in his private affairs, and integrity and address in public. To these qualities, he must add a courage and resolution to support his other abilities, lest he be interrupted in the prosecution of his just endeavours, in which the honour and interest of his posterity are as much concerned as his own personal welfare.

This little sketch may, in some measure, give an idea of the different parts which the sexes have to act, and the advantageous as well as inconvenient terms on which they are to enter upon their several parts of life. This may also be some rule to us in the examination of their conduct. In short, I shall take it for a maxim, that a woman who resigns the purpose of being pleasing, and the man who gives up the thoughts of being wise, do equally quit their claim to the true causes of living; and are to be

allowed the diet and discipline of my charitable structure, to reduce them to reason.

On the other side, the woman who hopes to please by methods which should make her odious, and the man who would be thought wise by a behaviour that renders him ridiculous, are to be taken into custody for their false industry, as justly as they ought for their negligence.

N. B. Mr. Bickerstaff is taken extremely ill with the tooth-ache, and cannot proceed in this discourse.

St. James's Coffee-House, May 22.

Advices from Flanders of the 30th instant, N. S. say, That the duke of Marlborough, having intelligence of the enemy's passing the Scarp on the 29th in the evening, and their march towards the plains of Lens, had put the confederate army in motion, which was advancing towards the camp on the north side of that river between Vitry and Henin-Leitard. The confederates, since the approach of the enemy, have added several new redoubts to their camp, and drawn the cannon out of the lines of circumvallation in a readiness for the batteries.

It is not believed, notwithstanding these appearances, that the enemy will hazard a battle for the relief of Douay; the siege of which place is carried on with all the success that can be expected, considering the difficulties they meet with, occasioned by the inundations. On the 28th at night we made a lodgment on the saliant angle of the glacis of the second counterscarp, and our approaches are so far advanced, that it is believed the town will be obliged to surrender before the 8th of the next month.

N° 176. THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1710.

Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia.

Juv. Sat. x. 365.

Whoe'er takes Prudence for his guard and guide,
Engages ev'ry guardian beside.

From my own Apartment, May 23.

THIS evening, after a little ease from the raging pain caused by so small an organ as an aching tooth (under which I have behaved myself so ill as to have broke two pipes and my spectacles) I began to reflect with admiration on those heroic spirits, which in the conduct of their lives seem to live so much above the condition of our make, as not only under the agonies of pain to forbear any intemperate word or gesture, but also in their general and ordinary behaviour, to resist the impulses of their very blood and constitution. This watch over a man's self, and the command of his temper, I take to be the greatest of human perfections, and is the effect of a strong and resolute mind. It is not only the most expedient practice for carrying on our own designs; but is also very deservedly the most amiable quality in the sight of others. It is a winning deference to mankind, which creates an immediate imitation of itself wherever it appears; and prevails upon all, who have to do with a person endued with it, either through shame or emulation. I do not know how to express this habit of mind, except you will let me call it Equanimity. It is a virtue which is necessary at every hour, in every place, and in all

conversations; and it is the effect of a regular and exact prudence. He that will look back upon all the acquaintances he has had in his whole life, will find he has seen more men capable of the greatest employments and performances, than such as could, in the general bent of their carriage, act otherwise than according to their own complexion and humour. But the indulgence of ourselves, in wholly giving way to our natural propensity, is so unjust and improper a licence, that when people take it up, there is but very little difference, with relation to their friends and families, whether they are good or ill natured men: for he that errs by being wrought upon by what we call the sweetness of his temper, is as guilty as he that offends through the perverseness of it.

It is not therefore to be regarded what men are in themselves, but what they are in their actions. Eucrates is the best-natured of all men; but that natural softness has effects quite contrary to itself; and for want of due bounds to his benevolence, while he has a will to be a friend to all, he has the power of being such to none. His constant inclination to please, makes him never fail of doing so; though, without being capable of falsehood, he is a friend only to those who are present: for the same humour which makes him the best companion, renders him the worst correspondent. It is a melancholy thing to consider, that the most engaging sort of men in conversation, are frequently the most tyrannical in power, and the least to be depended upon in friendship. It is certain this is not to be imputed to their own disposition; but he, that is to be led by others, has only good luck if he is not the worst, though in himself the best, man living. For this reason, we are no more wholly to indulge our good than our ill dispositions. I remember a

crafty old cit, one day speaking of a well-natured young fellow, who set up with a good stock in Lombard-street; "I will," says he, "lay no more money in his hands; for he never denied me any thing." This was a very base, but with him a prudential, reasou for breaking off commerce: and this acquaintance of mine carried this way of judging so far, that he has often told me, "he never cared to deal with a man he liked; for that our affections must never enter into our business."

When we look round us in this populous city, and consider how credit and esteem are lodged, you find men have a great share of the former, without the least portion of the latter. He, who knows himself for a beast of prey, looks upon others in the same light; and we are so apt to judge of others by ourselves, that the man who has no mercy, is as careful as possible never to want it. Hence it is, that in many instances men gain credit by the very contrary methods by which they do esteem; for wary traders think every affection of the mind a key to their cash.

But what led me into this discourse, was my impatience of pain; and I have, to my great disgrace, seen an instance of the contrary carriage in so high a degree, that I am out of countenance that I ever read Seneca. When I look upon the conduct of others in such occurrences, as well as behold their *equanimity* in the general tenor of their life, it very much abates the self-love, which is seldom well governed by any sort of men, and least of all by us authors.

The fortitude of a man, who brings his will to the obedience of his reason, is conspicuous, and carries with it a dignity in the lowest state imaginable. Poor Martius, who now lies languishing in the most violent fever, discovers in the faintest moments of his distemper such a greatness of mind,

that a perfect stranger, who should now behold him, would indeed see an object of pity, but at the same time, that it was lately an object of veneration. His gallant spirit resigns, but resigns with an air that speaks a resolution which could yield to nothing but fate itself. This is conquest in the philosophic sense; but the empire over ourselves is, methinks, no less laudable in common life, where the whole tenor of a man's carriage is in subservience to his own reason, and in conformity both to the good sense and inclination of other men.

Aristæus is, in my opinion, a perfect master of himself in all circumstances. He has all the spirit that man can have; and yet is as regular in his behaviour as a mere machine. He is sensible of every passion, but ruffled by none. In conversation, he frequently seems to be less knowing to be more obliging; and chooses to be on a level with others, rather than oppress with the superiority of his genius. In friendship, he is kind without profession. In business, expeditious without ostentation. With the greatest softness and benevolence imaginable, he is impartial in spite of all importunity, even that of his own good-nature. He is ever clear in his judgment; but in complaisance to his company speaks with doubt; and never shows confidence in argument, but to support the sense of another. Were such an equality of mind the general endeavour of all men, how sweet would be the pleasures of conversation! He that is loud would then understand, that we ought to call a constable; and know, that spoiling good company is the most heinous way of breaking the peace. We should then be relieved from those zealots in society, who take upon them to be angry for all the company, and quarrel with the waiters to show they have no respect for any body else in the room. To be in a rage before you

is, in a kind, being angry with you. You may as well stand naked before company, as to use such familiarities; and to be careless of what you say is the most clownish way of being undressed.

Sheer-lane, May 24.

When I came home this evening, I found the following letters; and because I think one a very good answer to the other, as well as that it is the affair of a young lady, it must be immediately dismissed.

" SIR,

". I have a good fortune, partly paternal, and partly acquired. My younger years I spent in business; but, age coming on, and having no more children than one daughter, I resolved to be a slave no longer; and accordingly, I have disposed of my effects, placed my money in the funds, bought a pretty seat in a pleasant country, am making a garden, and have set up a pack of little beagles. I live in the midst of a good many well-bred neighbours, and several well-tempered clergymen. Against a rainy day, I have a little library; and against the gout in my stomach, a little good claret. With all this I am the miserablest man in the world; not that I have lost the relish of any of these pleasures, but am distracted with such a multiplicity of entertaining objects, that I am lost in the variety. I am in such a hurry of idleness, that I do not know with what diversion to begin. Therefore, Sir, I must beg the favour of you, when your more weighty affairs will permit, to put me in some method of doing nothing; for I find Pliny makes a great difference between *nihil agere* and *agere nihil;* and I fancy, if you would explain him, you would do a very great

kindness to many in Great Britain, as well as to your humble servant,

" J. B."

" SIR,

" The enclosed is written by my father in one of his pleasant humours. He bids me seal it up, and send you a word or two from myself; which he would not desire to see until he hears of it from you. Desire him, before he begins his method of doing nothing, to leave nothing to do; that is to say, let him marry off his daughter.

" I am your gentle reader,

" S. B."

N° 177. SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1710.

—— *Male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.*

HOR. 1 Sat. ii. 20.

He spurns the flatterer, and his saucy praise.

FRANCIS.

Sheer-lane, May 26.

THE ingenious Mr. Penkethman, the comedian, has lately left here a paper or ticket, to which is affixed a small silver medal, which is to entitle the bearer to see one-and-twenty plays at his theatre for a guinea. Greenwich is the place where, it seems, he has erected his house; and his time of action is to be so contrived, that it is to fall in with going and return-

ing with the tide. Besides that, the bearer of this ticket may carry down with him a particular set of company to the play, striking off for each person so introduced one of his twenty-one times of admittance. In this warrant of his, he has made me a high compliment in a facetious distich, by way of dedication of his endeavours, and desires I would recommend them to the world. I must needs say, I have not for some time seen a properer choice than he has made of a patron. Who more fit to publish his work than a Novelist? who to recommend it than a Censor? This honour done me, has made me turn my thoughts upon the nature of dedications in general, and the abuse of that custom, as well by a long practice of my predecessors, as the continued folly of my contemporary authors.

In ancient times, it was the custom to address their works to some persons eminent for their merit to mankind, or particular patronage of the writers themselves, or knowledge in the matter of which they treated. Under these regards, it was a memorable honour to both parties, and a very agreeable record of their commerce with each other. These applications were never stuffed with impertinent praises, but were the native product of their esteem; which was implicitly received or generally known to be due to the patron of the work: but vain flourishes came into the world, with other barbarous embellishments; and the enumeration of titles and great actions, in the patrons themselves, or their sires, are as foreign to the matter in hand, as the ornaments are in a Gothic building. This is clapping together persons which have no manner of alliance; and can for that reason have no other effect than making both parties justly ridiculous. What pretence is there in nature for me to write to a great man, and tell him, "My lord, because your grace is a duke,

your grace's father before you was an earl, his lordship's father was a baron, and his lordship's father both a wise and a rich man: I Isaac Bickerstaff am obliged, and could not possibly forbear addressing to you the following treatise." Though this is the plain exposition of all I could possibly say to him with a good conscience, yet the silly custom has so universally prevailed, that my lord duke and I must necessarily be particular friends from this time forward; or else I have just room for being disobliged, and may turn my panegyric into a libel. But to carry this affair still more home; were it granted that praises in dedications were proper topics, what is it that gives a man authority to commend, or what makes it a favour to me that he does commend me? It is certain, that there is no praise valuable but from the praise-worthy. Were it otherwise, blame might be as much in the same hands. Were the good and evil of fame laid upon a level among mankind, the judge on the bench, and the criminal at the bar, would differ only in their stations; and if one's word is to pass as much as the other's, their reputation would be much alike to the jury. Pliny, speaking of the death of Martial, expresses himself with great gratitude to him, for the honours done him in the writings of that author; but he begins it with an account of his character, which only made the applause valuable. He indeed in the same epistle says, "It is a sign we have left off doing things which deserve praise, when we think commendation impertinent." This is asserted with a just regard to the persons whose good opinion we wish for; otherwise reputation would be valued according to the number of voices a man has for it, which are not always to be insured on the more virtuous side. But however we pretend to model these nice affairs, true glory will never attend any thing but truth; and there is

something so peculiar in it, that the very self-same action, done by different men, cannot merit the same degree of applause. The Roman, who was surprised in the enemy's camp before he had accomplished his design, and thrust his bare arm into a flaming pile, telling the general, there were many as determined as himself, who, against sense of danger, had conspired his death, wrought in the very enemy an admiration of his fortitude, and a dismission with applause. But the condemned slave who represented him in the theatre, and consumed his arm in the same manner, with the same resolution, did not raise in the spectators a great idea of his virtue, but of him whom he imitated in an action no way differing from that of the real Scævola, but in the motive to it.

Thus true glory is inseparable from true merit; and whatever you call men, they are no more than what they are in themselves; but a romantic sense has crept into the minds of the generality, who will ever mistake words and appearances for persons and things.

The simplicity of the ancients was as conspicuous in the address of their writings, as in any other monuments they have left behind them. Cæsar and Augustus were much more high words of respect, when added to occasions fit for their characters to appear in, than any appellations which have ever been since thought of. The latter of these great men had a very pleasant way of dealing with applications of this kind. When he received pieces of poetry which he thought had worth in them, he rewarded the writer; but where he thought them empty, he generally returned the compliment made him with some verses of his own.

This latter method I have at present occasion to imitate. A female author has dedicated a piece to

me, wherein she would make my name, as she has others, the introduction of whatever is to follow in her book; and has spoke some panegyrical things which I know not how to return, for want of better acquaintance with the lady, and consequently being out of a capacity of giving her praise or blame; all therefore that is left for me, according to the foregoing rules, is to lay the picture of a good and evil woman before her eyes, which are but mere words if they do not concern her. Now you are to observe, the way in a *dedication* is, to make all the rest of the world as little like the person we address as possible, according to the following epistle:

MADAM,

But *M*———

Memorabile nullum
Fœminâ in pœnâ est.

N° 178. TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1710.

Sheer-lane, May 29.

When we look into the delightful history of the most ingenious Don Quixote of *la Mancha*, and consider the exercises and manner of life of that renowned gentleman, we cannot but admire the exquisite genius and discerning spirit of Michael Cervantes; who has not only painted his adventurer with great mastery in the conspicuous parts of his story, which relate to love and honour; but also intimated in his

ordinary life, in his economy and furniture, the infallible symptoms he gave of his growing phrenzy, before he declared himself a Knight Errant. His hall was furnished with old lances, halberts, and morions; his food lentils; his dress, amorous. He slept moderately, rose early, and spent his time in hunting. When by watchfulness and exercise he was thus qualified for the hardships of his intended peregrinations, he had nothing more to do but to fall hard to study; and before he should apply himself to the practical part, get into the methods of making love and war by reading books of knighthood. As for raising tender passions in him, Cervantes reports, that he was wonderfully delighted with a smooth intricate sentence; and when they listened at his study-door, they could frequently hear him read aloud, "The reason of the unreasonableness which against my reason is wrought, doth so weaken my reason, as with all reason I do justly complain of your beauty." Again, he would pause until he came to another charming sentence, and, with the most pleasing accent imaginable, be loud at a new paragraph: "The high heavens, which, with your divinity, do fortify you divinely with the stars, make you deserveress of the deserts that your Greatness deserves." With these and other such passages, says my author, the poor gentleman grew distracted, and was breaking his brains day and night to understand and unravel their sense.

As much as the case of this distempered knight is received by all the readers of his history as the most incurable and ridiculous of all phrenzies; it is very certain, we have crowds among us far gone in as visible a madness as his, though they are not observed to be in that condition. As great and useful discoveries are sometimes made by accidental and small beginnings, I came to the knowledge of the

most epidemic ill of this sort, by falling into a coffee-house, where I saw my friend the upholsterer, whose *crack* towards politics I have heretofore mentioned. This *touch in the brain* of the British subject, is as certainly owing to the reading of news-papers, as that of the Spanish worthy above-mentioned to the reading of works of chivalry. My contemporaries the novelists have, for the better spinning out paragraphs, and working down to the end of their columns, a most happy art in saying and unsaying, giving hints of intelligence, and interpretations of indifferent actions, to the great disturbance of the brains of ordinary readers. This way of going on in the words, and making no progress in the sense, is more particularly the excellency of my most ingenious and renowned fellow-labourer, the Post-man; and it is to this talent in him that I impute the loss of my upholsterer's intellects. That unfortunate tradesman has, for years past, been the chief orator in ragged assemblies, and the reader in alley coffee-houses. He was yesterday surrounded by an audience of that sort, among whom I sat unobserved, through the favour of a cloud of tobacco, and saw him with the Post-man in his hand, and all the other papers safe under his elbow. He was intermixing remarks, and reading the Paris article of May the thirtieth, which says, "That it is given out that an express arrived this day with advice, that the armies were so near in the plain of Lens, that they cannonaded each other." "Ay, ay, here we shall have sport." "And that it was highly probable the next express would bring us an account of an engagement." "They are welcome as soon as they please." "Though some others say, that the same will be put off until the second or third of June, because the marshal Villars expects some further reinforcements from Germany, and other parts, before that time."

" What-a-pox does he put it off for? Does he think our horse is not marching up at the same time? But let us see what he says further." " They hope that Monsieur Albergotti, being encouraged by the presence of so great an army, will make an extraordinary defence." " Why then, I find, Albergotti is one of those that love to have a great many on their side. Nay, I will say that for this paper, he makes the most natural inferences of any of them all." " The elector of Bavaria, being uneasy to be without any command, has desired leave to come to court, to communicate a certain project to his majesty.——Whatever it be, it is said, that prince is suddenly expected; and then we shall have a more certain account of his project, if this report has any foundation." " Nay, this paper never imposes upon us; he goes upon sure grounds; for he will not be positive the elector has a project, or that he will come, or if he does come at all; for he doubts, you see, whether the report has any foundation."

What makes this the more lamentable is, that this way of writing falls in with the imaginations of the cooler and duller part of her majesty's subjects. The being kept up with one line contradicting another; and the whole, after many sentences of conjecture, vanishing in a doubt whether there is any thing at all in what the person has been reading, puts an ordinary head into a vertigo, which his natural dulness would have secured him from. Next to the labours of the Post-man, the upholsterer took from under his elbow honest Icabod Dawks's Letter; and there, among other speculations, the historian takes upon him to say, " That it is discoursed that there will be a battle in Flanders before the armies separate, and many will have it to be to-morrow, the great battle of Ramelies being fought on a

Whitsunday." A gentleman, who was a wag in this company, laughed at the expression, and said, "By Mr. Dawks's favour, I warrant you, if we meet them on Whitsunday or Monday we shall not stand upon the day with them, whether it be before or after the holidays." An admirer of this gentleman stood up, and told a neighbour at a distant table the conceit; at which indeed we were all very merry. These reflections, in the writers of the transactions of the times, seize the *noddles* of such as were not born to have thoughts of their own, and consequently lay a weight upon every thing which they read in print. But Mr. Dawks concluded his paper with a courteous sentence, which was very well taken and applauded by the whole company. "We wish," says he, "all our customers a merry Whitsuntide, and many of them." Honest Icabod is as extraordinary a man as any of our fraternity, and as particular. His style is a dialect between the familiarity of talking and writing, and his letter such as *you cannot distinguish whether print or manuscript**, which gives us a refreshment of the idea from what has been told us from the press by others. This wishing a good *Tide* had its effect upon us, and he was commended for his salutation, as showing as well the capacity of a bell-man as an historian. My distempered old acquaintance read, in the next place, the account of the affairs abroad in the Courant: but the matter was told so distinctly, that these wanderers thought there was no news in it: this paper differing from the rest as an history from a romance. The tautology, the contradiction, the doubts, and wants of confirmations, are what keep up imaginary entertainments in empty heads, and produce neglect of their own affairs, poverty,

* Dawks's "Letter" was printed, like some modern sermons, in imitation of manuscripts.

and bankruptcy, in many of the shop-statesmen; but turn the imaginations of those of a little higher orb into deliriums of dissatisfaction, which is seen in a continual fret upon all that touches their brains, but more particularly upon any advantage obtained by their country, where they are considered as lunatics, and therefore tolerated in their ravings.

What I am now warning the people of is, that the news-papers of this island are as pernicious to weak heads in England, as ever books of chivalry to Spain; and therefore shall do all that in me lies, with the utmost care and vigilance imaginable, to prevent these growing evils. A flaming instance of this malady appeared in my old acquaintance at this time, who, after he had done reading all his papers, ended with a thoughtful air, "If we should have a peace, we should then know for certain whether it was the king of Sweden that lately came to Dunkirk." I whispered him, and desired him to step aside a little with me. When I had opportunity, I decoyed him into a coach, in order for his more easy conveyance to Moorfields. The man went very quietly with me; and by that time he had brought the Swede from the defeat by the czar to the Borysthenes, we were passing by Will's coffee-house, where the man of the house beckoned to us. We made a full stop, and could hear from above a very loud voice swearing, with some expressions towards treason, that the subject in France was as free as in England. His distemper would not let him reflect, that his own discourse was an argument of the contrary. They told him, one would speak with him below. He came immediately to our coach-side. I whispered him, "that I had an order to carry him to the Bastile." He immediately obeyed with great resignation: for to this sort of lunatic, whose brain is touched for the French, the

name of a gaol in that kingdom has a more agreeable sound, than that of a paternal seat in this their own country. It happened a little unluckily bringing these lunatics together, for they immediately fell into a debate concerning the greatness of their respective monarchs; one for the king of Sweden, the other for the *grand monarque* of France. This gentleman from Will's is now next door to the upholsterer, safe in his apartment in my Bedlam, with proper medicaments, and the Mercure Gallant to soothe his imagination that he is actually in France. If therefore he should escape to Covent-garden again, all persons are desired to lay hold of him, and deliver him to Mr. Morphew, my overseer. At the same time, I desire all true subjects to forbear discourse with him, any otherwise than, when he begins to fight a battle for France, to say, "Sir, I hope to see you in England."

N° 179. SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1710.

——Oh! quis me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ?
VIRG. Georg. ii. 488.

Some god conduct me to the sacred shades,——
Or lift me high to Hæmus' hilly crown!
DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, May 31.

IN this parched season, next to the pleasure of going into the country, is that of hearing from it, and

partaking the joys of it in description; as in the following letter:

"SIR,

"I believe you will forgive me, though I write to you a very long epistle; since it relates to the satisfaction of a country life, which I know you would lead, if you could. In the first place I must confess to you, that I am one of the most luxurious men living; and as I am such, I take care to make my pleasures lasting, by following none but such as are innocent and refined, as well as, in some measure, improving. You have in your labours been so much concerned to represent the actions and passions of mankind, that the whole vegetable world has almost escaped your observation: but sure there are gratifications to be drawn from thence, which deserve to be recommended. For your better information, I wish you could visit your old friend in Cornwall. You would be pleased to see the many alterations I have made about my house, and how much I have improved my estate without raising the rents of it.

"As the winter engrosses with us near a *double portion of the year*, the three delightful vicissitudes being crowded almost within the space of six months, there is nothing upon which I have bestowed so much study and expense, as in contriving means to soften the severity of it, and, if possible, to establish twelve cheerful months about my habitation. In order to this, the charges I have been at in building and furnishing a greenhouse will, perhaps, be thought somewhat extravagant by a great many gentlemen whose revenues exceed mine. But when I consider, that all men of any life and spirit have their inclinations to gratify; and when I compute the sums laid out by the

generality of the men of pleasure, in the number of which I always rank myself, in riotous eating and drinking, in equipage and apparel, upon wenching, gaming, racing, and hunting; I find, upon the balance, that the indulging of my humour comes at a reasonable rate.

" Since I communicate to you all incidents serious and trifling, even to the death of a butterfly, that fall out within the compass of my little empire; you will not, I hope, be ill pleased with the draught I now send you of my little winter paradise, and with an account of my way of amusing myself and others in it.

" The younger Pliny, you know, writes a long letter to his friend Gallus, in which he gives him a very particular plan of the situation, the conveniences, and the agreeableness of his *villa*. In my last, you may remember, I promised you something of this kind. Had Pliny lived in a northern climate, I doubt not but we should have found a very complete *orangery* among his epistles; and I probably, should have copied his model, instead of building after my own fancy, and you had been referred to him for the history of my late exploits in architecture: by which means my performances would have made a better figure, at least in writing, than they are like to make at present.

" The area of my *green-house* is a hundred paces long, fifty broad, and the roof thirty feet high. The wall toward the north is of solid stone. On the south side, and at both the ends, the stone-work rises but three feet from the ground; excepting the pilasters, placed at convenient distances to strengthen and beautify the building. The intermediate spaces are filled up with large sashes of the strongest and most transparent glass. The middle sash, which is wider than any of the other, serves

for the entrance; to which you mount by six easy steps, and descend on the inside by as many. This opens and shuts with greater ease, keeps the wind out better, and is at the same time more uniform, than folding-doors.

"In the middle of the roof there runs a ceiling thirty feet broad from one end to the other. This is enlivened by a masterly pencil, with all the variety of rural scenes and prospects, which he has peopled with the whole tribe of sylvan deities. Their characters and their stories are so well expressed, that the whole seems a collection of all the most beautiful fables of the ancient poets translated into colours. The remaining spaces of the roof, ten feet on each side of the ceiling, are of the clearest glass, to let in the sky and clouds from above. The building points *full east and west*, so that I enjoy the sun while he is above the horizon. His rays are improved through the glass; and I receive through it what is desirable in a winter's sky without the coarse allay of the season, which is a kind of *shifting* or straining the weather. My greens aud flowers are as sensible as I am of this benefit. They flourish and look cheerful as in the spring, while their fellow creatures abroad are starved to death. I must add, that a moderate expense of fire, over and above the contribution I receive from the sun, serves to keep this large room in a due temperature: it being sheltered from the cold winds by a hill on the *north*, and a wood on the *east*.

"The shell you see, is both agreeable and convenient; and now you shall judge, whether I have laid out the floor to advantage. There goes through the whole length of it a spacious walk of the finest gravel, made to bind and unite so firmly that it seems one continued stone: with this advantage, that it is easier to the foot, and better for walking

than if it were what it seems to be. At each end of the walk, on the one and on the other side of it, lies *a square plot of grass of the finest turf, and brightest verdure.* What ground remains on both sides, between these little smooth fields of green, is flagged with large quarries of white marble; where the blue veins trace out such a variety of irregular windings, through the clear surface, that these bright plains seem full of rivulets and streaming meanders. This, to my eye that delights in simplicity, is inexpressibly more beautiful than the chequered floors which are so generally admired by others. Upon the right and upon the left, along the gravel walk, I have ranged interchangeably the bay, the myrtle, the orange, and the lemon-trees, intermixed with painted hollies, silver firs, and pyramids of yew; all so disposed, that every tree receives an additional beauty from its situation, besides the harmony that rises from the disposition of the whole. No shade cuts too strongly, or breaks in harshly upon the other; but the eye is cheered with a mild rather than gorgeous diversity of greens.

"The borders of the four grass-plots are garnished with pots of flowers. Those delicacies of nature recreate two senses at once; and leave such delightful and gentle impressions upon the brain, that I cannot help thinking them of equal force with the softest airs of music, toward the smoothing of our tempers. In the centre of every plot is a statue. The figures I have made choice of are a Venus, an Adonis, a Diana, and an Apollo; such excellent copies, as to raise the same delight as we should draw from the sight of the ancient originals.

"The north wall would have been but a tiresome waste to the eye, if I had not diversified it with the most lively ornaments, suitable to the place.

To this intent I have been at the expence to lead over arches, from a neighbouring hill, a plentiful store of spring-water, which a beautiful Naiad, placed as high as is possible in the centre of the wall, pours out from an urn. This, by a fall of above twenty feet, makes a most delightful cascade into a bason, that opens wide within the marble floor on that side. At a reasonable distance, on either hand of the cascade, the wall is hollowed into two spreading scollops, each of which receives a couch of green velvet, and forms at the same time a canopy over them. Next to them come two large aviaries, which are likewise let into the stone. These are succeeded by two grottoes, set off with all the pleasing rudeness of shells, and moss, and ragged stones, imitating, in miniature, rocks and precipices, the most dreadful and gigantic works of nature. After the grottoes, you have two niches; the one inhabited by Ceres, with her sickle and sheaf of wheat; and the other by Pomona, who, with a countenance full of good cheer, pours a bounteous autumn of fruits out of her horn. Last of all come too colonies of bees, whose stations lying east and west, the one is saluted by the rising, the other by the setting sun. These, all of them being placed at proportioned intervals, furnish out the whole length of the wall; and the spaces that lie between are painted *in fresco*, by the same hand that has encircled my ceiling.

"Now, Sir, you see my whole contrivance to elude the rigour of the year, to bring a northern climate nearer the sun, and to exempt myself from the common fate of my countrymen. I must detain you a little longer, to tell you that I never enter this delicious retirement, but my spirits are revived, and a sweet complacency diffuses itself over my whole mind. And how can it be otherwise,

with a conscience void of offence, where the music of falling waters, the symphony of birds, the gentle humming of bees, the breath of flowers, the fine imagery of painting and sculpture; in a word, the beauties and the charms of nature and of art, court all my faculties, refresh the fibres of the brain, and smooth every avenue of thought? What pleasing meditations, what agreeable wanderings of the mind, and what delicious slumbers, have I enjoyed here? And when I *turn up* some masterly writer to my imagination, methinks here his beauties appear in the most advantageous light, and the rays of his genius shoot upon me with greater force and brightness than ordinary. This place likewise keeps the whole family in good humour, in a season wherein gloominess of temper prevails universally in this island. My wife *does* often touch her lute in one of the grottoes, and my daughter sings to it; while the ladies with you, amidst all the diversions of the town, and in the most affluent fortunes, are fretting and repining beneath a louring sky for they know not what. In the *green-house* we often dine, we drink tea, we dance country dances; and what is the chief pleasure of all, we entertain our neighbours in it, and by this means contribute very much to mend the climate five or six miles about us. I am,

"Your most humble servant,
T. S."

N° 180. SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1710.

Stultitiam patiuntur opes.——

HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 29.

Their folly pleads the privilege of wealth.

From my own Apartment, June 2.

I HAVE received a letter which accuses me of partiality in the administration of the Censorship; and says, that I have been very free with the lower part of mankind, but extremely cautious in representations of matters which concern men of condition. This correspondent takes upon him also to say, the upholsterer was not undone by turning politician, but became bankrupt by trusting his goods to persons of quality; and demands of me, that I should do justice upon such as brought poverty and distress upon the world below them, while they themselves were sunk in pleasures and luxury, supported at the expence of those very persons whom they treated with negligence, as if they did not know whether they dealt with them or not. This is a very heavy accusation, both of me, and such as the man aggrieved accuses me of tolerating. For this reason, I resolved to take this matter into consideration; and upon very little meditation, could call to my memory many instances which made this complaint far from being groundless. The root of this evil does not always proceed from injustice in the men of figure, but often from a false grandeur which they take upon them in being unacquainted with

their own business; not considering how mean a part they act, when their names and characters are subjected to the little arts of their servants and dependents. The overseers of the poor are a people who have no great reputation for the discharge of their trust; but are much less scandalous than the overseers of the rich. Ask a young fellow of a great estate, who was that odd fellow that spoke to him in a public place? he answers, "one that does my business." It is, with many, a natural consequence of being a man of fortune, that they are not to understand the disposal of it; and they long to come to their estates, only to put themselves under new guardianship. Nay, I have known a young fellow, who was regularly bred an attorney, and was a very expert one until he had an estate *fallen* to him. The moment that happened, he, who could before prove the next land he cast his eye upon, his own; and was so sharp, that a man at first sight would give him a small sum for a general receipt, whether he owed him any thing or not: such a one, I say, have I seen, upon coming to an estate, forget all his diffidence of mankind, and become the most manageable thing breathing. He immediately wanted a stirring man to take upon him his affairs; to receive and pay, and do every thing which he himself was now too fine a gentleman to understand. It is pleasant to consider, that he who would have got an estate, had he not come to one, will certainly starve because one fell to him; but such contradictions are we to ourselves, and any change of life is insupportable to some natures.

It is a mistaken sense of superiority, to believe a figure, or equipage, gives men precedence to their neighbours. Nothing can create respect from mankind, but laying obligations upon them; and it may

very reasonably be concluded, that if it were put into a due balance, according to the true state of the account, many who believe themselves in possession of a large share of dignity in the world, must give place to their inferiors. The greatest of all distinctions in civil life is that of debtor and creditor; and there needs no great progress in logic to know which, in that case, is the advantageous side. He who can say to another, "Pray, master," or "pray, my lord, give me my own," can as justly tell him, "It is a fantastical distinction you take upon you, to pretend to pass upon the world for my master or lord, when, at the same time that I wear your livery, you owe me wages; or, while I wait at your door, you are ashamed to see me until you have paid my bill."

The good old way among the gentry of England, to maintain their pre-eminence over the lower rank, was by their bounty, munificence, and hospitality; and it is a very unhappy change, if at present, by themselves or their agents, the luxury of the gentry is supported by the credit of the trader. This is what my correspondent pretends to prove out of his own books, and those of his whole neighbourhood. He has the confidence to say, that there is a mug-house near Long-acre, where you may every evening hear an exact account of distresses of this kind. One complains that such a lady's finery is the occasion that his own wife and daughter appear so long in the same gown. Another, that all the furniture of her visiting apartment are no more her's, than the scenery of a play are the proper goods of the actress. Nay, at the lower end of the same table, you may hear a butcher and poulterer say, that, at their proper charge, all that family has been maintained since they last came to town.

The free manner, in which people of fashion are discoursed on at such meetings, is but a just reproach of their failures in this kind; but the melancholy relations of the great necessities tradesmen are driven to, who support their credit in spite of the faithless promises which are made them, and the abatement which they suffer when paid by the extortion of upper servants, is what would stop the most thoughtless man in the career of his pleasures, if rightly represented to him.

If this matter be not very speedily amended, I shall think fit to print exact lists of all persons who are not at their own disposal, though above the age of twenty-one; and as the trader is made bankrupt for absence from his abode, so shall the gentleman for being at home, if, when Mr. Morphew calls, he cannot give an exact account of what passes in his own family. After this fair warning, no one ought to think himself hardly dealt with, if I take upon me to pronounce him no longer master of his estate, wife, or family, than he continues to improve, cherish, and maintain them upon the basis of his own property, without incursions upon his neighbour in any of these particulars.

According to that excellent philosopher Epictetus, we are all but acting parts in a play; and it is not a distinction in itself to be high or low, but to become the parts we are to perform. I am by my office prompter on this occasion; and shall give those who are a little out in their parts, such soft hints as may help them to proceed, without letting it be known to the audience they were out: but if they run quite out of character, they must be called off the stage, and receive parts more suitable to their genius. Servile complaisance shall degrade a man from his honour and quality, and haughtiness be yet more debased. Fortune shall no longer ap-

propriate distinctions, but nature direct us in the disposition both of respect and discountenance. As there are tempers made for command, and others for obedience; so there are men born for acquiring possessions, and others incapable of being other than mere lodgers in the houses of their ancestors, and have it not in their very composition to be proprietors of any thing. These men are moved only by the mere effects of impulse: their good-will and disesteem are to be regarded equally; for neither is the effect of their judgment. This loose temper is that which makes a man, what Sallust so well remarks to happen frequently in the same person, to be covetous of what is another's, and profuse of what is his own. This sort of men is usually amiable to ordinary eyes; but in the sight of reason, nothing is laudable but what is guided by reason. The covetous prodigal is of all others the worst man in society. If he would but take time to look into himself, he would find his soul all over gashed with broken vows and promises; and his retrospect on his actions would not consist of reflections upon those good resolutions after mature thought, which are the true life of a reasonable creature, but the nauseous memory of imperfect pleasures, idle dreams, and occasional amusements. To follow such dissatisfying pursuits, is it possible to suffer the ignominy of being unjust? I remember in Tully's Epistle, in the recommendation of a man to an affair which had no manner of relation to money, it is said, "You may trust him, for he is a frugal man." It is certain, he, who has not regard to strict justice in the commerce of life, can be capable of no good action in any other kind; but he, who lives below his income, lays up every moment of life armour against a base world, that will cover

all his frailties while he is so fortified, and exaggerate them when he is naked and defenceless.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** A stage-coach sets out exactly at six from Nando's coffee-house to Mr. Tiptoe's dancing-school, and returns at eleven every evening, for one shilling and four-pence.

N. B. Dancing-shoes, not exceeding four inches height in the heels, and periwigs, not exceeding three feet in length, are carried in the coach-box *gratis*.

N° 181. TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1710.

——*Dies, ni fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum,*
Semper honoratum, sic dii voluistis, habebo.

VIRG. Æn. v. 49.

And now the rising day renews the year;
A day for ever sad, for ever dear.

DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, June 5.

THERE are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think every thing lost that passes unobserved; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after such a manner, as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great

enough of true friendship or good-will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the *Manes* of their deceased friends; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at that time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some, who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature, that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poizes the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before

it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year, which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling Papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again." She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark, with which a child is born, is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good nature in me is no

merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insnared me into ten thousand calamities; from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softness of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which befel us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days. For this reason it is, that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstance of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men, who are cut off by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity: and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of la-

menting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death, of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel! Oh death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress, can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler! I still behold the smiling earth——A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next, at Garraway's coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate, that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such an heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicsome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having to-day met a little

before dinner, we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

N° 182. THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1710.

Spectaret populum ludis attentiùs ipsis.

Hor. 1 Ep. ii. 197.

The crowd would more delight the laughing Sage*,
Than all the farce, and follies of the stage.

Francis.

Sheer-lane, June 7.

The town grows so very empty, that the greater number of my gay characters are fled out of my sight into the country. My beaux are now shepherds, and my belles wood-nymphs. They are lolling over rivulets, and covered with shades, while we who remain in town, hurry through the dust about impertinencies, without knowing the happiness of leisure and retirement. To add to this calamity, even the actors are going to desert us for a season, and we shall not shortly have so much as a landscape or a forest-scene to refresh ourselves with in the midst of our fatigues. This may not, perhaps, be so sensible a loss to any other as to me; for I confess it is one of my greatest delights to sit unobserved and unknown in the gallery, and en-

* Democritus.

tertain myself either with what is personated on the stage, or observe what appearances present themselves in the audience. If there were no other good consequences in a play-house, than that so many persons of different ranks and conditions are placed there in their most pleasing aspects, that prospect only would be very far from being below the pleasures of a wise man. There is not one person you can see, in whom, if you look with an inclination to be pleased, you may not behold something worthy or agreeable. Our thoughts are in our features; and the visage of those in whom love, rage, anger, jealousy, or envy, have their frequent mansions, carries the traces of those passions wherever the amorous, the choleric, the jealous, or the envious, are pleased to make their appearance. However, the assembly at a play is usually made up of such as have a sense of some elegance in pleasure; by which means the audience is generally composed of those who have gentle affections, or at least of such, as at that time are in the best humour you can ever find them. This has insensibly a good effect upon our spirits; and the musical airs which are played to us, put the whole company into a participation of the same pleasure, and by consequence, for that time, equal in humour, in fortune, and in quality. Thus far we gain only by coming into an audience; but if we find, added to this, the beauties of proper action, the force of eloquence, and the gaiety of well-placed lights and scenes, it is being happy, and seeing others happy, for two hours; a duration of bliss not at all to be slighted by so short-lived a creature as man. Why then should not the duty of the player be had in much more esteem than it is at present? If the merit of a performance is to be valued according to the talents which are necessary to it, the qualifi-

cations of a player should raise him much above the arts and ways of life which we call mercenary or mechanic. When we look round a full house and behold so few that can, though they set themselves out to show as much as the persons on the stage do, come up to what they would appear even in dumb show; how much does the actor deserve our approbation, who adds to the advantage of looks and motions, the tone of voice, the dignity, the humility, the sorrow, and the triumph, suitable to the character he personates!

It may possibly be imagined by severe men, that I am too frequent in the mention of the theatrical representations; but who is not excessive in the discourse of what he extremely likes? Eugenio can lead you to a gallery of fine pictures, which collection he is always increasing. Crassus, through woods and forests, to which he designs to add the neighbouring counties. These are great and noble instances of their magnificence. The players are my pictures, and their scenes my territories. By communicating the pleasure I take in them, it may in some measure add to the men's gratification this way; as viewing the choice and wealth of Eugenio and Crassus augments the enjoyments of those whom they entertain, with a prospect of such possessions as would not otherwise fall within the reach of their fortunes.

It is a very good office one man does another, when he tells him the manner of his being pleased; and I have often thought, that a comment upon the capacities of the players would very much improve the delight that way, and impart it to those who otherwise have no sense of it.

The first of the present stage are Wilks and Cibber, perfect actors in their different kinds. Wilks has a singular talent in representing the

graces of nature: Cibber the deformity in the affectation of them. Were I a writer of plays, I should never employ either of them in parts which had not their bent this way. This is seen in the inimitable strain and run of good humour which is kept up in the character of Wildair, and in the nice and delicate abuse of understanding in that of Sir Novelty. Cibber, in another light, hits exquisitely the *flat* civility of an affected gentleman-usher, and Wilks the easy frankness of a gentleman.

If you would observe the force of the same capacities in higher life, can any thing be more ingenuous than the behaviour of prince Harry, when his father checks him? any thing more exasperating than that of Richard when he insults his superiors? To beseech gracefully, to approach respectfully, to pity, to mourn, to love, are the places wherein Wilks may be made to shine with the utmost beauty. To rally pleasantly, to scorn artfully, to flatter, to ridicule, and to neglect, are what Cibber would perform with no less excellence.

When actors are considered with a view to their talents, it is not only the pleasure of that hour of action, which the spectators gain from their performance; but the opposition of right and wrong on the stage, would have its force in the assistance of our judgments on other occasions. I have at present under my tutelage a young poet, who, I design, shall entertain the town the ensuing winter. And as he does me the honour to let me see his comedy as he writes it, I shall endeavour to make the parts fit the geniuses of the several actors, as exactly as their habits can their bodies. And because the two I have mentioned are to perform the principal parts, I have prevailed with the house to let the "Careless Husband" be acted on Tuesday

next, that my young author may have a view of the play, which is acted to perfection, both by them and all concerned in it; as being born within the walls of the theatre, and written with an exact knowledge of the abilities of the performers. Mr. Wilks will do his best in this play, because it is for his own benefit: and Mr. Cibber, because he writ it. Besides which, all the great beauties we have left in town, or within call of it, will be present, because it is the last play this season. This opportunity will, I hope, inflame my pupil with such generous notions, from seeing so fair an assembly as will be then present, that his play may be composed of sentiments and characters proper to be presented to such an audience. His drama at present has only the outlines drawn. There are, I find, to be in it all the reverend offices of life (such as regard to parents, husbands, and honourable lovers) preserved with the utmost care; and at the same time that agreeableness of behaviour, with the intermixture of pleasing passions, which arise from innocence and virtue, interspersed in such a manner, as that to be charming and agreeable, shall appear the natural consequence of being virtuous. This great end is one of those I propose to *do* in my censorship; but if I find a thin house on an occasion when such a work is to be promoted, my pupil shall return to his commons at Oxford, and Sheer-lane and the theatres be no longer correspondents.

N° 183. SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1710.

———*Fuit hæc sapientia quondam*
Publica privatis secernere.———

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 396.

Our sage forefathers wisely understood
To sep'rate public from the private good.

From my own Apartment, June 9.

WHEN men look into their own bosoms, and consider the generous seeds which are there planted, that might, if rightly cultivated, ennoble their lives, and make their virtue venerable to futurity; how can they, without tears, reflect on the universal degeneracy from that public spirit which ought to be the first and principal motive of all their actions? In the Grecian and Roman nations, they were wise enough to keep up this great incentive, and it was impossible to be in the fashion without being a patriot. All gallantry had its first source from hence; and to want a warmth for the public welfare, was a defect so scandalous, that he who was guilty of it had no pretence to honour or manhood. What makes the depravity among us, in this behalf, the more vexatious and irksome to reflect upon, is, that the contempt of life is carried as far amongst us, as it could be in those memorable people; and we want only a proper application of the qualities which are frequent among us, to be as worthy as they. There is hardly a man to be found who will not fight upon any occasion, which he thinks may taint

his own honour. Were this motive as strong in every thing that regards the public, as it is in this our private case, no man would pass his life away without having distinguished himself by some gallant instance of his zeal towards it in the respective incidents of his life and profession. But it is so far otherwise, that there cannot at present be a more ridiculous animal, than one who seems to regard the good of others. He, in civil life, whose thoughts turn upon schemes which may be of general benefit, without further reflection is called a projector; and the man whose mind seems intent upon glorious achievements, a knight-errant. The ridicule among us runs strong against laudable actions: nay, in the ordinary course of things, and the common regards of life, negligence of the public is an epidemic vice. The brewer in his excise, the merchant in his customs, and, for aught we know, the soldier in his muster-rolls, think never the worse of themselves for being guilty of their respective frauds towards the public. This evil is come to such a fantastical height, that he is a man of a public spirit, and heroically affected to his country, who can go so far even to turn usurer with all he has in her funds. There is not a citizen in whose imagination such a one does not appear in the same light of glory, as Codrus, Scævola, or any other great name in old Rome. Were it not for the heroes of so much *per cent.* as have regard enough for themselves and their nation to trade with her with their wealth, the very notion of public love would long before now have vanished from among us. But however general custom may hurry us away in the stream of a common error, there is no evil, no crime, so great as that of being cold in matters which relate to the common good. This is in nothing more conspicuous than in a certain willingness

to receive any thing that tends to the diminution of such as have been conspicuous instruments in our service. Such inclinations proceed from the most low and vile corruption, of which the soul of man is capable. This effaces not only the practice, but the very approbation of honour and virtue; and has had such an effect, that to speak freely, the very sense of public good has no longer a part even of our conversations. Can then the most generous motive of life, the good of others, be so easily banished the breast of man? Is it possible to draw all our passions inward? Shall the boiling heat of youth be sunk in pleasures, the ambition of manhood in selfish intrigues? Shall all that is glorious, all that is worth the pursuit of great minds, be so easily rooted out? When the universal bent of a people seems diverted from the sense of their common good, and common glory, it looks like a fatality, and *crisis* of impending misfortune.

The generous nations we just now mentioned understood this so very well, that there was hardly an oration ever made, which did not turn upon this general sense, "That the love of their country was the first and most essential quality in an honest mind." Demosthenes, in a cause wherein his fame, reputation, and fortune, were embarked, puts his all upon this issue; "Let the Athenians," says he, "be benevolent to me, as they think I have been zealous for them." This great and discerning orator knew, there was nothing else in nature could bear him up against his adversaries, but this one quality of having shown himself willing or able to serve his country. This certainly is the test of merit; and the first foundation for deserving good-will is, having it yourself. The adversary of this orator at that time was Æschines, a man of wily arts and skill in the world, who could, as occasion

served, fall in with a national start of passion, or sullenness of humour, which a whole nation is sometimes taken with as well as a private man; and by that means divert them from their common sense, into an aversion for receiving any thing in its true light. But when Demosthenes had awakened his audience with that one hint of judging by the general tenor of his life towards them, his services bore down his opponent before him, who fled to the covert of his mean arts, until some more favourable occasion should offer against the superior merit of Demosthenes.

It were to be wished, that love of their country were the first principle of action in men of business, even for their own sakes; for when the world begins to examine into their conduct, the generality, who have no share in, or hopes of any part in power or riches, but what is the effect of their own labour or property, will judge of them by no other method than that of how profitable their administration has been to the whole. They who are out of the influence of men's fortune or favour, will let them stand or fall by this one only rule; and men who can bear being tried by it, are always popular in their fall. Those who cannot suffer such a scrutiny, are contemptible in their advancement.

But I am here running into shreds of maxims from reading Tacitus this morning, that has driven me from my recommendation of public spirit, which was the intended purpose of this Lucubration. There is not a more glorious instance of it, than in the character of Regulus. This same Regulus was taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and was sent by them to Rome, in order to demand some Punic noblemen, who were prisoners, in exchange for himself: and was bound by an oath that he would return to Carthage, if he failed in his commission

He proposes this to the senate, who were in suspense upon it, which Regulus observing, without having the least notion of putting the care of his own life in competition with the public good, desired them to consider that he was old, and almost useless; that those demanded in exchange were men of daring tempers, and great merit in military affairs: and wondered they would make any doubt of permitting him to go back to the short tortures prepared for him at Carthage, where he should have the advantage of ending a long life both gloriously and usefully. This generous advice was consented to; and he took his leave of his country and his weeping friends, to go to a certain death, with that cheerful composure, as a man, after the fatigue of business in a court or a city, retires to the next village for the air.

N° 184. TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1710.

Una de multis face nuptiali
Digna———

Hor. 2 Od. iii. 33.

Yet worthy of the nuptial flame———
Of many, one untainted maid.

Francis.

From my own Apartment, June 12.

There are certain occasions of life which give propitious omens of the future good conduct of it, as well as others which explain our present inward state, according to our behaviour in them. Of the latter

sort are funerals; of the former, weddings. The manner of our carriage, when we lose a friend, shows very much our temper, in the humility of our words and actions, and a general sense of our destitute condition, which runs through all our deportment. This gives a solemn testimony of the generous affection we bore our friends, when we seem to disrelish every thing, now we can no more enjoy them, or see them partake in our enjoments. It is very proper and humane to put ourselves, as it were, in their livery after their decease, and wear a habit unsuitable to prosperity, while those we loved and honoured are mouldering in the grave. As this is laudable on the sorrowful side, so on the other, incidents of success may no less justly be represented and acknowledged in our outward figure and carriage. Of all such occasions, that great change of a single life into marriage is the most important; as it is the source of all relations, and from whence all other friendship and commerce do principally arise. The general intent of both sexes is to dispose of themselves happily and honourably in this state; and, as all the good qualities we have are exerted to make our way into it, so the best appearance, with regard to their minds, their persons, and their fortunes, at the first entrance into it, is a due to each other in the married pair, as well as a compliment to the rest of the world. It was an instruction of a wise law-giver, that unmarried women should wear such loose habits, which, in the flowing of their garb, should incite their beholders to a desire of their persons; and that the ordinary motion of their bodies might display the figure and shape of their limbs in such a manner, as at once to preserve the strictest decency, and raise the warmest inclinations.

This was the economy of the legislature for the

increase of people, and at the same time for the preservation of the genial bed. She, who was the admiration of all who beheld her while unmarried, was to bid adieu to the pleasure of shining in the eyes of many, as soon as she took upon her the wedded condition. However, there was a festival of life allowed the new-married, a sort of intermediate state between celibacy and matrimony, which continued certain days. During that time, entertainments, equipages, and other circumstances of rejoicing, were encouraged; and they were permitted to exceed the common mode of living, that the bride and bridegroom might learn from such freedoms of conversation to run into a general conduct to each other, made out of their past and future state, so to temper the cares of the man and the wife with the gaieties of the lover and the mistress.

In those wise ages the dignity of life was kept up, and on the celebration of such solemnities there were no impertinent whispers, and senseless interpretations put upon the unaffected cheerfulness or accidental seriousness of the bride; but men turned their thoughts upon the general reflections, on what issue might probably be expected from such a couple in the succeeding course of their life, and felicitated them accordingly upon such prospects.

I must confess, I cannot, from any antient manuscripts, sculptures, or medals, deduce the rise of our celebrated custom of throwing the stocking; but have a faint memory of an account a friend gave me of an original picture in the palace of Aldobrandini in Rome. This seems to show a sense of this affair very different from what is usual among us. It is a Grecian wedding; and the figures represented are a person offering sacrifice, a beautiful damsel dancing, and another playing on the harp. The bride

is placed in her bed, the bridegroom sits at the feet of it, with an aspect which intimates his thoughts were not only entertained with the joys with which he was surrounded; but also with a noble gratitude, and divine pleasure in the offering, which was then made to the gods to invoke their influence on his new condition. There appears in the face of the woman a mixture of fear, hope, and modesty; in the bridegroom a well-governed rapture. As you see in great spirits grief, which discovers itself the more by forbearing tears and complaints, you may observe also the highest joy is too big for utterance; the tongue being of all the organs the least capable of expressing such a circumstance. The nuptial torch, the bower, the marriage song, are all particulars which we meet with in the allusions of the antient writers; and in every one of them something is to be observed, which denotes their industry to aggrandize and adorn this occasion above all others.

With us all order and decency in this point is perverted, by the insipid mirth of certain animals we usually call Wags. These are a species of all men the most insupportable. One cannot without some reflection say, whether their flat mirth provokes us more to pity or to scorn: but if one considers with how great affectation they utter their frigid conceits, commiseration immediately changes itself into contempt.

A Wag is the last order even of pretenders to wit and good humour. He has generally his mind prepared to receive some occasion of merriment, but is of himself too empty to draw any out of his own set of thoughts; and therefore laughs at the next thing he meets, not because it is ridiculous, but because he is under a necessity of laughing. A Wag is one that never in its life saw a beautiful object; but sees, what it does see, in the most low, and most incon-

siderable light it can be placed. There is a certain ability necessary to behold what is amiable and worthy of our approbation, which little minds want, and attempt to hide by a general disregard to every thing they behold above what they are able to relish. Hence it is, that a Wag in an assembly is ever guessing, how well such a lady slept last night, and how much such a young fellow is pleased with himself. The Wag's gaiety consists in a certain professed ill-breeding, as if it were an excuse for committing a fault, that a man knows he does so. Though all public places are full of persons of this order; yet, because I will not allow impertinence and affectation to get the better of native innocence and simplicity of manners, I have, in spite of such little disturbers of public entertainments, persuaded my brother Tranquillus, and his wife my sister Jenny, in favour of Mr. Wilks, to be at the play to-morrow evening.

They, as they have so much good sense as to act naturally, without regard to the observation of others, will not, I hope, be discomposed, if any of the fry of Wags should take upon them to make themselves merry upon the occasion of their coming, as they intend, in their wedding clothes. My brother is a plain, worthy, and honest man; and as it is natural for men of that turn to be mightily taken with sprightly and airy women, my sister has a vivacity which may perhaps give hopes to impertinents, but will be esteemed the effect of innocence among wise men. They design to sit with me in the box, which the house have been so complaisant as to offer me whenever I think fit to come thither in my public character.

I do not in the least doubt but the true figure of conjugal affection will appear in their looks and gestures. My sister does not affect to be gorgeous in her dress; and thinks the happiness of a wife is

more visible in a cheerful look than *a* gay apparel. It is a hard task to speak of persons so nearly related to one with decency; but I may say, all who shall be at the play will allow him to have the mien of a worthy English gentleman; her, that of a notable and deserving wife.

N° 185. THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1710.

Notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit,
Tempore crevit amor, tædæ quoque jure coissent,
Sed vetuere patres. Quod non potuere vetare,
Ex æquo captis ardebant mentibus ambo.
OVID. de Pyr. & Thisb. Met. iv. 59.

Their neighbourhood acquaintance early bred,
Acquaintance love, and love in time had led
The happy couple to the nuptial bed.
Their fathers stopt them. But in vain oppose
Their mutual passion, source of all their woes.

From my own Apartment, June 14.

As soon as I was up this morning, my man gave me the following letter; which, since it leads to a subject that may prove of common use to the world, I shall take notice of with as much expedition as my fair petitioner could desire.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"Since you have so often declared yourself a patron of the distressed, I must acquaint you, that I am daughter to a country gentleman of good sense, and may expect three or four thousand pounds for my

fortune. I love and am beloved by Philander, a young gentleman who has an estate of five hundred pounds *per annum*, and is our next neighbour in the country every summer. My father, though he has been a long time acquainted with it, constantly refuses to comply with our mutual inclinations: but what most of all torments me is, that if ever I speak in commendation of my lover, he is much louder in his praises than myself; and professes, that it is out of pure love and esteem for Philander, as well as his daughter, that he can never consent we should marry each other; when, as he terms it, we may both do so much better. It must indeed be confessed, that two gentlemen of considerable fortunes made their addresses to me last winter, and Philander, as I have since learned, was offered a young heiress with fifteen thousand pounds; but it seems we could neither of us think, that accepting those matches would be doing better than remaining constant to our first passion. Your thoughts upon the whole may, perhaps, have some weight with my father, who is one of your admirers, as is your humble servant,

"SYLVIA.

"P. S. You are desired to be speedy, since my father daily presses me to accept of, what he calls, an advantageous offer."

There is no calamity in life that falls heavier upon human nature than a disappointment in love; especially when it happens between two persons whose hearts are mutually engaged to each other. It is this distress which has given occasion to some of the finest tragedies that were ever written, and daily fills the world with melancholy, discontent, frenzy, sickness, despair, and death. I have often admired at the barbarity of parents, who so frequently inter-

pose their authority in this grand article of life. I would fain ask Sylvia's father, whether he thinks he can bestow a greater favour on his daughter, than to put her in a way to live happily? Whether a man of Philander's character, with five hundred pounds *per annum*, is not more likely to contribute to that end, than many a young fellow whom he may have in his thoughts with so many thousands? Whether he can make amends to his daughter by any increase of riches, for the loss of that happiness she proposes to herself in her Philander? Or, whether a father should compound with his daughter to be miserable, though she were to get twenty thousand pounds by the bargain? I suppose he would have her reflect with esteem on his memory after his death: and does he think this a proper method to make her do so, when, as often as she thinks on the loss of her Philander, she must at the same time remember him as the cruel cause of it? Any transient ill-humour is soon forgotten; but the reflection of such a cruelty must continue to raise resentments as long as life itself; and by this one piece of barbarity, an indulgent father loses the merit of all his past kindnesses. It is not impossible, but she may deceive herself in the happiness which she proposes from Philander: but as in such a case she can have no one to blame but herself, she will bear the disappointment with greater patience; but if she never makes the experiment, however happy she may be with another, she will still think she might have been happier with Philander. There is a kind of sympathy in souls, that fits them for each other; and we may be assured when we see two persons engaged in the warmths of a mutual affection, that there are certain qualities in both their minds which bear a resemblance to one another. A generous and constant passion in an agreeable lover, where there is not too great a dispa-

rity in other circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can befal the person beloved; and, if overlooked in one, may perhaps never be found in another. I shall conclude this with a celebrated instance of a father's indulgence in this particular; which, though carried to an extravagance, has something in it so tender and amiable, as may justly reproach the harshness of temper that is to be met with in many a British father.

Antiochus, a prince of great hopes, fell passionately in love with the young queen Stratonice, who was his mother-in-law, and had bore a son to the old king Seleucus his father. The prince, finding it impossible to extinguish his passion, fell sick; and refused all manner of nourishment, being determined to put an end to that life which was become insupportable.

Erasistratus, the physician, soon found that love was his distemper; and observing the alteration in his pulse and countenance, whenever Stratonice made him a visit, was soon satisfied that he was dying for his young mother-in-law. Knowing the old king's tenderness for his son, when he one morning inquired of his health, he told him, that the prince's distemper was love; but that it was incurable, because it was impossible for him to possess the person whom he loved. The king, surprised at his account, desired to know how his son's passion could be incurable? "Why, Sir," replied Erasistratus, "because he is in love with the person I am married to."

The old king immediately conjured him by all his past favours, to save the life of his son and successor. "Sir," said Erasistratus, "would your majesty but fancy yourself in my place, you would see the unreasonableness of what you desire." "Heaven is my witness," said Seleucus, "I could resign even my Stratonice to save my Antiochus." At this, the tears

ran down his cheeks; which when the physician saw, taking him by the hand, "Sir," says he, "if these are your real sentiments, the prince's life is out of danger; it is Stratonice for whom he dies." Seleucus immediately gave orders for solemnizing the marriage; and the young queen, to show her obedience, very generously exchanged the father for the son.

N° 186. SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1710.

——— *Emitur solâ virtute potestas.* CLAUD.

Virtue alone ennobles human kind,
And power should on her glorious foot-steps wait.
R. WYNNE.

Sheer-lane, June 16.

As it has been the endeavour of these our labours to extirpate, from among the polite or busy part of mankind, all such as are either prejudicial or insignificant to society; so it ought to be no less our study to supply the havoc we have made, by an exact care of the growing generation. But when we begin to inculcate proper precepts to the children of this island, except we could take them out of their nurse's arms, we see an amendment is almost impracticable; for we find the whole species of our youth, and grown men, is incorrigibly prepossessed with vanity, pride, or ambition, according to the respective pursuits to which they turn themselves; by

which means the world is infatuated with the love of appearances instead of things. Thus the vain man takes praise for honour; the proud man, ceremony for respect; the ambitious man, power for glory. These three characters are indeed of very near resemblance, but differently received by mankind. Vanity makes men ridiculous; pride, odious; and ambition, terrible. The foundation of all which is, that they are grounded upon falsehood: for if men, instead of studying to appear considerable, were in their own hearts possessors of the requisites for esteem, the acceptance they otherwise unfortunately aim at would be as inseparable from them, as approbation is from truth itself. By this means they would have some rule to walk by; and they may ever be assured, that a good cause of action will certainly receive a suitable effect. It may be an useful hint in such cases for a man to ask of himself, whether he really is what he has a mind to be thought? If he is, he need not give himself much further anxiety. What will the world say? is the common question in matters of difficulty; as if the terror lay wholly in the sense which others, and not we ourselves, shall have of our actions. From this one source arise all the impostors in every art and profession, in all places, among all persons, in conversation, as well as in business. Hence it is, that a vain fellow takes twice as much pains to be ridiculous, as would make him sincerely agreeable.

Can any one be better fashioned, better bred, or has any one more good-nature, than Damasippus? But the whole scope of his looks and actions tends so immediately to gain the good opinion of all he converses with, that he loses it for that only reason. As it is the nature of vanity to impose false shows for truth, so does it also turn real possessions into ima-

ginary ones. Damasippus, by assuming to himself what he has not, robs himself of what he has.

There is nothing more necessary to establish reputation, than to suspend the enjoyment of it. He that cannot bear the sense of merit with silence, must of necessity destroy it: for fame being the general mistress of mankind, whoever gives it to himself insults all to whom he relates any circumstances to his own advantage. He is considered as an open ravisher of that beauty, for whom all others pine in silence. But some minds are so incapable of any temperance in this particular, that *on every second* in their discourse, you may observe an earnestness in their eyes, which shows they wait for your approbation: and perhaps the next instant cast an eye on a glass, to see how they like themselves. Walking the other day in a neighbouring inn of court, I saw a more happy and more graceful orator than I ever before had heard, or read of. A youth of about nineteen years of age was in an Indian night-gown and laced cap, pleading a cause before a glass. The young fellow had a very good air, and seemed to hold his brief in his hand rather to help his action, than that he wanted notes for his further information. When I first began to observe him, I feared he would soon be alarmed; but he was so zealous for his client, and so favourably received by the court, that he went on with great fluency to inform the bench, that he humbly hoped they would not let the merit of the cause suffer by the youth and inexperience of the pleader; that in all things he submitted to their candour: and modestly desired they would not conclude, but that strength of argument, and force of reason, may be consistent with grace of action, and comeliness of person.

To me (who see people every day in the midst of crowds, whomsoever they seem to address to, talk

only to themselves, and of themselves) this orator was not so extravagant a man as perhaps another would have thought him: but I took part in his success, and was very glad to find he had in his favour judgment and costs, without any manner of opposition.

The effects of pride and vanity are of consequence only to the proud and vain; and tend to no further ill than what is personal to themselves, in preventing their progress in any thing that is worthy and laudable, and creating envy instead of emulation of superior virtue. These ill qualities are to be found only in such as have so little minds, as to circumscribe their thoughts and designs within what properly relates to the value, which they think due to their dear and amiable selves: but ambition, which is the third great impediment to honour and virtue, is a fault of such as think themselves born for moving in an higher orb, and prefer being powerful and mischievous to being virtuous and obscure. The parent of this mischief in life, so far as to regulate it into schemes, and make it possess a man's whole heart without his believing himself a dæmon, was Machiavel. He first taught, that a man must necessarily appear weak, to be honest. Hence it gains upon the imagination, that a great is not so despicable as a little villain; and men are insensibly led to a belief, that the aggravation of crimes is a diminution of them. Hence the impiety of thinking one thing, and speaking another. In pursuance of this empty and unsatisfying dream, to betray, to undermine, to kill in themselves all natural sentiments of love to friends or country, is the willing practice of such as are thirsty of power for any other reason, than that of being useful and acceptable to mankind.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** Whereas Mr. Bickerstaff has lately received a letter out of Ireland, dated June the ninth, importing, that he is grown very dull, for the postage of which Mr. Morphew charges one shilling; and another without date of place or time, for which he, the said Morphew, charges two-pence: it is desired, that for the future, his courteous and uncourteous readers will go a little further in expressing their good and ill-will, and pay for the carriage of their letters; otherwise the intended pleasure or pain, which is designed for Mr. Bickerstaff, will be wholly disappointed.

N° 187. TUESDAY, JUNE 20, 1710.

——*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis*
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

OVID. Met. ii. 759.

To hear an open slander is a curse:
But not to find an answer is a worse.

DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, June 19.

PASQUIN of Rome to ISAAC BICKERSTAFF of London.

"HIS Holiness is gone to Castel Gandolpho, much discomposed at some late accounts from the missionaries in your island: for a committee of cardinals,

which lately sat for the reviving the force of some obsolete doctrines, and drawing up amendments to certain points of faith, have represented the church of Rome to be in great danger, from a treatise written by a learned Englishman; which carries spiritual power much higher than we could have dared to have attempted even here. His book is called, 'An Epistolary Discourse, proving from the Scriptures, and the first Fathers, that the soul is a principle naturally mortal. Wherein is proved, that none have the power of giving this divine immortalizing spirit, since the apostles, but the bishops. By Henry Dodwell, M.A.' The assertion appeared to our *Literati*, so short and effectual a method of subjecting the laity, that it is feared auricular confession and absolution will not be capable of keeping the clergy of Rome in any degree of greatness, in competition with such teachers, whose flocks shall receive this opinion. What gives the greater jealousy here is, that in the catalogue of treatises which have been lately burnt within the British territories, there is no mention made of this learned work; which circumstance is a sort of implication, that the tenet is not held erroneous, but that the doctrine is received among you as orthodox. The youth of this place are very much divided in opinion, whether a very memorable quotation which the author repeats out of Tertullian, be not rather of the style and manner of Meursius? *In illo ipso voluptatis ultimæ æstu, quo genitale virus expellitur, nonne aliquid de animâ quoque sentimus exire, atque adeo marcessimus et divigescimus cum lucis detrimento?* This piece of Latin goes no farther than to tell us how our fathers begot us; so that we are still at a loss how we afterwards commence eternal; for, *creando infunditur, et infundendo creatur*, which is mentioned soon after, may allude only to flesh and blood, as well as the former. Your

readers in this city, some of whom have very much approved the warmth with which you have attacked free-thinkers, atheists, and other enemies to religion and virtue, are very much disturbed, that you have given them no account of this remarkable dissertation. I am employed by them to desire you would, with all possible expedition, send me over the ceremony of the creation of souls, as well as a list of all the mortal and immortal men within the dominions of Great-Britain. When you have done me this favour, I must trouble you for other tokens of your kindness: and particularly I desire you would let me have the religious handkerchief*, which is of late so much worn in England, for I have promised to make a present of it to a courtezan of a French minister.

"Letters from the frontiers of France inform us, that a young gentleman†, who was to have been created a cardinal on the next promotion, has put off his design of coming to Rome so soon as was intended; having, as it is said, received letters from Great-Britain, wherein several *virtuosi* of that island have desired him to suspend his resolutions towards a monastic life, until the British grammarians shall publish their explication of the words *indefeasible* and *revolution*. According as these two hard terms are made to fit the mouths of the people, this gentleman takes his measures for his journey thither.

"Your New Bedlam has been read and considered by some of your countrymen among us; and one gentleman, who is now here a traveller, says, your design is impracticable; for that there can be

* Handkerchiefs printed with representations of Dr. Sacheverell.

† The Pretender.

no place large enough to contain the number of your lunatics. He advises you therefore to name the ambient sea for the boundary of your hospital. If what he says be true, I do not see how you can think of any other enclosure; for, according to his discourse, the whole people are taken with a *vertigo;* great and proper actions are received with coldness and discontent; ill-news hoped for with impatience; heroes in your service are treated with calumny, while criminals pass through your towns with acclamations *.

"This Englishman went on to say, you seemed at present to flag under a satiety of success, as if you wanted misfortune as a necessary vicissitude. Yet, alas! though men have but a cold relish of prosperity, quick is the anguish of the contrary fortune. He proceeded to make comparisons of times, seasons, and great incidents. After which, he grew too learned for my understanding, and talked of Hanno the Carthaginian, and his irreconcileable hatred to the glorious commander Hannibal. Hannibal, said he, was able to march to Rome itself, and brought that ambitious people, who designed no less than the empire of the world, to sue for peace in the most abject and servile manner; when faction at home detracted from the glory of his actions, and, after many artifices, at last prevailed with the senate to recal him from the midst of his victories, in the very instant when he was to reap the benefit of all his toils, by reducing the then common enemy of all nations which had liberty, to reason. When Hannibal heard the

* Dr. Sacheverell, whilst under the sentence that suspended him from preaching, made a sort of triumphal journey, and was received into some towns with ringing of bells, and other demonstrations of welcome and approbation.

message of the Carthaginian senators, who were sent to recall him, he was moved with a generous and disdainful sorrow: and is reported to have said, 'Hannibal then must be conquered, not by the arms of the Romans, whom he has often put to flight, but by the envy and detraction of his countrymen. Nor shall Scipio triumph so much in his fall, as Hanno, who will smile to have purchased the ruin of Hannibal, though attended with the fall of Carthage.'

I am, Sir, &c.

PASQUIN."

Will's Coffee-house, June 19.

There is a sensible satisfaction in observing the countenance and action of the people on some occasions. To gratify myself in this pleasure, I came hither with all speed this evening with an account of the surrender of Douay. As soon as the *battle critics* heard it, they immediately drew some comfort, in that it must have cost us a great number of men. Others were so negligent of the glory of their country, that they went on in their discourse on the full house which is to be at Othello on Thursday, and the curiosity they should go with, to see Wilks play a part so very different from what he had ever before appeared in, together with the expectation that was raised in the gay part of the town on that occasion.

This universal indolence and inattention among us to things that concern the public, made me look back with the highest reverence on the glorious instances in antiquity, of a contrary behaviour in the like circumstances. Harry English, upon observing the room so little roused on the news, fell into the same way of thinking. "How unlike," said he, "Mr. Bickerstaff, are we to the old Romans

—There was not a subject of their state but thought himself as much concerned in the honour of his country, as the first officer of the commonwealth. How do I admire the messenger, who ran with a thorn in his foot to tell the news of a victory to the senate! He had not leisure for his private pain until he had expressed his public joy; nor could he suffer as a man, until he had triumphed as a Roman."

N° 188. THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1710.

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

VIRG. Æn. i. 461.

What clime, what region, so remote and strange,
Where these our labours are not known?

R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, June 21.

I WAS this morning looking over my letters, that I have lately received from my several correspondents; some of which, referring to my late papers, I have laid aside, with an intent to give my reader a sight of them. The first criticises upon my Greenhouse, and is as follows:

"MR. BICKERSTAFF, South Wales, June 7.

"This letter comes to you from my Orangery, which I intend to reform as much as I can, according to your ingenious model; and shall only beg of

you to communicate to me your secret of preserving grass-plots in a covered room; for in the climate where my country seat lies, they require rain and dews as well as sun and fresh air, and cannot live upon such fine food as your *sifted weather*. I must likewise desire you to write over your Green-house the following motto:

Hic ver perpetuum, atque alienis mensibus æstas.

Here vernal bloom, and summer's genial warmth,
Reign all the year.——— R. Wynne.

Instead of your

O! quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ?
Virg. Georg. ii. 448.

Some God, convey me to the cooling shades
Of dewy Hæmus!——— R. Wynne.

"Which, under favour, is the panting of one in summer after cool shades, and not of one in winter after a summer-house. The rest of your plan is very beautiful; and that your friend, who has so well described it, may enjoy it many winters, is the hearty wish of

"His and your unknown, &c."

This oversight of a grass-plot in my friend's Green-house, puts me in mind of a like inconsistency in a celebrated picture: where Moses is represented as striking a rock, and the children of Israel quenching their thirst at the waters that flow from it, and run through a beautiful landscape of groves and meadows, which could not flourish in a place where water was to have been found only by a miracle.

The next letter comes to me from a Kentish yeoman, who is very angry with me for my advice

to parents, occasioned by the amours of Sylvia and Philander, as related in my Paper, No. 185.

"SQUIRE BICKERSTAFF,

"I do not know by what chance one of your Tatlers is got into my family, and has almost turned the brains of my eldest daughter Winifred; who has been so undutiful as to fall in love of her own head, and tells me a foolish heathen story that she has read in your Paper, to persuade me to give my consent. I am too wise to let children have their own wills in a business like marriage. It is a matter in which neither I myself, nor any of my kindred, were ever humoured. My wife and I never pretended to love one another like your Sylvias and Philanders; and yet, if you saw our fire-side, you would be satisfied we are not always a squabbling. For my part, I think that where man and woman come together by their own good liking, there is so much fondling and fooling, that it hinders young people from minding their business. I must therefore desire you to change your note; and instead of advising us old folks, who perhaps have more wit than yourself, to let Sylvia know, that she ought to act like a dutiful daughter, and marry the man that she does not care for. Our great grandmothers were all bid to marry first, and love would come afterwards; and I do not see why their daughters should follow their own inventions. I am resolved Winifred shall not.

"Yours, &c."

This letter is a natural picture of ordinary contracts, and of the sentiments of those minds that lie under a kind of intellectual rusticity. This trifling occasion made me run over in my imagination the many scenes I have observed of the married condition, wherein the quintessence of pleasure and

pain are represented, as they accompany that state, and no other. It is certain, there are many thousands like the above-mentioned yeoman, and his wife, who are never highly pleased or distasted in their whole lives. But when we consider the more informed part of mankind, and look upon their behaviour, it then appears that very little of their time is indifferent, but generally spent in the most anxious vexation, or the highest satisfaction. Shakspeare has admirably represented both the aspects of this state in the most excellent tragedy of Othello. In the character of Desdemona, he runs through all the sentiments of a virtuous maid, and a tender wife. She is captivated by his virtue, and faithful to him as well from that motive, as regard to her own honour. Othello is a great and noble spirit, misled by the villany of a false friend to suspect her innocence; and resents it accordingly. When, after the many instances of passion, the wife is told the husband is jealous, her simplicity makes her incapable of believing it, and say, after such circumstances as would drive another woman into distraction,

> —— I think the sun where he was born
> Drew all such humours from him.

This opinion of him is so just, that his noble and tender heart beats itself to pieces, before he can affront her with the mention of his jealousy; and he owns, this suspicion has blotted out all the sense of glory and happiness which before it was possessed with, when he laments himself in the warm allusions of a mind accustomed to entertainments so very different from the pangs of jealousy and revenge. How moving is his sorrow, when he cries out as follows:

I had been happy, if the gen'ral camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now! for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! Oh farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war!
And, oh ye mortal engines! whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

I believe I may venture to say, there is not in any other part of Shakspeare's works more strong and lively pictures of nature than in this. I shall therefore steal *incognito* to see it, out of curiosity to observe how Wilks and Cibber touch those places, where Betterton and Sandford so very highly excelled. But now I am got into discourse of acting, with which I am so professedly pleased, I shall conclude this paper with a note I have just received from the two ingenious friends, Mr. Penkethman and Mr. Bullock.

"SIR,

"Finding by your Paper, No. 182, that you are drawing parallels between the greatest actors of the age; as you have already begun with Mr. Wilks and Mr. Cibber, we desire you would do the same justice to your humble servants,

WM. BULLOCK and WM. PENKETHMAN."

For the information of posterity, I shall comply with this letter, and set these two great men in such a light as Sallust has placed his Cato and Cæsar.

Mr. William Bullock and Mr. William Penkethman are of the same age, profession, and sex. They

both distinguish themselves in a very particular manner under the discipline of the crab-tree, with this only difference, that Mr. Bullock has the more agreeable squall, and Mr. Penkethman the more graceful shrug. Penkethman devours a cold chick with great applause; Bullock's talent lies chiefly in asparagus. Penkethman is very dexterous at conveying himself under a table; Bullock is no less active at jumping over a stick. Mr. Penkethman has a great deal of money; but Mr. Bullock is the taller man.

N° 189. SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1710.

Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum
Virtus; nec imbellum feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

HOR. 4 Od. iv. 30.

In steers laborious, and in generous steeds
We trace their sires, nor can the bird of Jove
Intrepid, fierce, beget th' unwarlike dove.

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, June 23.

HAVING lately turned my thoughts upon the considerations of the behaviour of parents to children in the great affair of marriage, I took much delight in turning over a bundle of letters, which a gentleman's steward in the country had sent me some time ago. This parcel is a collection of letters written by the children of the family, to which he

belongs, to their father; and contains all the little passages of their lives, and the new ideas they received as their years advanced. There is in them an account of their diversions as well as their exercises; and what I thought very remarkable is, that two sons of the family, who now make considerable figures in the world, gave omens of that sort of character which they now bear, in the first rudiments of thought which they show in their letters. Were one to point out a method of education, one could not, methinks, frame one more pleasing or improving than this; where the children get an habit of communicating their thoughts and inclinations to their best friend with so much freedom, that he can form schemes for their future life and conduct from an observation of their tempers; and by that means be early enough in choosing their way of life, to make them forward in some art or science at an age when others have not determined what profession to follow. As to the persons concerned in this packet I am speaking of, they have given great proofs of the force of this conduct of their father in the effect it has upon their lives and manners. The elder, who is a scholar, showed from his infancy a propensity to polite studies, and has made a suitable progress in literature; but his learning is so well woven into his mind, that from the impression of it, he seems rather to have contracted an habit of life, than manner of discourse. To his books he seems to owe a good economy in his affairs, and a complacency in his manners, though in others that way of education has commonly a quite different effect. The epistles of the other son are full of accounts of what he thought most remarkable in his reading. He sends his father for news the last noble story he had read. I observe he is particularly touched with the con-

duct of Codrus, who plotted his own death, because the oracle had said, if he were not killed, the enemy should prevail over his country. Many other incidents in his little letters give omens of a soul capable of generous undertakings; and what makes it the more particular is, that this gentleman had in the present war, the honour and happiness of doing an action, for which only it was worth coming into the world. Their father *is* the most intimate friend they have; and they always consult him rather than any other, when any error has happened in their conduct through youth and inadvertency. The behaviour of this gentleman to his sons has made his life pass away with the pleasures of a second youth; for as the vexations which men receive from their children hasten the approach of age, and double the force of years; so the comforts which they reap from them, are balm to all other sorrows, and disappoint the injuries of time. Parents of children repeat their lives in their offspring: and their concern for them is so near, that they feel all their sufferings and enjoyments as much as if they regarded their own proper persons. But it is generally so far otherwise, that the common race of esquires in this kingdom use their sons as persons that are waiting only for their funerals, and spies upon their health and happiness; as indeed they are, by their own making them such. In cases where a man takes the liberty after this manner to reprehend others, it is commonly said, Let him look at home. I am sorry to own it; but there is one branch of the house of the Bickerstaffs, who have been as erroneous in their conduct this way as any other family whatsoever. The head of this branch is now in town, and has brought up with him his son and daughter, who are all the children he has, in order to be put some way into the world, and see

fashions. They are both very ill-bred cubs; and having lived together from their infancy, without knowledge of the distinctions and decencies that are proper to be paid to each other's sex, they squabble like two brothers. The father is one of those who knows no better than that all pleasure is debauchery, and imagines, when he sees a man become his estate, that he will certainly spend it. This branch are a people who never had among them one man eminent either for good or ill: however, have all along kept their heads just above water, not by a prudent and regular economy, but by expedients in the matches they have made into their house. When one of the family has, in the pursuit of foxes, and in the entertainment of clowns, run out the third part of the value of his estate, such a spendthrift has dressed up his eldest son, and married what they call a good fortune: who has supported the father as a tyrant over them during his life, in the same house or neighbourhood. The son, in succession, has just taken the same method to keep up his dignity, until the mortgages, he has ate and drunk himself into, have reduced him to the necessity of sacrificing his son also, in imitation of his progenitor. This had been, for many generations, the whole that had happened in the family of Sam Bickerstaff, until the time of my present cousin Samuel, the father of the young people we have just now spoken of.

Samuel Bickerstaff, esquire, is so happy as that by several legacies from distant relations, deaths of maiden sisters, and other instances of good fortune, he has, besides his real estate, a great sum of ready money. His son at the same time knows he has a good fortune, which the father cannot alienate; though he strives to make him believe, he depends only on his will for maintenance. Tom

is now in his nineteenth year, Mrs. Mary in her fifteenth. Cousin Samuel, who understands no one point of good behaviour as it regards all the rest of the world, is an exact critic in the dress, the motion, the looks, and gestures of his children. What adds to their misery is, that he is excessively fond of them, and the greatest part of their time is spent in the presense of this nice observer. Their life is one continued constraint. The girl never turns her head, but she is warned not to follow the proud minxes of the town. The boy is not to turn fop, or be quarrelsome; at the same time, not to take an affront. I had the good fortune to dine with him to-day, and heard his fatherly table-talk as we sat at dinner, which, if my memory does not fail me, for the benefit of the world, I shall set down as he spoke it; which was much as follows, and may be of great use to those parents who seem to make it a rule, that their children's turn to enjoy the world is not to commence, until they themselves have left it.

"Now, Tom, I have bought you chambers in the inns of court. I allow you to take a walk once or twice a day round the garden. If you mind your business, you need not study to be as great a lawyer as Coke upon Littleton. I have that that will keep you; but be sure you keep an exact account of your linen. Write down what you give out to your laundress, and what she brings home again. Go as little as possible to the other end of the town; but if you do, come home early. I believe I was as sharp as you for your years; and I had my hat snatched off my head coming home late at a stop by St. Clement's church, and I do not know from that day to this who took it. I do not care if you learn to fence a little; for I would not

have you be made a fool of. Let me have an account of every thing every post; I am willing to be at that charge, and I think you need not spare your pains. As for you, daughter Molly, do not mind one word that is said to you in London; for it is only for your money."

N° 190. TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1710.

——*Timeo Danaos & dona ferentes.*

VIRG. Æn. ii. 48.

Trojans all Greeks and Grecian gifts distrust.

Sheer-lane, June 26.

THERE are some occasions in life, wherein regard to a man's self is the most pitiful and contemptible of all passions; and such a time certainly is, when the true public spirit of a nation is run into a faction against their friends and benefactors. I have hinted heretofore some things which discover the real sorrow I am in at the observation that it is now very much so in Great-Britain, and have had the honour to be pelted with several epistles to expostulate with me on that subject. Among others, one from a person of the number of those they call Quakers, who seems to admonish me out of pure zeal and good-will. But as there is no character so unjust as that of talking in party upon all occasions, without respect to merit or worth on the contrary side; so there is no part we can act so justifiable as to speak

our mind when we see things urged to extremity, against all that is praise-worthy or valuable in life, upon general and groundless suggestions. But if I have talked too frankly upon such reflections, my correspondent has laid before me, after his way, the error of it in a manner that makes me indeed thankful for his kindness, but the more inclinable to repeat the imprudence from the necessity of the circumstance.

" FRIEND ISAAC, The 23d of the 6th month, which is the month June.

" Forasmuch as I love thee, I cannot any longer refrain declaring my mind unto thee concerning some things. Thou didst thyself indite the epistle inserted in one of thy late Lucubrations, as thou wouldst have us call them; for verily thy friend of stone, and I speak according to knowledge, hath no fingers; and though he hath a mouth, yet speaketh he not therewith; nor yet did that epistle at all come unto thee from the mansion-house of the scarlet whore. It is plain, therefore, that the truth is not in thee: but since thou wouldst lie, couldst not thou lie with more discretion? Wherefore shouldst thou insult over the afflicted, or add sorrow unto the heavy of heart? Truly this gall proceedeth not from the spirit of meekness. I tell thee, moreover, the people of this land be marvellously given to change; insomuch that it may likely come to pass, that before thou art many years nearer to thy dissolution, thou mayest behold him sitting on a high-place whom thou now laughest to scorn: and then how wilt thou be glad to humble thyself to the ground, and lick the dust of his feet, that thou mayest find favour in his sight? If thou didst meditate as much upon the word, as thou dost upon the profane scribblings of the wise ones of this generation, thou

wouldst have remembered what happened unto Shimei, the son of Gera the Benjamite, who cursed the good man David in his distress. David pardoned his transgression; yet was he afterwards taken as in a snare by the words of his own mouth, and fell by the sword of Solomon the chief ruler. Furthermore, I do not remember to have heard in the days of my youth and vanity, when, like thine, my conversation was with the Gentiles, that the men of Rome, which is Babylon, ever sued unto the men of Carthage, for tranquillity, as thou dost aver. Neither was Hannibal, the son of Hamilcar, called home by his countrymen, until these saw the sword of their enemies at their gates; and then was it not time for him, thinkest thou, to return? It appeareth therefore that thou dost prophesy backwards; thou dost row one way and look another; and indeed in all things art thou too much a *time-server;* yet seemest thou not to consider what a day may bring forth. Think of this, and take tobacco. Thy friend,

AMINADAB."

If the zealous writer of the above letter has any meaning, it is of too high a nature to be the subject of my Lucubrations. I shall therefore wave such high points, and be as useful as I can to persons of less moment than any he hints at. When a man runs into a little fame in the world, as he meets with a great deal of reproach which he does not deserve, so does he also a great deal of esteem to which he has in himself no pretensions. Were it otherwise, I am sure no one would offer to put a lawcase to me: but because I am an adept in physic and astrology, they will needs persuade me that I am no less a proficient in all other sciences. However, the point mentioned in the following letter is

so plain a one, that I think I need not trouble myself to cast a figure to be able to discuss it.

" MR. BICKERSTAFF,

" It is some years ago since the entail of the estate of our family was altered, by passing a fine in favour of me, who now am in possession of it, after some others deceased. The heirs-general, who lived beyond sea, were excluded by this settlement, and the whole estate is to pass in a new channel after me and my heirs. But several tenants of the lordship persuade me to let them hereafter hold their lands of me according to the old customs of the barony, and not oblige them to act by the limitations of the last settlement. This, they say, will make me more popular among my dependants, and the antient vassals of the estate, to whom any deviation from the line of succession is always invidious.

Your's, &c."

" SIR, Sheer-lane, June 24.

" You have by the fine a plain right, in which none else of your family can be your competitor; for which reason, by all means demand vassalage upon that title. The contrary advice can be given for no other purpose in nature but to betray you, and favour other pretenders, by making you place a right which is in you only, upon a level with a right which you have in common with others.

I am, Sir,

Your most faithful servant until death,

I. B."

There is nothing so dangerous or so pleasing, as compliments made to us by our enemies: and my correspondent tells me, that though he knows several of those who give him this counsel were at

first against passing the fine in favour of him; yet he is so touched with their homage to him, that he can hardly believe they have a mind to set it aside, in order to introduce the heirs-general into his estate.

These are great evils; but since there is no proceeding with success in this world, without complying with the arts of it, I shall use the same method as my correspondent's tenants did with him, in relation to one whom I never had a kindness for; but shall, notwithstanding, presume to give him my advice.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq. of GREAT BRITAIN, to LEWIS the Fourteenth of FRANCE.

"SIR,

"Your Majesty will pardon me while I take the liberty to acquaint you, that some passages written from your side of the water do very much obstruct your interest. We take it very unkindly that the prints of Paris are so very partial in favour of one set of men among us, and treat the others as irreconcileable to your interests. Your writers are very large in recounting any thing which relates to the figure and power of one party, but are dumb when they should represent the actions of the other. This is a trifling circumstance which many here are apt to lay some stress upon; and therefore I thought fit to offer it to your consideration before you dispatch the next courier.

I. B."

N° 191. THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1710.

Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

Juv. Sat. viii. 84.

——Basely they
The sacred cause for which they're born, betray,
Who give up Virtue for a worthless life.

R. Wynne.

From my own Apartment, June 28.

Of all the evils under the sun, that of making vice commendable is the greatest: for it seems to be the basis of society, that applause and contempt should be always given to proper objects. But in this age we behold things, for which we ought to have an abhorrence, not only received without disdain, but even valued as motives of emulation. This is naturally the destruction of simplicity of manners, openness of heart, and generosity of temper. When a person gives himself the liberty to range and run over in his thoughts the different geniuses of men which he meets in the world, one cannot but observe, that most of the indirection and artifice, which is used among men, does not proceed so much from a degeneracy in nature, as an affectation of appearing men of consequence by such practices. By *this* means it is, that a cunning man is so far from being ashamed of being esteemed such, that he secretly rejoices in it. It has been a sort of maxim, that the greatest art is to conceal art; but I know not how, among some people we meet with,

their greatest cunning is to appear cunning. There is Polypragmon makes it the whole business of his life to be thought a cunning fellow, and thinks it a much greater character to be terrible than agreeable. When it has once entered into a man's head to have an ambition to be thought crafty, all other evils are necessary consequences. To deceive is the immediate endeavour of him, who is proud of the capacity of doing it. It is certain, Polypragmon does all the ill he possibly can, but pretends to much more than he performs. He is contented in his own thoughts, and hugs himself in his closet, that though he is locked up there, and doing nothing, the world does not know but that he is doing mischief. To favour this suspicion, he gives half-looks and shrugs in his general behaviour, to give you to understand that you do not know what he means. He is also wonderfully adverbial in his expressions, and breaks off with a "Perhaps" and a nod of the head upon matters of the most indifferent nature. It is a mighty practice with men of this genius to avoid frequent appearance in public, and to be as mysterious as possible when they do come into company. There is nothing to be done, according to them, in the common way; and let the matter in hand be what it will, it must be carried with an air of importance, and transacted, if we may so speak, with an ostentatious secrecy. These are your persons of long-heads, who would fain make the world believe their thoughts and ideas are very much superior to their neighbours; and do not value what these their neighbours think of them, provided they do not reckon them fools. These have such a romantic touch in business, that they hate to perform any thing like other men. Were it in their choice, they had rather bring their purposes to bear by over-reaching the persons they deal with,

than by a plain and simple manner. They make difficulties for the honour of surmounting them. Polypragmon is eternally busied after this manner, with no other prospect, than that he is in hopes to be thought the most cunning of all men, and fears the imputation of want of understanding much more than that of the abuse of it. But, alas! how contemptible is such an ambition, which is the very reverse of all that is truly laudable, and the very contradiction to the only means to a just reputation, simplicity of manners! Cunning can in no circumstance imaginable be a quality worthy a man except in his own defence, and merely to conceal himself from such as are so; and in such cases, it is no longer craft, but wisdom. The monstrous affectation of being thought artful immediately kills all thoughts of humanity and goodness; and gives men a sense of the soft affections and impulses of the mind, which are imprinted in us for our mutual advantage and succour, as of mere weaknesses and follies. According to the men of cunning, you are to put off the nature of man as fast as you can, and acquire that of a *dæmon;* as if it were a more eligible character to be a powerful enemy, than an able friend. But it ought to be a mortification to men affected this way, that there wants but little more than instinct to be considerable in it; for when a man has arrived at being very bad in his inclination, he has not much more to do but to conceal himself, and he may revenge, cheat, and deceive, without much employment for understanding, and go on with great cheerfulness with the high applause of being a prodigious cunning fellow. But, indeed, when we arrive at the pitch of false taste, as not to think cunning a contemptible quality, it is, methinks, a very great injustice that pick-pockets are had in so little veneration; who

must be admirably well turned, not only for the theoretic, but also the practical behaviour of cunning fellows. After all the endeavours of this family of men whom we call cunning, their whole work falls to pieces, if others will lay down all esteem for such artifices; and treat it as an unmanly quality, which they forbear to practise, only because they abhor it. When the spider is ranging in the different apartments of his web, it is true, that he only can weave so fine a thread; but it is in the power of the merest drone that has wings, to fly through and destroy it.

Will's Coffee-house, June 28.

Though the taste of wit and pleasure is at present but very low in this town, yet there are some that preserve their relish undebauched with common impressions, and can distinguish between reality and imposture. A gentleman was saying here this evening, that he would go to the play to-morrow night, to see heroism as it has been represented by some of our tragedians, represented in burlesque. It seems, the play of Alexander is to be then turned into ridicule for its bombast, and other false ornaments in the thoughts as well as the language. The bluster Alexander makes is as much inconsistent with the character of an hero, as the roughness of Clytus, an instance of the sincerity of a bold artless soldier. To be plain is not to be rude, but rather inclines a man to civility and deference; not indeed to show it in the gestures of the body, but in the sentiments of the mind. It is, among other things, from the impertinent figures unskilful dramatists draw of the characters of men, that youth are bewildered and prejudiced in their sense of the world, of which they have no notions but what they draw from books and such representations. Thus talk to

a very young man, let him be of never so good sense, and he shall smile when you speak of sincerity in a courtier, good sense in a soldier, or honesty in a politician. The reason of this is, that you hardly see one play, wherein each of these ways of life is not drawn by hands that know nothing of any one of them; and the truth is so far of the opposite side to what they paint, that it is more impracticable to live in esteem in courts than any where else without sincerity. Good sense is the great requisite in a soldier, and honesty the only thing that can support a politician. This way of thinking made the gentleman, of whom I was just now speaking, say, he was glad any one had taken upon him to depreciate such unnatural fustian as the tragedy of Alexander. The character of that prince indeed was, that he was unequal, and given to intemperance; but in his sober moments, when he had the precepts of his great instructor warm in his imagination, he was a pattern of generous thoughts and dispositions, in opposition to the strongest desires which are incident to a youth and conqueror. But instead of representing that hero in the glorious character of generosity and chastity, in his treatment of the beauteous family of Darius, he is drawn all along as a monster of lust, or of cruelty; as if the way to raise him to the degree of an hero, were to make his character as little like that of a worthy man as possible. Such rude and indigested draughts of things are the proper objects of ridicule and contempt; and depreciating Alexander, as we have him drawn, is the only way of restoring him to what he was in himself. It is well contrived of the players, to let this part be followed by a true picture of life, in the comedy called, "The Chances," wherein Don John and Constantia are acted to the utmost perfection. There need

not be a greater instance of the force of action than in many incidents of this play, where indifferent passages, and such as conduce only to the tacking of the scenes together, are enlivened with such an agreeable gesture and behaviour, as apparently shows what a play might be, though it is not wholly what a play should be.

N° 192. SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1710.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum abeam libens.
HOR. 3 Od. ix. ver. ult.

——Gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.
FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, June 30.

SOME years since I was engaged with a coach-full of friends to take a journey as far as the Land's End. We were very well pleased with one another the first day; every one endeavouring to recommend himself by his good humour, and complaisance to the rest of the company. This good correspondence did not last long; one of our party was soured the very first evening by a plate of butter which had not been melted to his mind, and which spoiled his temper to such a degree, that he continued upon the fret to the end of our journey. A second fell off from his good humour the next morning, for no other reason, that I could imagine,

but because I chanced to step into the coach before him, and place myself on the shady side. This, however, was but my own private guess; for he did not mention a word of it, nor indeed of any thing else, for three days following. The rest of our company held out very near half the way, when on a sudden Mr. Sprightly fell asleep; and instead of endeavouring to divert and oblige us, as he had hitherto done, carried himself with an unconcerned, careless, drowsy behaviour, until we came to our last stage. There were three of us who still held up our heads, and did all we could to make our journey agreeable; but, to my shame be it spoken, about three miles on this side of Exeter, I was taken with an unaccountable fit of sullenness, that hung upon me for above threescore miles; whether it were for want of respect, or from an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a foolish maid's calling me "The old gentleman," I cannot tell. In short, there was but one who kept his good humour to the Land's End.

There was another coach that went along with us, in which I likewise observed, that there were many secret jealousies, heart-burnings, and animosities: for when we joined companies at night, I could not but take notice that the passengers neglected their own company, and studied how to make themselves esteemed by us, who were altogether strangers to them; until at length they grew so well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflect upon this journey, I often fancy it to be a picture of human life, in respect to the several friendships, contracts, and alliances, that are made and dissolved in the several periods of it. The most delightful and most lasting engagements are generally those which pass between man and woman; and yet upon what

trifles are they weakened, or entirely broken! Sometimes the parties fly asunder even in the midst of courtship, and sometimes grow cool in the very honey-month. Some separate before the first child, and some after the fifth; others continue good until thirty, others until forty; while some few, whose souls are of an happier make, and better fitted to one another, travel on together to the end of their journey in a continual intercourse of kind offices, and mutual endearments.

When we therefore choose our companions for life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselves in good humour to the last stage of it, we must be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as in the conduct on our own part. When the persons to whom we join ourselves can stand an examination, and bear the scrutiny; when they mend upon our acquaintance with them, and discover new beauties, the more we search into their characters; our love will naturally rise in proportion to their perfections.

But because there are very few possessed of such accomplishments of body and mind, we ought to look after those qualifications both in ourselves and others which are indispensably necessary towards this happy union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate and improve. These, in my opinion, are cheerfulness and constancy. A cheerful temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity; and render deformity itself agreeable.

Constancy is natural to persons of even tempers and uniform dispositions, and may be acquired by those of the greatest fickleness, violence, and

passion, who consider seriously the terms of union upon which they come together, the mutual interest in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderness and compassion towards those, who have their dependence upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the same state of happiness or misery. Constancy, when it grows in the mind upon considerations of this nature, becomes a moral virtue, and a kind of good-nature, that is not subject to any change of health, age, fortune, or any of those accidents, which are apt to unsettle the best dispositions that are founded rather in constitution than in reason. Where such a constancy as this is wanting, the most inflamed passion may fall away into coldness and indifference, and the most melting tenderness degenerate into hatred and aversion. I shall conclude this paper with a story, that is very well known in the north of England.

About thirty years ago, a packet-boat that had several passengers on board was cast away upon a rock, and in so great danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could; though only those who could swim well had a bare possibility of doing it. Among the passengers there were two women of fashion, who, seeing themselves in such a disconsolate condition, begged of their husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his wife, than to forsake her; the other, though he was moved with the utmost compassion for his wife, told her "that for the good of their children, it was better one of them should live, than both perish." By a great piece of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of our good men had taken the last and long farewell in order to save himself, and the other held in his arms the person that was

dearer to him than life, the ship was preserved. It is with a secret sorrow and vexation of mind that I must tell the sequel of the story, and let my reader know, that this faithful pair, who were ready to have died in each other's arms, about three years after their escape, upon some trifling disgust grew to a coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other couple lived together in an uninterrupted friendship and felicity; and what was remarkable, the husband, whom the shipwreck had like to have separated from his wife, died a few months after her, not being able to survive the loss of her.

I must confess, there is something in the changeableness and inconstancy of human nature, that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this principle in me, how can I assure myself that I shall always be true to my God, my friend, or myself? In short, without *constancy* there is neither love, friendship, nor virtue in the world.

N° 193. TUESDAY, JULY 4, 1710.

Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis;
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus & hospes;
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 312.

The Poet, who with wild discernment knows
What to his country and his friends he owes;
How various nature warms the human breast,
To love the parent, brother, friend, or guest,—
He surely knows, with nice, well-judging art,
The strokes peculiar to each different part.

FRANCIS.

Will's Coffee-house, July 3.

I HAVE of late received many epistles, wherein the writers treat me as a mercenary person, for some little hints concerning matters which, they think, I should not have touched upon but for sordid considerations. It is apparent that my motive could not be of that kind; for when a man declares himself openly on one side, that party will take no more notice of him, because he is sure; and the set of men whom he declares against, for the same reason, are violent against him. Thus it is folly in a plain-dealer to expect, that either his friends will reward him, or his enemies forgive him. For which reason, I thought it was the shortest way to impartiality, to put myself beyond further hopes or fears, by declaring myself at a time when the dispute is not about persons and parties, but things and causes. To relieve myself from the vexation which

naturally attends such reflections, I came hither this evening to give my thoughts quite a new turn, and converse with men of pleasure and wit, rather than those of business and intrigue. I had hardly entered the room when I was accosted by Mr. Thomas Dogget, who desired my favour in relation to the play which was to be acted for his benefit on Thursday. He pleased me in saying it was "The Old Bachelor," in which comedy there is a necessary circumstance observed by the author, which most other poets either overlook or do not understand, that is to say, the distinction of characters. It is very ordinary with writers to indulge a certain modesty of believing all men as witty as themselves, and making all the persons of the play speak the sentiments of the author, without any manner of respect to the age, fortune, or quality, of him that is on the stage. Ladies talk like rakes, and footmen make similes: but this writer knows men; which makes his plays reasonable entertainments, while the scenes of most others are like the tunes between the acts. They are perhaps agreeable sounds; but they have no ideas affixed to them. Dogget thanked me for my visit to him in the winter; and, after his comic manner, spoke his request with so arch a leer, that I promised the droll I would speak to all my acquaintance to be at his play.

Whatever the world may think of the actors, whether it be that their parts have an effect on their lives, or whatever it is, you see a wonderful benevolence among them towards the interests and necessities of each other. Dogget therefore would not let me go, without delivering me a letter from poor old Downs, *the prompter*, wherein that retainer to the theatre desires my advice and assistance

in a matter of concern to him. I have sent him my private opinion for his conduct; but the stage and state affairs being so much canvassed by parties and factions, I shall for some time hereafter take leave of subjects which relate to either of them; and employ my cares in the consideration of matters which regard that part of mankind, who live without interesting themselves with the troubles and pleasures of either. However, for a mere notion of the present posture of the stage, I shall give you the letter at large as follows:

"HONOURED SIR, July 1, 1710.

"Finding by divers of your late Papers, that you are a friend to the profession of which I was many years an unworthy member, I the rather make bold to crave your advice touching a proposal that has been lately made of me coming again into business, and the sub-administration of stage affairs. I have, from my youth, been bred up behind the curtain, and been a prompter from the time of the Restoration. I have seen many changes, as well of scenes as of actors; and have known men within my remembrance arrive to the highest dignities of the theatre, who made their entrance in the quality of mutes, joint-stools, flower-pots, and tapestry hangings. It cannot be unknown to the nobility and gentry, that a gentleman of the inns of court*, and a deep intriguer, had some time since worked himself into the sole management and direction of the theatre. Nor is it less notorious, that his restless ambition, and subtle machinations, did manifestly tend to the extirpation of the good old British actors, and the introduction of foreign pretenders; such as Harlequins, French dancers, and Roman

* Christopher Rich.

singers; who, though they impoverished the proprietors, and imposed on the audience, were for some time tolerated, by reason of his dextrous insinuations, which prevailed upon a few deluded women, especially *the Vizard Masks*, to believe that the stage was in danger. But his schemes were soon exposed; and the great ones that supported him withdrawing their favour, he made his *exit*, and remained for a season in obscurity. During this retreat the Machiavelian was not idle; but secretly fomented divisions, and wrought over to his side some of the inferior actors, reserving a trap-door to himself, to which only he had a key. This entrance secured, this cunning person, to complete his company, bethought himself of calling in the most eminent strollers from all parts of the kingdom. I have seen them all ranged together behind the scenes; but they are many of them persons that never trod the stage before, and so very awkward and ungainly, that it is impossible to believe the audience will bear them. He was looking over his catalogue of plays, and indeed picked up a good tolerable set of grave faces for counsellors, to appear in the famous scene of 'Venice Preserved,' when the danger is over; but they being but mere outsides, and the actors having a great mind to play 'The Tempest,' there is not a man of them, when he is to perform any thing above dumb show, is capable of acting with a good grace so much as the part of Trinculo. However, the master persists in his design, and is fitting up the old storm; but I am afraid he will not be able to procure able sailors or experienced officers for love or money.

"Besides all this, when he comes to cast the parts, there is so great a confusion among them for want of proper actors, that for my part I am

wholly discouraged. The play with which they design to open is, 'The Duke and no Duke;' and they are so put to it, that the master himself is to act the Conjuror, and they have no one for the General but honest George Powell.

"Now, Sir, they being so much at a loss for the *Dramatis Personæ*, viz. the persons to enact, and the whole frame of the house being designed to be altered, I desire your opinion, whether you think it advisable for me to undertake to prompt them? For though I can clash swords when they represent a battle, and have yet lungs enough left to huzza their victories, I question, if I should prompt them right, whether they would act accordingly. I am

Your honour's most humble servant,

J. DOWNS."

"P.S. Sir, since I writ this, I am credibly informed, that they design a new house in Lincoln's-inn-fields, near the Popish chapel, to be ready by Michaelmas next; which indeed is but repairing an old one that has already failed. You know, the honest man who kept the office is gone already."

N° 194. THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1710.

Militat omnis amans. Ovid. Amor. El. ix. ver. 1.

The toils of love require a warrior's art,
And every lover plays a soldier's part.

R. Wynne.

From my own Apartment, July 5.

I was this morning reading the tenth canto in the fourth book of Spenser, in which Sir Scudamore relates the progress of his courtship to Amoret under a very beautiful allegory, which is one of the most natural and unmixed of any in that most excellent author. I shall transprose it, to use Mr. Bayes's term, for the benefit of many English Lovers, who have, by frequent letters, desired me to lay down some rules for the conduct of their virtuous amours; and shall only premise, that by the *Shield of Love* is meant a generous, constant passion for the person beloved.

"When the fame," says he, "of this celebrated beauty first flew abroad, I went in pursuit of her to the Temple of Love. This temple," continues he, "bore the name of the goddess Venus, and was seated in a most fruitful island, walled by nature against all invaders. There was a single bridge that led into the island, and before it a castle garrisoned by twenty knights—Near the castle was an open plain, and in the midst of it a pillar, on which was hung the *Shield of Love;* and underneath it, in letters of gold, was this inscription:

" Happy the man who well can use his bliss;
" Whose ever be the shield, fair Amoret be his.

" My heart panted upon reading the inscription: I struck upon the shield with my spear. Immediately issued forth a knight well mounted, and completely armed, who, without speaking, ran fiercely at me. I received him as well as I could, and by good fortune threw him out of the saddle. I encountered the whole twenty successively, and, leaving them all extended on the plain, carried off the shield in token of victory. Having thus vanquished my rivals, I passed on without impediment, until I came to the utmost gate of the bridge, which I found locked and barred. I knocked and called; but could get no answer. At last I saw one on the other side of the gate, who stood peeping through a small crevice. This was the porter; he had a double face resembling a Janus, and was continually looking about him, as if he mistrusted some sudden danger. His name, as I afterwards learned, was Doubt. Overagainst him sat Delay, who entertained passengers with some idle story, while they lost such opportunities as were never to be recovered. As soon as the porter saw my shield, he opened the gate; but upon my entering, Delay caught hold of me, and would fain have made me listen to her fooleries. However, I shook her off, and passed forward, until I came to the second gate, 'The Gate of good Desert,' which always stood wide open, but in the porch was an hideous giant, that stopped the entrance; his name was Danger. Many warriors of good reputation, not able to bear the sternness of his look, went back again. Cowards fled at the first sight of him; except some few, who, watching their opportunity, slipt by him unobserved. I prepared to assault him; but upon the

first sight of my shield, he immediately gave way. Looking back upon him, I found his hinder parts much more deformed and terrible than his face; Hatred, Murder, Treason, Envy, and Detraction, lying in ambush behind him, to fall upon the heedless and unwary.

"I now entered the 'Island of Love,' which appeared in all the beauties of art and nature, and feasted every sense with the most agreeable objects. Amidst a pleasing variety of walks and alleys, shady seats and flowery banks, sunny hills, and gloomy valleys, were thousands of lovers sitting, or walking together in pairs, and singing hymns to the deity of the place.

"I could not forbear envying this happy people, who were already in possession of all they could desire. While I went forward to the temple, the structure was beautiful beyond imagination. The gate stood open. In the entrance sat a most amiable woman, whose name was Concord.

"On either side of her stood two young men, both strongly armed, as if afraid of each other. As I afterwards learned, they were both her sons, but begotten of her by two different fathers; their names Love and Hatred.

"The lady so well tempered and reconciled them both, that she forced them to join hands; though I could not but observe, that Hatred turned aside his face, as not able to endure the sight of his younger brother.

"I at length entered the inmost temple, the roof of which was raised upon an hundred marble pillars, decked with crowns, chains, and garlands. The ground was strewed with flowers. An hundred altars, at each of which stood a virgin priestess clothed in white, blazed all at once with the sacrifice of

lovers, who were perpetually sending up their vows to heaven in clouds of incense.

"In the midst stood the Goddess herself upon an altar whose substance was neither gold nor stone, but infinitely more precious than either. About her neck flew numberless flocks of little Loves, Joys, and Graces; and all about her altar lay scattered heaps of lovers, complaining of the disdain, pride, or treachery of their mistresses. One among the rest, no longer able to contain his griefs, broke out into the following prayer:

"'Venus, queen of grace and beauty, joy of gods and men, who with a smile becalmest the seas, and renewest all nature; Goddess, whom all the different species in the universe obey with joy and pleasure, grant that I may at last obtain the object of my vows.'

"The impatient lover pronounced this with great vehemence; but I, in a soft murmur, besought the Goddess to lend me her assistance. While I was thus praying, I chanced to cast my eye on a company of ladies, who were assembled together in a corner of the temple waiting for the anthem.

"The foremost seemed something elder and of a more composed countenance than the rest, who all appeared to be under her direction. Her name was Womanhood. On one side of her sat Shamefacedness, with blushes rising in her cheeks, and her eyes fixed on the ground; on the other was Cheerfulness, with a smiling look, that infused a secret pleasure into the hearts of all who saw her. With these sat Modesty, holding her hand on her heart: Courtesy, with a grateful aspect, and obliging behaviour: and the two sisters, who were always linked together and resembled each other, Silence and Obedience.

Thus sat they all around in seemly rate,
And in the midst of them a godly maid,
E'en in the lap of Womanhood there sate,
The which was all in lily white array'd;
Where silver streams among the linen stray'd,
Like to the morn, when first her shining face
Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd.
That same was fairest Amoret in place,
Shining with beauty's light, and heavenly virtue's grace.

"As soon as I beheld the charming Amoret, my heart throbbed with hopes. I stepped to her, and seized her hand; when Womanhood immediately rising up, sharply rebuked me for offering in so rude a manner to lay hold on a virgin. I excused myself as modestly as I could; and at the same time displayed my shield: upon which, as soon as she beheld the God emblazoned with his bow and shafts, she was struck mute, and instantly retired.

"I still held fast the fair Amoret; and turning my eyes towards the Goddess of the place, saw that she favoured my pretensions with a smile, which so emboldened me that I carried off my prize.

"The maid, sometimes with tears, sometimes with smiles, intreated me to let her go: but I led her through the temple gate, where the Goddess Concord, who had favoured my entrance, befriended my retreat."

This allegory is so natural, that it explains itself. The persons in it are very artfully described, and disposed in proper places. The posts assigned to Doubt, Delay, and Danger, are admirable. *The gate* of Good Desert has something noble and instructive in it. But above all I am most pleased with the beautiful groupe of figures in the corner of the temple. Among these Womanhood is drawn like what the philosophers call an *Universal Nature*, and

is attended with beautiful representatives of all those virtues that are the ornaments of the female sex, considered in its natural perfection and innocence.

N° 195. SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1710.

Grecian Coffee-house, July 7.

THE learned world are very much offended at many of my ratiocinations, and have but a very mean opinion of me as a politician. The reason of this is, that some erroneously conceive a talent for politics to consist in the regard to a man's own interest; but I am of quite another mind, and think the first and essential quality towards being a statesman is to have a public spirit. One of the gentlemen who are out of humour with me imputes my falling into a way, wherein I am so very awkward, to a barrenness of invention; and has the charity to lay new matter before me for the future. He is at the bottom my friend; but is at a loss to know whether I am a fool or a physician, and is pleased to expostulate with me with relation to the latter. He falls heavy upon licentiates, and seems to point more particularly at us who are not regularly of the faculty. But since he has been so civil to me, as to meddle only with those who are employed no further than about men's lives, and not reflected upon me as of the astrological sect, who concern ourselves about lives and fortunes also, I am not so much hurt as to stifle any part of his fond letter.

" SIR,

" I am afraid there is something in the suspicions of some people, that you begin to be short of matter for your Lucubrations. Though several of them now and then did appear somewhat dull and insipid to me, I was always charitably inclined to believe the fault lay in myself, and that I wanted the true key to decypher your mysteries; and remember your advertisement upon this account. But since I have seen you fall into an unpardonable error, yea, with a relapse; I mean, since I have seen you turn politician in the present unhappy dissensions, I have begun to stagger, and could not choose but lessen the great value I had for the Censor of our isle. How is it possible that a man, whom interest did naturally lead to a constant impartiality in these matters, and who hath wit enough to judge that his opinion was not like to make many proselytes; how is it possible, I say, that a little passion, for I have still too good an opinion of you to think you was bribed by the *staggering* party, could blind you so far as to offend the very *better half* of the nation, and to lessen off so much the number of your friends? Mr. Morphew will not have cause to thank you, unless you give over, and endeavour to regain what you have lost. There are still a great many themes you have left untouched: such as the ill management of matters relating to law and physic; the setting down rules for knowing the quacks in both professions. What a large field is left in discovering the abuses of the college, who had a charter and privileges granted them to hinder the creeping in and prevailing of quacks and pretenders; and yet grant licences to barbers, and write letters of recommendation in the country towns, out of the reach of their practice, in favour of mere boys; valuing the health and lives

of their countrymen no farther than they get money by them. You have said very little or nothing about the dispensation of justice in town and country, where clerks are the counsellors to their masters.

"But as I cannot expect that the Censor of Great-Britain should publish a letter, whereiu he is censured with too much reason himself; yet I hope you will be the better for it, and think upon the themes I have mentioned, which must certainly be of greater service to the world, yourself, and Mr. Morphew, than to let us know whether you are a Whig or a Tory. I am still your admirer and servant,

CATO JUNIOR."

This gentleman and I differ from the words *staggering* and *better part;* but instead of answering to the particulars of this epistle, I shall only acquaint my correspondent, that I am at present forming my thoughts upon the foundation of Sir Scudamore's progress in Spenser, which has led me from all other amusements to consider the state of Love in this island; and from the corruptions in the government of that to deduce the chief evils of life. In the meantime that I am thus employed, I have given positive orders to Don Saltero of Chelsea, the tooth-drawer, and Doctor Thomas Smith, the corn-cutter of King-street, Westminster, who have the modesty to confine their pretensions to manual operations, to bring me in, with all convenient speed, complete lists of all who are but of equal learning with themselves, and yet administer physic beyond the feet and gums. These advices I shall reserve for my future leisure; but have now taken a resolution to dedicate the remaining part of this instant July to the service of the fair sex, and have almost finished a scheme for settling the whole remainder of that sex who are unmarried, and above the age of twenty-five.

In order to this good and public service, I shall consider the passion of Love in its full extent, as it is attended both with joys and inquietudes; and lay down, for the conduct of my Lovers, such rules as shall banish the cares, and heighten the pleasures, which flow from that amiable spring of life and happiness. There is no less than an absolute necessity, that some provision be made to take off the dead stock of women in city, town, and country. Let there happen but the least disorder in the streets, and in an instant you see the inequality of the numbers of males and females. Besides that the feminine crowd on such occasions is more numerous in the open way, you may observe them also to the very garrets huddled together, four at least at a casement. Add to this, that by an exact calculation of all that have come to town by *stage-coach or waggon* for this twelvemonth past, three times in four the treated persons have been males. This over-stock of beauty, for which there are so few bidders, calls for an immediate supply of lovers and husbands; and I am the studious knight-errant, who have suffered long nocturnal contemplations to find out methods for the relief of all British females, who at present seem to be devoted to involuntary virginity. The scheme, upon which I design to act, I have communicated to none but a beauteous young lady, who has for some time left the town, in the following letter:

TO AMANDA IN KENT.

"MADAM,

"I send with this, my discourse of ways and means for encouraging marriage, and repeopling the island. You will soon observe that, according to these rules, the mean considerations, which make

beauty and merit cease to be the objects of love and courtship, will be fully exploded. I have unanswerably proved, that jointures and settlements are the bane of happiness; and not only so, but the ruin even of their fortunes who enter into them. I beg of you therefore to come to town upon the receipt of this, where, I promise you, you shall have as many lovers as toasters; for there needed nothing but to make men's interests fall in with their inclinations to render you the most courted of your sex. As many as love you will now be willing to marry you. Hasten then, and be the honourable mistress of mankind. Cassander, and many others, stand in *The gate of good desert* to receive you.

"I am, Madam,

"Your most obedient, most humble servant,

"ISAAC BICKERSTAFF."

N° 196. TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1710.

Dulcis inexperto cultura potentis amici,
Expertus metuit.———

HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 86.

Untry'd, how sweet a court attendance!
When try'd, how dreadful the dependance!

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, July 10.

THE intended course of my studies was altered this evening by a visit from an old acquaintance, who complained to me, mentioning one upon whom he

had long depended, that he found his labour and perseverance in his patron's service and interests wholly ineffectual; and he thought now, after his best years were spent in a professed adherence to him and his fortunes, he should in the end be forced to break with him, and give over all further expectations from him. He sighed, and ended his discourse, by saying, "You, Mr. Censor, some time ago, gave us your thoughts of the behaviour of great men to their creditors. This sort of demand upon them, for what they invite men to expect, is a debt of honour; which according to custom they ought to be most careful of paying, and would be a worthy subject for a Lucubration."

Of all men living, I think, I am the most proper to treat of this matter; because, in the character and employment of Censor, I have had encouragement so infinitely above my desert, that what I say cannot possibly be supposed to arise from peevishness, or any disappointment in that kind, which I myself have met with. When we consider Patrons and their Clients, *those who receive addresses and those who are addressed to*, it must not be understood that the Dependents are such as are worthless in their natures, abandoned to any vice or dishonour, or such as without a call thrust themselves upon men in power; nor when we say Patrons, do we mean such as have it not in their power, or have no obligation, to assist their friends; but we speak of such leagues where there are power and obligation on the one part, and merit and expectation on the other. Were we to be very particular on this subject, I take it, that the division of Patron and Client may include a third part of our nation. The want of merit and real worth will strike out about ninety-nine in the hundred of these; and want of ability in the Patron will dispose of as many of that order. He who out of

mere vanity to be applied to, will take up another's time and fortune in his service, where he has no prospect of returning it, is as much more unjust, as those who took up my friend the *Upholder's* goods without paying him for them; I say he is as much more unjust, as our life and time is more valuable than our goods and moveables. Among many whom you see about the great, there is a contented well-pleased set, who seem to like the attendance for its own sake, and are early at the abodes of the powerful, out of mere fashion. This sort of vanity is as well grounded, as if a man should lay aside his own plain suit, and dress himself up in a gay livery of another.

There are many of this species who exclude others of just expectations, and make those proper dependents appear impatient, because they are not so cheerful as those who expect nothing. I have made use of the penny-post for the instruction of these voluntary slaves, and informed them, that they will never be provided for; but they double their diligence upon admonition. Will Afterday has told his friends, that he was to have the next thing, these ten years; and Harry Linger has been fourteen, within a month, of a considerable office. However the fantastic complaisance which is paid to them, may blind the great from seeing themselves in a just light; they must needs, if they in the least reflect, at some times, have a sense of the injustice they do in raising in others a false expectation. But this is so common a practice in all the stages of power, that there are not more cripples come out of the wars, than from the attendance of Patrons. You see in one a settled melancholy, in another a bridled rage; a third has lost his memory, and a fourth his whole constitution and humour. In a word, when you see a particular cast of mind or body, which looks a

little upon the distracted, you may be sure the poor gentleman has formerly had great friends. For this reason I have thought it a prudent thing to take a nephew of mine out of a lady's service, where he was a page, and have bound him to a shoemaker.

But what, of all the humours under the sun, is the most pleasant to consider is, that you see some men lay, as it were, a set of acquaintance by them, to converse with when they are out of employment, who had no effect of their power when they were in. Here Patrons and Clients both make the most fantastical figure imaginable. Friendship indeed is most manifested in adversity; but I do not know how to behave myself to a man, who thinks me his friend at no other time but that. Dick Reptile of our club had this in his head the other night, when he said, "I am afraid of ill news, when I am visited by any of my old friends." These Patrons are a little like some fine gentlemen, who spend all their hours of gaiety with their wenches, but when they fall sick will let no one come near them but their wives. It seems, truth and honour are companions too sober for prosperity. It is certainly the most black ingratitude, to accept of a man's best endeavours to be pleasing to you, and return it with indifference.

I am so much of this mind, that Dick Eastcourt the comedian, for coming one night to our club, though he laughed at us all the time he was there, shall have our company at his play on Thursday. A man of talents is to be favoured, or never admitted. Let the ordinary world truck for money and wares; but men of spirit and conversation should in every kind do others as much pleasure as they receive from them. But men are so taken up with outward forms, that they do not consider their actions; else how should it be, that a man should deny that to the entreaties, and almost tears of an old friend, which

he shall solicit a new one to accept of? I remember, when I first came out of Staffordshire, I had an intimacy with a man of quality, in whose gift there fell a very good employment. All the town cried, "There's a thing for Mr. Bickerstaff!" when, to my great astonishment, I found my Patron had been forced upon twenty artifices to surprise a man with it who never thought of it: but sure, it is a degree of murder to amuse men with vain hopes. If a man takes away another's life, where is the difference, whether he does it by taking away the minutes of his time, or the drops of his blood? But indeed, such as have hearts barren of kindness are served accordingly by those whom they employ; and pass their lives away with an empty show of civility for love, and an insipid intercourse of a commerce in which their affections are no way concerned. But on the other side, how beautiful is the life of a Patron who performs his duty to his inferiors! A worthy merchant who employs a crowd of artificers! a great lord, who is generous and merciful to the several necessities of his tenants! a courtier, who uses his credit and power for the welfare of his friends! These have in their several stations a quick relish of the exquisite pleasure of doing good. In a word, good Patrons are like the *Guardian Angels* of Plato, who are ever busy, though unseen, in the care of their wards; but ill Patrons are like the *Deities* of Epicurus, supine, indolent, and unconcerned, though they see mortals in storms and tempests, even while they are offering incense to their power.

N° 197. THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1710.

Semper ego auditor tantum? Juv. Sat. i. 1.

Still shall I only hear?——— Dryden.

Grecian Coffee-house, July 12.

When I came hither this evening, the man of the house delivered me a book, very finely bound. When I received it, I overheard one of the boys whisper another, and say, "it was a fine thing to be a great scholar! what a pretty book that is!" It has indeed a very gay outside, and is dedicated to me by a very ingenious gentleman, who does not put his name to it. The title of it, for the work is in Latin, is "Epistolarum Obscurorum Virorum, ad Dm. M. Ortuinum Gratium, Volumina II. &c" "Epistles of the obscure Writers to Ortuinus*, &c." The purpose of the work is signified in the dedication, in very elegant language, and fine raillery. It seems, this is a collection of letters which some profound blockheads, who lived before our times, have written in honour of each other, and for their mutual information in each other's absurdities. They are mostly of the German nation, whence, from time to time, inundations of writers have flowed, more pernicious to the learned world, than the swarms of Goths and Vandals to the politic. It is, methinks,

* The elegant edition of the celebrated book here mentioned, is in 12mo. and dedicated "Isaaco Bickerstaff, *Armigero*, Magnæ Britanniæ Censori."

wonderful, that fellows could be awake, and utter such incoherent conceptions, and converse with great gravity, like learned men, without the least taste of knowledge or good sense. It would have been an endless labour to have taken any other method of exposing such impertinences, than by an edition of their own works: where you see their follies, according to the ambition of such *virtuosi*, in a most correct edition.

Looking over these accomplished labours, I could not but reflect upon the immense load of writings which the commonalty of scholars have pushed into the world, and the absurdity of parents, who educate crowds to spend their time in pursuit of such cold and spiritless endeavours to appear in public. It seems therefore a fruitless labour, to attempt the correction of the taste of our contemporaries; except it was in our power to burn all the senseless labours of our ancestors. There is a secret propensity in nature, from generation to generation, in the blockheads of one age to admire those of another; and men of the same imperfections are as great admirers of each other, as those of the same abilities.

This great mischief of voluminous follies proceeds from a misfortune which happens in all ages, that men of barren geniuses, but fertile imaginations, are bred scholars. This may at first appear a paradox; but when we consider the talking creatures we meet in public places, it will no longer be such. Ralph Shallow is a young fellow, that has not by nature any the least propensity to strike into what has not been observed and said, every day of his life, by others; but with that inability of speaking any thing that is uncommon, he has a great readiness at what he can speak of, and his imagination runs into all the different views of the subject he treats of in a moment.

If Ralph had learning added to the common chit-chat of the town, he would have been a disputant upon all topics that ever were considered by men of his own genius. As for my part, I never am teased by any empty-town fellow, but I bless my stars that he was not bred a scholar. This addition, we must consider, would have made him capable of maintaining his follies. His being in the wrong would have been protected by suitable arguments; and when he was hedged in by logical terms, and false appearances, you must have owned yourself convinced before you could then have got rid of him, and the shame of his triumph had been added to the pain of his impertinence.

There is a sort of littleness in the minds of men of strong sense, which makes them much more insufferable than mere fools, and has the further inconvenience of being attended by an endless loquacity. For which reason, it would be a very proper work, if some well-wisher to human society would consider the terms upon which people meet in public places, in order to prevent the unseasonable declamations which we meet with there. I remember, in my youth, it was an humour at the university, when a fellow pretended to be more eloquent than ordinary, and had formed to himself a plot to gain all our admiration, or triumph over us with an argument, to either of which he had no manner of call; I say, in either of these cases, it was the humour to shut one eye. This whimsical way of taking notice to him of his absurdity, has prevented many a man from being a coxcomb. If amongst us, on such an occasion, each man offered a voluntary rhetorician some snuff, it would probably produce the same effect. As the matter now stands, whether a man will or not, he is obliged to be informed in whatever ano-

ther pleases to entertain him with; though the preceptor makes these advances out of vanity, and not to instruct, but insult him.

There is no man will allow him who wants courage to be called a soldier; but men, who want good sense, are very frequently not only allowed to be scholars, but esteemed for being such. At the same time it must be granted, that as courage is the natural parts of a soldier, so is a good understanding of a scholar. Such little minds as these whose productions are collected in the volume to which I have the honour to be Patron, are the instruments for artful men to work with; and become popular with the unthinking part of mankind. In courts, they make transparent flatterers; in camps, ostentatious bullies; in colleges, unintelligible pedants; and their faculties are used accordingly by those who lead them.

When a man who wants judgment is admitted into the conversation of reasonable men, he shall remember such improper circumstances, and draw such groundless conclusions from their discourse, and that with such colour of sense, as would divide the best set of company that can be got together. It is just thus with a fool who has a familiarity with books; he shall quote and recite one author against another, in such a manner as shall puzzle the best understanding to refute him; though the most ordinary capacity may observe, that it is only ignorance that makes the intricacy. All the true use of what we call learning is to ennoble and improve our natural faculties, and not to disguise our imperfections. It is therefore in vain for folly to attempt to conceal itself, by the refuge of learned languages. Literature does but make a man more eminently the thing which nature made him; and Polyglottes, had he

studied less than he has, and writ only in his mother-tongue, had been known only in Great-Britain for a pedant.

*** Mr. Bickerstaff thanks Dorinda, and will both answer her letter, and take her advice.

N° 198. SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1710.

Quale sit id quod amas celeri circumspice mente,
Et tua læsuro substrahe colla jugo.
Ovid. Rem. Amor. i. 89.

On your choice deliberate, nor rashly yield
A willing neck to Hymen's galling yoke.

From my own Apartment, July 14.

THE HISTORY OF CÆLIA.

It is not necessary to look back into the first years of this young lady, whose story is of consequence only as her life has lately met with passages very uncommon. She is now in the twentieth year of her age, and owes a strict but cheerful education, to the care of an aunt; to whom she was recommended by her dying father, whose decease was hastened by an inconsolable affliction for the loss of her mother. As Cælia is the offspring of the most generous passion that has been known in our age, she is adorned with as much beauty and grace, as the most celebrated of her sex possess; but her domestic life,

moderate fortune, and religious education, gave her but little opportunity, and less inclination, to be admired in public assemblies. Her abode has been for some years at a convenient distance from the cathedral of St. Paul's; where her aunt and she chose to reside for the advantage of that rapturous way of devotion, which gives ecstacy to the pleasures of innocence, and, in some measure, is the immediate possession of those heavenly enjoyments for which they are addressed.

As you may trace the usual thoughts of men in their countenances, there appeared in the face of Cælia a cheerfulness, the constant companion of unaffected virtue, and a gladness, which is as inseparable from true piety. Her every look and motion spoke the peaceful, mild, resigning, humble inhabitant, that animated her beauteous body. Her air discovered her body a mere machine of her mind, and not that her thoughts were employed in studying graces and attractions for her person. Such was Cælia, when she was first seen by Palamede at her usual place of worship. Palamede is a young man of two-and-twenty, well-fashioned, learned, genteel, and discreet; the son and heir of a gentleman of a very great estate, and himself possessed of a plentiful one by the gift of an uncle. He became enamoured with Cælia; and after having learned her habitation, had address enough to communicate his passion and circumstances with such an air of good sense and integrity, as soon obtained permission to visit and profess his inclinations towards her. Palamede's present fortune and future expectations were no way prejudicial to his addresses; but after the lovers had passed some time in the agreeable entertainments of a successful courtship, Cælia one day took occasion to interrupt Palamede, in the midst of a very pleasing discourse of the happiness he promised

himself in so accomplished a companion; and, assuming a serious air, told him, there was another heart to be won before he gained hers, which was that of his father. Palamede seemed much disturbed at the overture: and lamented to her, that his father was one of those too provident parents, who only place their thoughts upon bringing riches into their families by marriages, and are wholly insensible of all other considerations. But the strictness of Cælia's rules of life made her insist upon this demand; and the son, at a proper hour, communicated to his father the circumstances of his love, and the merit of the object. The next day the father made her a visit. The beauty of her person, the fame of her virtue, and a certain irresistible charm in her whole behaviour, on so tender and delicate an occasion, wrought so much upon him, in spite of all prepossessions, that he hastened the marriage with an impatience equal to that of his son. Their nuptials were celebrated with a privacy suitable to the character and modesty of Cælia; and from that day, until a fatal one *last week*, they lived together with all the joy and happiness which attend minds entirely united.

It should have been intimated, that Palamede is a student of the Temple, and usually retired thither early in the morning; Cælia still sleeping.

It happened, *a few days since*, that she followed him thither to communicate to him something she had omitted, in her redundant fondness, to speak of the evening before. When she came to his apartment, the servant there told her, she was coming with a letter to her. While Cælia, in an inner room, was reading an apology from her husband. "That he had been suddenly taken by some of his acquaintance to dine at Brentford, but that he should return in the evening," a country girl, decently clad, asked,

if those were not the chambers of Mr. Palamede? She was answered, they were; but that he was not in town. The stranger asked, when he was expected at home? The servants replied, she would go in and ask his wife. The young woman repeated the word *wife*, and fainted. This accident raised no less curiosity than amazement in Cælia, who caused her to be removed into the inner room. Upon proper applications to revive her, the unhappy young creature returned to herself; and said to Cælia, with an earnest and beseeching tone, "Are you really Mr. Palamede's wife?" Cælia replies, "I hope I do not look as if I were any other in the condition you see me." The stranger answered, "No, Madam, he is my husband." At the same instant, she threw a bundle of letters into Cælia's lap, which confirmed the truth of what she asserted. Their mutual innocence and sorrow made them look at each other as partners in distress, rather than rivals in love. The superiority of Cælia's understanding and genius gave her an authority to examine into this adventure, as if she had been offended against, and the other the delinquent. The stranger spoke in the following manner:

"MADAM,

"If it shall please you, Mr. Palamede, having an uncle of a good estate near Winchester, was bred at the school there, to gain the more his good-will by being in his sight. His uncle died, and left him the estate which my husband now has. When he was a mere youth, he set his affections on me; but when he could not gain his ends, he married me; making me and my mother, who is a farmer's widow, swear we would never tell it upon any account whatsoever; for that it would not look well for him to marry such a one as me; besides, that his father

would cut him off of the estate. I was glad to have him in an honest way; and he now and then came and stayed a night and away at our house. But very lately, he came down to see us, with a fine young gentleman, his friend, who stayed behind there with us, pretending to like the place for the summer: but ever since master Palamede went, he has attempted to abuse me; and I ran hither to acquaint him with it, and avoid the wicked intentions of his false friend."

Cælia had no more room for doubt; but left her rival in the same agonies she felt herself. Palamede returns in the evening; and finding his wife at his chambers, learned all that had passed, and hastened to Cælia's lodgings.

It is much easier to imagine, than express, the sentiments of either the criminal, or the injured, at this encounter.

As soon as Palamede had found way for speech, he confessed his marriage, and his placing his companion on purpose to vitiate his wife, that he might break through a marriage made in his non-age, and devote his riper and knowing years to Cælia. She made him no answer; but retired to her closet. He returned to the Temple. where he soon after received from her the following letter:

"SIR,

"You, who this morning were the best, are now the worst of men who breathe vital air. I am at once overwhelmed with love, hatred, rage, and disdain. Can infamy and innocence live together? I feel the weight of the one too strong for the comfort of the other. How bitter, heaven! how bitter is my portion! How much have I to say! but the infant which I bear about me stirs with my agitation. I am, Palamede, to live in shame, and this creature be heir to it. Farewell for ever!"

N° 199. TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1710.

When we revolve in our thoughts such catastrophes as that in the history of the unhappy Cælia, there seems to be something so hazardous in the changing a single state of life into that of marriage, that, it may happen, all the precautions imaginable are not sufficient to defend a virgin from ruin by her choice. It seems a wonderful inconsistence in the distribution of public justice, that a man who robs a woman of an ear-ring or a jewel, should be punished with death; but one who, by false arts and insinuations should take from her, her very self, is only to suffer disgrace. This excellent young woman has nothing to consolate herself with, but the reflection that her sufferings are not the effect of any guilt or misconduct; and has for her protection the influence of a Power, which, amidst the unjust reproach of all mankind, can give not only patience, but pleasure, to innocence in distress.

As the person, who is the criminal against Cælia, cannot be sufficiently punished according to our present law; so are there numberless unhappy persons without remedy according to present custom. That great ill, which has prevailed among us in these latter ages, is the making even beauty and virtue the purchase of money. The generality of parents, and some of those of quality, instead of looking out for introducing health of constitution, frankness of spirit, or dignity of countenance into their families, lay out all their thoughts upon finding out matches for their estates, and not for their

children. You shall have one form such a plot for the good of his family, that there shall not be six men in England capable of pretending to his daughter. A second shall have a son obliged, out of mere discretion, for fear of doing any thing below himself, to follow all the drabs in town. These sage parents meet; and, as there is no pass, no courtship between the young ones, it is no unpleasant observation to behold how they proceed to treaty. There is ever, in the behaviour of each, something that denotes his circumstance; and honest Coupler, the conveyancer, says, "he can distinguish, upon sight of the parties, before they have opened any point of their business, which of the two has the daughter to sell." Coupler is of our club, and I have frequently heard him declaim upon this subject, and assert, "that the marriage-settlements, which are now used, have grown fashionable even within his memory."

When the theatre, in some late reigns, owed its chief support to those scenes which were written to put matrimony out of countenance, and render that state terrible, then was it that pin-money first prevailed; and all the other articles were inserted which create a diffidence, and intimate to the young people, that they are very soon to be in a state of war with each other; though this had seldom happened, except the fear of it had been expressed. Coupler will tell you also, "that jointures were never frequent until the age before his own; but the women were contented with the third part of the estate the law allotted them, and scorned to engage with men whom they thought capable of abusing their children." He has also informed me, "that those who were the oldest benchers when he came to the Temple, told him, that the first marriage settlement of considerable length was the invention

of an old serjeant; who took the opportunity of two testy fathers, who were ever squabbling, to bring about an alliance between their children. These fellows knew each other to be knaves; and the serjeant took hold of their mutual diffidence, for the benefit of the law, to extend the settlement to *three skins* of parchment.

To this great benefactor to the profession is owing the present price current of lines and words. Thus is tenderness thrown out of the question, and the great care is, what the young couple shall do when they come to hate each other. I do not question but from this one humour of settlements might very fairly be deduced, not only our present defection in point of morals, but also our want of people. This has given way to such unreasonable gallantries, that a man is hardly reproachable that deceives an innocent woman, though she has ever so much merit, if she is below him in fortune. The man has no dishonour following his treachery; and her own sex are so debased by force of custom, as to say, in the case of the woman, "How could she expect he would marry her?"

By this means the good offices, the pleasures and graces of life, are not put into the balance. The bridegroom has given his estate out of himself; and he has no more left but to follow the blind decree of his fate, whether he shall be succeeded by a sot, or a man of merit, in his fortune. On the other side, a fine woman, who has also a fortune, is set up by way of auction; her first lover has ten to one against him. The very hour after he has opened his heart and his rent-roll, he is made no other use of but to raise her price. She and her friends lose no opportunity of publishing it, to call in new bidders. While the poor lover very innocently waits, until the plenipotentiaries at the inns

of court have debated about the alliance, all the partisans of the lady throw difficulties in the way, until other offers come in; and the man who came first is not put in possession until she has been refused by half the town. If an abhorrence to such mercenary proceedings were well settled in the minds of my fair readers, those of merit would have a way opened to their advancement; nay, those who abound in wealth only would in reality find their account in it. It would not be in the power of their prude acquaintance, their waiters, their nurses, cousins, and whisperers, to persuade them, that there are not above twenty men in a kingdom, and those such as perhaps they may never set eyes on, whom they can think of with discretion. As the case stands now, let any one consider, how the great heiresses, and those to whom they were offered, for no other reason but that they could make them suitable settlements, live together. What can be more insipid, if not loathsome, than for two persons to be at the head of a crowd, who have as little regard for them as they for each other; and behold one another in an affected sense of prosperity, without the least relish of that exquisite gladness of meeting, that sweet inquietude at parting, together with the charms of voice, look, gesture, and that general benevolence between well-chosen lovers, which makes all things please, and leaves not the least trifle indifferent.

But I am diverted from these sketches of *future* Essays in behalf of my numerous clients of the fair sex, by notice sent to my office in Sheer-lane, "That a blooming widow, in the third year of her widowhood, and twenty-sixth of her age, designs to take a colonel of twenty-eight." The parties request I would draw up their terms of coming together, as having a regard to my opinion against

long and diffident settlements; and I have sent them the following Indenture:

"We John —— and Mary ——, having estates for life, resolve to take each other. I John will venture my life to enrich thee Mary; and I Mary will consult my health to nurse thee, John. To which we have interchangeably set our hands, hearts, and seals, this 17th of July, 1710."

N° 200. THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 19.

HAVING devoted the greater part of my time to the service of the fair sex, I must ask pardon of my men correspondents, if I postpone their commands, when I have any from the ladies which lie unanswered. That which follows is of importance.

"SIR,

"You cannot think it strange if I, who know little of the world, apply to you for advice in the weighty affair of matrimony; since you yourself have often declared it to be of that consequence as to require the utmost deliberation. Without further preface, therefore give me leave to tell you, that my father, at his death, left me a fortune sufficient to make me a match for any gentleman. My mother, for she is still alive, is very pressing with me to marry; and I am apt to think, to gratify her, I shall venture upon one of two gentlemen,

who at this time make their addresses to me. My request is that you would direct me in my choice; which that you may the better do, I shall give you their characters; and, to avoid confusion, desire you to call them by the names of Philander and Silvius. Philander is young, and has a good estate; Silvius is as young, and has a better. The former has had a liberal education, has seen the town, is retired from thence to his estate in the country, is a man of few words, and much given to books. The latter was brought up under his father's eye, who gave him just learning enough to enable him to keep his accounts; but made him withal very expert in country business, such as ploughing, sowing, buying, selling, and the like. They are both very sober men, neither of their persons is disagreeable, nor did I know which to prefer until I had heard them discourse; when the conversation of Philander so much prevailed, as to give him the advantage with me in all other respects. My mother pleads strongly for Silvius; and uses these arguments: That he not only has the larger estate at present, but by his good husbandry and management increases it daily: that his little knowledge in other affairs will make him easy and tractable; whereas, according to her, men of letters know too much to make good husbands. To part of this, I imagine, I answer effectually, by saying, Philander's estate is large enough; that they who think two thousand pounds a year, sufficient, make no difference between that and three. I easily believe him less conversant in those affairs, the knowledge of which she so much commends in Silvius; but I think them neither so necessary or becoming a gentleman, as the accomplishments of Philander. It is no great character of a man to say, He rides in his coach and six, and understands as much as he who follows

the plough. Add to this, that the conversation of these sort of men seems so disagreeable to me, that though they make good bailiffs, I can hardly be persuaded they can be good companions. It is possible I may seem to have odd notions, when I say I am not fond of a man only for being of what is called a thriving temper. To conclude, I own I am at a loss to conceive, how good sense should make a man an ill husband, or conversing with books less complaisant.

CÆLIA."

The resolution which this lady is going to take, she may very well say, is founded on reason: for after the necessities of life are served, there is no manner of competition between a man of a liberal education and an illiterate. Men are not altered by their circumstances, but as they give them opportunities of exerting what they are in themselves; and a powerful clown is a tyrant in the most ugly form he can possibly appear. There lies a seeming objection in the thoughtful manner of Philander: but let her consider, which she shall oftener have occasion to wish, that Philander would speak, or Silvius hold his tongue.

The train of my discourse is prevented by the urgent haste of another correspondent.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF, July 14.

"This comes to you from one of those virgins of twenty-five years old and upwards, that you, like a patron of the distressed, promised to provide for; who makes it her humble request, that no *occasional stories* or subjects may, as they have for three or four of your last days, prevent your publishing the scheme you have communicated to Amanda; for every day and hour is of the greatest

consequence to damsels of so advanced an age. Be quick then, if you intend to do any service for your admirer,

DIANA FORECAST."

In this important affair, I have not neglected the proposals of others. Among them is the following sketch of a lottery for persons. The author of it has proposed very ample encouragement, not only to myself, but also to Charles Lillie and John Morphew. If the matter bears, I shall not be unjust to his merit; I only desire to enlarge his plan; for which purpose I lay it before the town, as well for the improvement as the encouragement of it.

The amicable contribution for raising the fortunes of Ten young Ladies.

"*Imprimis*, It is proposed to raise one hundred thousand crowns by way of lots, which will advance for each lady two thousand five hundred pounds; which sum, together with one of the ladies, the gentleman that shall be so happy as to draw a prize, provided they both like, will be entitled to, under such restrictions hereafter mentioned. And in case they do not like, then either party that refuses shall be entitled to one thousand pounds only, and the remainder to him or her that shall be willing to marry, the man being first to declare his mind. But it is provided, that if both parties shall consent to have one another, the gentleman shall, before he receives the money thus raised, settle one thousand pounds of the same in substantial hands (who shall be as trustees for the said ladies), and shall have the whole and sole disposal of it for her use only.

" *Note;* each party shall have three months time to consider, after an interview had, which shall be within ten days after the lots are drawn.

" *Note* also, the name and place of abode of the prize shall be placed on a proper ticket.

" *Item,* they shall be ladies that have had a liberal education, between fifteen and twenty-three; all genteel, witty, and of unblameable characters.

" The money to be raised shall be kept in an iron box; and when there shall be two thousand subscriptions, which amounts to five hundred pounds, it shall be taken out and put into a *goldsmith*'s hand, and the note made payable to the proper lady, or her assigns, with a clause therein to hinder her from receiving it, until the fortunate person that draws her shall first sign the note, and so on until the whole sum is subscribed for: and as soon as one hundred thousand subscriptions are completed, and two hundred crowns more to pay the charges, the lottery shall be drawn at a proper place, to be appointed a fortnight before the drawing.

" *Note,* Mr. Bickerstaff objects to the marriageable years here mentioned: and is of opinion, they should not commence until after twenty-three. But he appeals to the learned, both of Warwick-lane and Bishopsgate-street *, on this subject.

* The College of Physicians met at Warwick-lane, and the Royal Society at Gresham-college, in Bishopsgate-street.

N° 201. SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1710.

White's Chocolate-house, July 21.

It has been often asserted in these Papers, that the great source of our wrong pursuits is the impertinent manner with which we treat women both in the common and important circumstances of life. In vain do we say, the whole sex would run into England, while the privileges, which are allowed them, do no way balance the inconveniences arising from those very immunities. Our women have very much *indulged to them* in the participation of our fortunes and our liberty; but the errors they commit in the use of either are by no means so impartially considered as the false steps which are made by men. In the commerce of lovers, the man makes the address, assails, and betrays; and yet stands in the same degree of acceptance, as he was in before he committed that treachery. The woman, for no other crime but believing one whom she thought loved her, is treated with shyness and indifference at the best, and commonly with reproach and scorn. He that is past the power of beauty may talk of this matter with the same unconcern, as of any other subject: therefore I shall take upon me to consider the sex, as they live within rules, and as they transgress them. The ordinary class of the good or the ill have very little influence upon the actions of others; but the eminent, in either kind, are those who lead the world below. The ill are employed in communicating scandal,

infamy, and disease, like Furies: the good distribute benevolence, friendship, and health, like Angels. The ill are damped with pain and anguish at the sight of all that is laudable, lovely, or happy. The virtuous are touched with commiseration towards the guilty, the disagreeable, and the wretched. There are those who betray the innocent of their own sex, and solicit the lewd of ours. There are those who have abandoned the very memory, not only of innocence, but shame. There are those who never forgave, nor could ever bear being forgiven. There are those also who visit the beds of the sick, lull the cares of the sorrowful, and double the joys of the joyful. Such is the *destroying fiend*, such the *guardian angel*, Woman.

The way to have a greater number of the amiable part of womankind, and lessen the crowd of the other sort, is to contribute what we can to the success of well-grounded passions: and therefore I comply with the request of an enamoured man, in inserting the following billet:

"MADAM,

"Mr. Bickerstaff, you always read, though me you will never hear. I am obliged therefore to his compassion for the opportunity of imploring yours—I sigh for the most accomplished of her sex. That is so just a distinction of her, to whom I write, that the owning I think so is no distinction of me, who write. Your good qualities are peculiar to you; my admiration is common with thousands. I shall be present when you read this; but fear every woman will take it for her character, sooner than she who deserves it."

If the next letter, which presents itself, should come from the mistress of this modest lover, and I

make them break through the oppression of their passions, I shall expect gloves at their nuptials.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"You that are a philosopher, know very well the make of the mind of women, and can best instruct me in the conduct of an affair which highly concerns me. I never can admit my lover to speak to me of love; yet think him impertinent when he offers to talk of any thing else. What shall I do with a man that always believes me? It is a strange thing, this distance in men of sense! why do not they always urge their fate? If we are sincere in our severity, you lose nothing by attempting. If we are hypocrites, you certainly succeed."

From my own Apartment, July 21.

Before I withdraw from business for the night, it is my custom to receive all addresses to me, that others may go to rest as well as myself, at least as far as I can contribute to it. When I called to know if any would speak with me, I was informed that Mr. Mills, the player, desired to be admitted. He was so; and with much modesty acquainted me, as he did other people of note, "that Hamlet, was to be acted on Wednesday next for his benefit." I had long wanted to speak with this person; because I thought I could admonish him of many things, which would tend to his improvement. In the general I observed to him, that though action was his business, the way to that action was not to study gesture, for the behaviour would follow the sentiments of the mind.

Action to the player is what speech is to an orator. If the matter be well conceived, words will flow with ease; and if the actor is well pos-

sessed of the nature of his part, a proper action will necessarily follow. He informed me, that Wilks was to act Hamlet: I desired him to request of him, in my name, that he would wholly forget Mr. Betterton; for that he failed in no part of Othello, but where he had him in view. An actor's forming himself by the carriage of another is like the trick among the widows, who lament their husbands as their neighbours did theirs, and not according to their own sentiments of the deceased.

There is a fault also in the audience, which interrupts their satisfaction very much; that is, the figuring to themselves the actor in some part wherein they formerly particularly liked him, and not attending to the part he is at that time performing. Thus, whatever Wilks, who is the strictest follower of nature, is acting, the vulgar spectators turn their thoughts upon Sir Harry Wildair.

When I had indulged the loquacity of an old man for some time, in such loose hints, I took my leave of Mr. Mills: and was told, Mr. Elliot of St. James's coffee-house would speak with me. His business was to desire I would, as I am an astrologer, let him know beforehand, who were to have the benefit tickets in the ensuing lottery; which knowledge he was of opinion he could turn to great account, as he was concerned in news.

I granted his request, upon an oath of secrecy, that he would only make his own use of it, and not let it be publicly known until after they were drawn. I had not done speaking, when he produced to me a plan which he had formed of keeping books, with the names of all such adventurers, and the numbers of their tickets, as should come to him; in order to give an hourly account of what tickets shall come up during the whole time of the lottery,

the drawing of which is to begin on Wednesday next. I liked his method of disguising the secret I had told him: and pronounced him a thriving man, who could so well watch the motion of things, and profit by a prevailing humour and impatience so aptly, as to make his honest industry agreeable to his customers, as it is to be the messenger of their good fortune.

ADVERTISEMENT.

From the Trumpet in Sheer-lane, July 20.

"Ordered, that for the improvement of the pleasures of society, a member of this house, one of the most wakeful of the soporific assembly beyond Smithfield-bars, and one of the order of story-tellers in Holborn, may meet and exchange stale matter, and report the same to their principals.

"N. B. No man is to tell above one story in the same evening; but has liberty to tell the same the night following."

Mr. Bickerstaff desires his love-correspondents to vary the names they shall assume in their future letters: for that he is overstocked with Philanders.

N° 202. TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1710.

———*Est hic,*
Est ubivis, animus si te non deficit æquus.
HOR. 1 Ep. xi. ver. ult.

True happiness is to no spot confin'd;
If you preserve a firm and equal mind,
'Tis here, 'tis there, and every where.

From my own Apartment, July 24.

THIS afternoon I went to visit a gentleman of my acquaintance at Mile-end; and passing through Stepney church-yard, I could not forbear entertaining myself with the inscriptions on the tombs and graves. Among others, I observed one with this notable memorial:

"Here lies the body of T. B."

This fantastical desire, of being remembered only by the two first letters of a name, led me into the contemplation of the vanity and imperfect attainments of ambition in general. When I run back in my imagination all the men whom I have ever known and conversed with in my whole life, there are but very few who have not used their faculties in the pursuit of what it is impossible to acquire; or left the possession of what they might have been, at their setting out, masters, to search for it where it was out of their reach. In this thought it was not possible to forget the instance of Pyrrhus, who,

proposing to himself in discourse with a philosopher, one, and another, and another conquest, was asked, what he would do after all that? "Then," says the king, "we will make merry." He was well answered, "What hinders your doing that in the condition you are already?" The restless desire of exerting themselves above the common level of mankind is not to be resisted in some tempers; and minds of this make may be observed in every condition of life. Where such men do not make to themselves, or meet with employment, the soil of their constitution runs into tares and weeds. An old friend of mine, who lost a major's post forty years ago, and quitted, has ever since studied maps, encampments, retreats, and countermarches; with no other design but to feed his spleen and ill-humour, and furnish himself with matter for arguing against all the successful actions of others. He that, at his first setting out in the world, was the gayest man in our regiment; ventured his life with alacrity, and enjoyed it with satisfaction; encouraged men below him, and was courted by men above him, has been ever since the most froward creature breathing. His warm complexion spends itself now only in a general spirit of contradiction: for which he watches all occasions, and is in his conversation still *upon centry*, treats all men like enemies, with every other impertinence of a speculative warrior.

He, that observes in himself this natural inquietude, should take all imaginable care to put his mind in some method of gratification; or he will soon find himself grow into the condition of this disappointed major. Instead of courting proper occasions to rise above others, he will be ever studious of pulling others down to him: it being the common refuge of disappointed ambition, to ease them-

selves by detraction. It would be no great argument against ambition, that there are such *mortal* things in the disappointment of it; but it certainly is a forcible exception, that there can be no solid happiness in the success of it. If we value popular praise, it is in the power of the meanest of the people to disturb us by calumny. If the fame of being happy, we cannot look into a village, but we see crowds in actual possession of what we seek only the appearance. To this may be added, that there is I know not what malignity in the minds of ordinary men, to oppose you in what they see you fond of; and it is a certain exception against a man's receiving applause, that he visibly courts it. However, this is not only the passion of great and undertaking spirits: but you see it in the lives of such as, one would believe, were far enough removed from the ways of ambition. The rural esquires of this nation even eat and drink out of vanity. A vain glorious fox-hunter shall entertain half a county, for the ostentation of his beef and beer, without the least affection for any of the crowd about him. He feeds them, because he thinks it a superiority over them that he does so; and they devour him, because they know he treats them out of insolence. This indeed is ambition in grotesque; but may figure to us the condition of politer men, whose only pursuit is glory. When the superior acts out of a principle of vanity, the dependent will be sure to allow it him; because he knows it destructive of the very applause which is courted by the man who favours him, and consequently makes him nearer himself.

But as every man living has more or less of this incentive, which makes men impatient of an inactive condition, and urges men to attempt what

may tend to their reputation; it is absolutely necessary they should form to themselves an ambition, which is in every man's power to gratify. This ambition would be independent, and would consist only in acting what, to a man's own mind, appears most great and laudable. It is a pursuit in the power of every man, and is only a regular prosecution of what he himself approves. It is what can be interrupted by no outward accideuts; for no man can be robbed of his good intention. One of our society of the *Trumpet** therefore started last night a notion, which I thought had reason in it. "It is, methinks," said he, "an unreasonable thing, that heroic virtue should, as it seems to be at present, be confined to a certain order of men, and be attainable by none but those whom fortune has elevated to the most conspicuous stations. I would have every thing to be esteemed as heroic, which is great and uncommon in the circumstances of the man who performs it." Thus there would be no virtue in human life, which every one of the species would not have a pretence to arrive at, and an ardency to exert. Since fortune is not in our power, let us be as little as possible in hers. Why should it be necessary that a man should be rich, to be generous? If we measured by the quality and not the quantity of things, the particulars which accompany an action is what should denominate it mean or great. The highest station of human life is to be attained by each man that pretends to it: for every man can be as valiant, as generous, as wise, and as merciful, as the faculties and opportunities which he has from Heaven and fortune will permit. He that can say to himself, "I do as much good, and am as virtuous as my most earnest endeavours

* The public house in Sheer-lane.

will allow me," whatever is his station in the world, is to himself possessed of the highest honour. If ambition is not thus turned, it is no other than a continual succession of anxiety and vexation. But when it has this cast, it invigorates the mind; and the consciousness of its own worth is a reward, which is not in the power of envy, reproach, or detraction, to take from it. Thus the seat of solid honour is in a man's own bosom; and no one can want support, who is in possession of an honest conscience, but he who would suffer the reproaches of it for other greatness.

P. S. I was going on in my philosophy, when notice was brought me, that there was a great crowd in my antichamber, who expected audience. When they were admitted, I found they all met at my lodgings, each coming upon the same errand, to know whether they were of the fortunate in the lottery, which is now ready to be drawn. I was much at a loss how to extricate myself from their importunity; but observing the assembly made up of both sexes, I signified to them, that in this case it would appear Fortune is not blind, for all the lots would fall upon the wisest and the fairest. This gave so general a satisfaction, that the room was soon emptied, and the company retired with the best air, and the most pleasing grace, I had any where observed. Mr. Elliot of St. James's coffee-house now stood alone before me, and signified to me, he had now not only prepared his books, but had received a very great subscription already. His design was, to advertise his subscribers at their respective places of abode, within an hour after their number is drawn, whether it was a blank or benefit, if the adventurer lives within the bills of mortality; if he dwells in the country, by the next

post*. I encouraged the man in his industry, and told him the ready path to good fortune was to believe there was no such thing.

N° 203. THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1710.

Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.
HOR. 1 Ep. viii. ver. ult.

As Celsus bears this change of fortune,
So will his friends bear him.——
R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, July 26.

IT is natural for the imaginations of men, who led their lives in too solitary a manner, to prey upon themselves, and form from their own conceptions, beings and things which have no place in nature. This often makes an adept as much at a loss, when he comes into the world, as a mere savage. To avoid therefore that ineptitude for society, which is frequently the fault of us scholars, and has, to men of understanding and breeding, something much more shocking and untractable than rusticity itself; I take care to visit all public solemnities, and go into assemblies as often as my studies will permit. This being therefore the first day of the drawing of the lottery, I did not neglect spending a considerable time in the crowd: but as much a philosopher as I

* Hence the origin of registering tickets; and probably of insuring, since carried to so pernicious an excess.

pretend to be, I could not but look with a sort of veneration upon the two boys who received the tickets from the wheels, as the impartial and equal dispensers of fortunes which were to be distributed among the crowd, who all stood expecting the same chance. It seems at first thought very wonderful, that one passion should so universally have the pre-eminence of another in the possession of men's minds, as that in this case all in general have a secret hope of the great ticket: and yet fear in another instance, as in going into a battle, shall have so little influence, as that, though each man believes there will be many thousands slain, each is confident he himself shall escape. This certainly proceeds from our vanity; for every man sees abundance in himself that deserves reward, and nothing which should meet with mortification. But of all the adventurers that filled the hall, there was one who stood by me, who I could not but fancy expected the thousand pounds *per annum* as a mere justice to his parts and industry. He had his pencil and table-book; and was, at the drawing of each lot, counting how much a man with seven tickets was now nearer the great prize, by the striking out another, and another competitor. This man was of the most particular constitution I had ever observed; his passions were so active, that he worked in the utmost stretch of hope and fear. When one rival fell before him, you might see a short gleam of triumph in his countenance; which immediately vanished at the approach of another. What added to the particularity of this man was, that he every moment cast a look either upon the commissioners, the wheels, or the boys. I gently whispered him, and asked, "when he thought the thousand pounds would come up?" "Pugh," says he, "who knows that?" And then looks upon a little list of his own

tickets, which were pretty high in their numbers, and said it would not come this ten days. This fellow will have a good chance, though not that which he has put his heart on. The man is mechanically turned, and made for getting. The simplicity and eagerness which he is in, argues an attention to his point; though what he is labouring at does not in the least contribute to it. Were it not for such honest fellows as these, the men who govern the rest of their species would have no tools to work with: for the outward show of the world is carried on by such as cannot find out that they are doing nothing. I left my man with great reluctance, seeing the care he took to observe the whole conduct of the persons concerned, and compute the inequality of the chances with his own hands and eyes. "Dear Sir," said I, "they must rise early that cheat you." "Ay," said he, "there is nothing like a man's minding his business himself." "Is is very true," said I: "the master's eye makes the horse fat."

As much the greater number are to go without prizes, it is but very expedient to turn our lecture to the forming just sentiments on the subject of fortune. One said this morning, "that the chief lot, he was confident, would fall upon some puppy;" but this gentleman is one of those wrong tempers, who approve only the unhappy, and have a natural prejudice to the fortunate. But, as it is certain that there is a great meanness in being attached to a man purely for his fortune; there is no less a meanness, in disliking him for his happiness. It is the same perverseness under different colours; and both these resentments arise from mere pride.

True greatness of mind consists in valuing men apart from their circumstances, or according to their behaviour in them. Wealth is a distinction

only in traffic: but it must not be allowed as a recommendation in any other particular, but only just as it is applied. It was very prettily said, "That we may learn the little value of fortune by the persons on whom Heaven is pleased to bestow it." However, there is not a harder part in human life, than becoming wealth and greatness. He must be very well stocked with merit, who is not willing to draw some superiority over his friends from his fortune; for it is not every man that can entertain with the air of a guest, and do good offices with the mien of one that receives them.

I must confess, I cannot conceive how a man can place himself in a figure wherein he can so much enjoy his own soul, and, that greatest of pleasures, the just approbation of his own actions, than as an adventurer on this occasion, to sit and see the lots go off without hope or fear; perfectly unconcerned as to himself, but taking part in the good fortune of others.

I will believe there are happy tempers in being, to whom all the good that arrives to any of their fellow-creatures gives a pleasure. These live in a course of lasting and substantial happiness, and have the satisfaction to see all men endeavour to gratify them. This state of mind not only lets a man into certain enjoyments, but relieves him from as certain anxieties. If you will not rejoice with happy men, you must repine at them. Dick Reptile alluded to this when he said, "he would hate no man, out of pure idleness." As for my own part, I look at Fortune quite in another view than the rest of the world; and, by my knowledge in futurity, tremble at the approaching prize, which I see coming to a young lady for whom I have much tenderness; and have therefore writ to her

the following letter, to be sent by Mr. Elliot, with the notice of her ticket.

"MADAM,

"You receive, at the instant this comes to your hands, an account of your having, what you only wanted, fortune; and to admonish you, that you may not now want every thing else. You had yesterday wit, virtue, beauty; but you never heard of them until to-day. They say Fortune is blind; but you will find she has opened the eyes of all your beholders. I beseech you, Madam, make use of the advantages of having been educated without flattery. If you can still be Chloe, Fortune has indeed been kind to you; if you are altered, she has it not in her power to give you an equivalent."

Grecian Coffee-house, July 26.

Some time ago a *virtuoso*, my very good friend, sent me a plan of a covered summer-house: which a little after was rallied by another of my correspondents. I cannot therefore defer giving him an opportunity of making his defence to the learned, in his own words.

"To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

"SIR, *July* 15, 1710.

"I have been this summer upon a ramble, to visit several friends and relations; which is the reason I have left you, and our ingenious unknown friend of South Wales, so long in your error concerning the grass-plots in my green-house. I will not give you the particulars of my gardener's conduct in the management of my covered garden; but content myself with letting you know, that my little fields within doors, though by their novelty they appear too extravagant to you to subsist even

in a regular imagination, are in the effect things that require no conjuration. Your correspondent may depend upon it, that under a sashed roof, which lets in the sun at all times, and the air as often as is convenient, he may have grass-plots in the greatest perfection, if he will be at the pains to water, mow, and roll them. Grass and herbs in general, the less they are exposed to the sun and winds, the livelier is their verdure. They require only warmth and moisture; and if you were to see my plots, your eye would soon confess, that the *bowling-green at Marybone* wears not half so bright a livery.

"The motto, with which the gentleman has been pleased to furnish you, is so very proper, and pleases me so well, that I design to have it set upon the front of my green-house in letters of gold.

I am, Sir, &c."

N° 204. SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1710.

Gaudent prænomine molles
Auriculæ ——— ——— Hor. 2 Sat. v. 32.

——— ———He with rapture hears
A title tingling in his tender ears.

Francis.

From my own Apartment, July 28.

Many are the inconveniences which happen from the improper manner of address in common speech, between persons of the same or of different quality. Among these errors, there is none greater than that

of the impertinent use of Title, and a paraphrastical way of saying, *You*. I had the curiosity the other day to follow a crowd of people near Billingsgate, who were conducting a passionate woman that sold fish to a magistrate, in order to explain some words, which were ill taken by one of her own quality and profession in the public market. When she came to make her defence, she was so very full of, "His Worship," and of, "If it should please his Honour," that we could, for some time, hardly hear any other apology she made for herself than that of atoning for the ill language she had been accused of towards her neighbour, by the great civilities she paid to her judge. But this extravagance in her sense of doing honour was no more to be wondered at, than that her *many rings on each finger* were worn as instances of finery and dress. The vulgar may thus heap and huddle terms of respect, and nothing better be expected from them; but for people of rank to repeat appellatives insignificantly, is a folly not to be endured, neither with regard to our time, nor our understanding. It is below the dignity of speech to extend it with more words or phrases than are necessary to explain ourselves with elegance: and it is, methinks, an instance of ignorance, if not of servitude, to be redundant in such expressions.

I waited upon a man of quality some mornings ago. He happened to be dressing; and his shoemaker fitting him, told him, "that if his Lordship would please to tread hard, or that if his Lordship would stamp a little, his Lordship would find his Lordship's shoe will sit as easy as any piece of work his Lordship should see in England." As soon as my Lord was dressed, a gentleman approached him with a very good air, and told him, "he had an affair which had long depended in the lower

courts; which through the inadvertency of his ancestors on the one side, and the ill arts of their adversaries on the other, could not possibly be settled according to the rules of the lower courts; that, therefore, he designed to bring his cause befors the House of Lords next session, where he should be glad if his Lordship should happen to be present; for he doubted not but his cause would be approved by all men of justice and honour." In this place the word Lordship was gracefully inserted; because it was applied to him in that circumstance wherein his quality was the occasion of the discourse, and wherein it was most useful to the one, and most honourable to the other.

This way is so far from being disrespectful to the honour of nobles, that it is an expedient for using them with greater deference. I would not put *Lordship* to a man's hat, gloves, wig, or cane: but to desire his Lordship's favour, his Lordship's judgment, or his Lordship's patronage, is a manner of speaking, which expresses an alliance between his quality and his merit. It is this knowledge which distinguished the discourse of the shoe-maker from that of the gentleman. The highest point of good-breeding, if any one can hit it, is to show a very nice regard to your own dignity, and, with that in your heart, express your value for the man above you.

But the silly humour to the contrary has so much prevailed, that the slavish addition of title enervates discourse, and renders the application of it almost ridiculous. We writers of diurnals are nearer in our stile to that of common talk than any other writers, by which means we use words of respect sometimes very unfortunately. The Postman, who is one of the most celebrated of our fraternity, fell into this misfortune yesterday in his paragraph from

Berlin of the twenty-sixth of July. "Count Wartembourg," says he, "great chamberlain, and chief minister of this court, who on Monday last accompanied the king of Prussia to Oranienburg, was taken so very ill, that on Wednesday his life was despaired of; and we had a report, that his Excellency was dead."

I humbly presume that it flattens the narration, to say his Excellency in a case which is common to all men; except you would infer what is not to be inferred, to wit, that the author designed to say, "all wherein he excelled others was departed from him."

Were distinctions used according to the rules of reason and sense, those additions to men's names would be, as they were first intended, significant of their worth, and not their persons; so that in some cases it might be proper to say, "The man is dead; but his Excellency will never die." It is, methinks, very unjust to laugh at a Quaker, because he has taken up a resolution to treat you with a word, the most expressive of complaisance that can be thought of, and with an air of good-nature and charity calls you *Friend*. I say, it is very unjust to rally him for this term to a stranger, when you yourself, in all your phrases of distinction, confound phrases of honour into no use at all.

Tom Courtly, who is the pink of courtesy, is an instance of how little moment an undistinguishing application of sounds of honour are to those who understand themselves. Tom never fails of paying his obeisance to every man he sees, who has title or office to make him conspicuous; but his deference is wholly given to outward considerations. I, who know him, can tell him within half an acre, how much land one man has more than another by Tom's bow to him. Title is all he knows of honour,

and civility of friendship: for this reason, because he cares for no man living, he is religiously strict in performing, what he calls, his respects to you. To this end he is very learned in pedigree; and will abate something in the ceremony of his approaches to a man, if he is in any doubt about the bearing of his coat of arms. What is the most pleasant of all his character is, that he acts with a sort of integrity in these impertinences; and though he would not do any solid kindness, he is wonderfully just and careful not to wrong his quality. But as integrity is very scarce in the world, I cannot forbear having respect for the impertinent: it is some virtue to be bound by any thing. Tom and I are upon very good terms, for the respect he has for the house of Bickerstaff. Though one cannot but laugh at his serious consideration of things so little essential, one must have a value even for a frivolous good conscience.

N° 205. TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1710.

Νηπιοι, υδ' ισασιν οσω πλεον ημισυ παντος
Και οσον εν μαλαχη τε και ασφοδελω μεγ' ονειαρ.
HESIOD, Oper. & Dier. ver. 20.

Fools! not to know how far an humble lot
Exceeds abundance by injustice got;
How Health and Temperance bless the rustic swain,
While Luxury destroys her pamper'd train.
R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, July 31.

NATURE has implanted in us two very strong desires; hunger, for the preservatiou of the individuals; and lust, for the support of the species; or, to speak more intelligibly, the former to continue our own persons, and the latter to introduce others into the world. According as men behave themselves with regard to these appetites, they are above or below the beasts of the field, which are incited by them without choice or reflection. But reasonable creatures correct these incentives, and improve them into elegant motives of friendship and society. It is chiefly from this homely foundation, that we are under the necessity of seeking for the agreeable companion, and the honourable mistress. By this cultivation of art and reason, our wants are made pleasure; and the gratification of our desires, under proper restrictions, a work no way below our noblest faculties. The wisest man may maintain his character, and yet consider in what manner he shall best enter-

tain his friend, or divert his mistress. Nay, it is so far from being a derogation to him, that he can in no instances shew so true a taste of his life, or his fortune. What concerns one of the above-mentioned appetites, as it is elevated into love, I shall have abundant occasion to discourse of, before I have provided for the numberless crowd of damsels I have proposed to take care of. The subject therefore of the present paper shall be that part of society which owes its beginning to the common necessity of Hunger. When this is considered as the support of our being, we may take in under the same head Thirst also; otherwise, when we are pursuing the glutton, the drunkard may make his escape. The true choice of our diet, and our companions at it, seems to consist in that which contributes most to cheerfulness and refreshment: and these certainly are best consulted by simplicity in the food, and sincerity in the company. By this rule are, in the first place, excluded from pretence to happiness all meals of state and ceremony, which are performed in dumb-show, and greedy sullenness. At the boards of the great, they say, you shall have a number attending with as good habits and countenances as the guests, which only circumstance must destroy the whole pleasure of the repast: for if such attendants are introduced for the dignity of their appearance, modest minds are shocked by considering them as spectators; or else look upon them as equals, for whose servitude they are in a kind of suffering. It may be here added, that the sumptuous side-board, to an ingenuous eye, has often more the air of an altar than a table. The next absurd way of enjoying ourselves at meals is, where the bottle is plied without being called for, where humour takes place of appetite, and the good company are too dull, or too merry, to know any enjoyment in their senses.

Though this part of time is absolutely necessary to sustain life, it must be also considered, that life itself is to the endless being of man but what a meal is to this life, not valuable for itself, but for the purposes of it. If there be any truth in this, the expense of many hours this way is somewhat unaccountable; and placing much thought either in too great sumptuousness and elegance in this matter, or wallowing in noise and riot at it, are both, though not equally, unaccountable. I have often considered these different people with very great attention, and always speak of them with the distinction of the Eaters and the Swallowers. The Eaters sacrifice all their senses and understanding to this appetite. The Swallowers hurry themselves out of both, without pleasing this or any other appetite at all. The latter are improved brutes, the former, degenerated men. I have sometimes thought it would not be improper to add to my dead and living men, persons in an intermediate state of humanity, under the appellation of Dozers. *The* Dozers are a sect, who, instead of keeping their appetites in subjection, live in subjection to them; nay, they are so truly slaves to them, that they keep at too great a distance ever to come into their presence. Within my own acquaintance, I know those that I dare say have forgot that they ever were hungry, and are no less utter strangers to thirst and weariness; who are beholden to sauces for their food, and to their food for their weariness.

I have often wondered, considering the excellent and choice spirits that we have among our divines, that they do not think of putting vicious habits into a more contemptible and unlovely figure than they do at present. So many men of wit and spirit as there are in sacred orders, have it in their power to make the fashion of their side. The leaders in hu-

man society are most effectually prevailed upon this way than can easily be imagined. I have more than one in my thoughts at this time, capable of doing this against all the opposition of the most witty, as well as the most voluptuous. There may possibly be more acceptable subjects; but sure there are none more useful. It is visible, that though men's fortunes, circumstances, and pleasures, give them prepossessions too strong to regard any mention either of punishments or rewards, they will listen to what makes them inconsiderable or mean in the imaginations of others, and by degrees in their own.

It is certain such topics are to be touched upon, in the light we mean, only by men of the most consummate prudence, as well as excellent wit: for these discourses are to be made, if made, to run into example, before such as have their thoughts more intent upon the propriety, than the reason of the discourse. What indeed leads me into this way of thinking is, that the last thing I read was a sermon of the learned Dr. South, upon "The Ways of Pleasantness." This admirable discourse was made at court, where the preacher was too wise a man not to believe, the greatest argument in that place against the pleasures then in vogue, must be, that they lost greater pleasures by prosecuting the course they were in. The charming discourse has in it whatever wit and wisdom can put together. This gentleman has a talent of making all his faculties bear to the great end of his hallowed profession. Happy genius! he is the better man for being a wit. The best way to praise this author is to quote him; and, I think, I may defy any man to say a greater thing of him, or his ability, than that there are no paragraphs in the whole discourse I speak of below these which follow.

After having recommended the satisfaction of the mind, and the pleasure of conscience, he proceeds:

"An ennobling property of it is, that it is such a pleasure as never satiates or wearies; for it properly affects the spirit; and a spirit feels no weariness, as being privileged from the causes of it. But can the epicure say so of any of the pleasures that he so much dotes upon? Do they not expire while they satisfy, and, after a few minutes refreshment, determine in loathing and unquietness? How short is the interval between a pleasure and a burden! How undiscernible the transition from one to the other! Pleasure dwells no longer upon the appetite than the necessities of nature, which are quickly and easily provided for; and then all that follows is a load and an oppression. Every morsel to a satisfied Hunger, is only a new labour to a tired digestion. Every draught to him that has quenched his thirst, is but a further quenching of nature, and a provision for rheum and diseases; a drowning of the quickness and activity of the spirits.

"He that prolongs his meals, and sacrifices his time, as well as his other conveniences, to his luxury, how quickly does he outset his pleasure! And then, how is all the following time bestowed upon ceremony and surfeit! until at length, after a long fatigue of eating, and drinking, and babbling, he concludes the great work of dining genteelly, and so makes a shift to rise from table, that he may lie down upon his bed; where, after he has slept himself into some use of himself, by much ado he staggers to his table again, and there acts over the same brutish scene: so that he passes his whole life in a *dozed* condition, between sleeping and waking, with a kind of drowsiness and confusion upon his senses, which, what pleasure it can be, is hard to conceive,

All that is of it, dwells upon the tip of his tongue, and within the compass of his palate. A worthy prize for a man to purchase with the loss of his time, his reason, and himself!"

N° 206. THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1710.

Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede verum est.
Hor. I Ep. vii. ver. ult.

——All should be confin'd
Within the bounds, which Nature hath assign'd.
Francis.

From my own Apartment, August 2.

The general purposes of men in the conduct of their lives, I mean with relation to this life only, end in gaining either the affection or the esteem of those with whom they converse. Esteem makes a man powerful in business, and affection desirable in conversation; which is certainly the reason that very agreeable men fail of their point in the world, and those who are by no means such arrive at it with much ease. If it be visible in a man's carriage that he has a strong passion to please, no one is much at a loss how to keep measures with him; because there is always a balance in people's hands to make up with him, by giving him what he still wants in exchange for what you think fit to deny him. Such a person

asks with diffidence, and ever leaves room for denial by that softness of his complexion. At the same time he himself is capable of denying nothing, even what he is not able to perform. The other sort of man who courts esteem, having a quite different view, has as different a behaviour; and acts as much by the dictates of his reason, as the other does by the impulse of his inclination. You must pay for every thing you have of him. He considers mankind as a people in commerce, and never gives out of himself what he is sure will not come in with interest from another. All his words and actions tend to the advancement of his reputation and his fortune, towards which he makes hourly progress, because he lavishes no part of his good-will upon such as do not make some advances to merit it. The man who values affection, sometimes becomes popular; he who aims at esteem, seldom fails of growing rich.

Thus far we have looked at these different men, as persons who endeavoured to be valued and beloved from design or ambition; but they appear quite in another figure, when you observe the men who are agreeable and venerable from the force of their natural incliuations. We affect the company of him who has least regard of himself in his carriage, who throws himself into unguarded gaiety, voluntary mirth, and general good humour; who has nothing in his head but the present hour, and seems to have all his interest and passions gratified, if every man else in the room is as unconcerned as himself. This man usually has no quality or character among his companions: let him be born of whom he will, have what great qualities he please; let him be capable of assuming for a moment what figure he pleases, he still dwells in the imagination of all who know him but as Jack such a one. This makes Jack brighten up the room wherever he enters, and change the

severity of the company into that gaiety and good humour, into which his conversation generally leads them. It is not unpleasant to observe even this sort of creature go out of his character, to check himself sometimes for his familiarities, and pretend so awkwardly at procuring to himself more esteem than he finds he meets with. I was the other day walking with Jack Gainly towards Lincoln's-inn-walks: we met a fellow who is a lower officer where Jack is in the direction. Jack cries to him. "So, how is it, Mr.——?" He answers, "Mr. Gainly, I am glad to see you well." This expression of equality gave my friend a pang which appeared in the flush of his countenance. "Pr'ythee, Jack," says I, "do not be angry at the man; for do what you will, the man can only love you; be contented with the image the man has of thee; for if thou aimest at any other, it must be hatred or contempt." I went on, and told him, "Look you, Jack, I have heard thee sometimes talk like an oracle for half an hour, with the sentiments of a Roman, the closeness of a schoolman, and the integrity of a divine, but then, Jack, while I admired thee, it was upon topics which did not concern thyself; and where the greatness of the subject, added to thy being personally unconcerned in it, created all that was great in thy discourse." I did not mind his being a little out of humour; but comforted him, by giving him several instances of men of our acquaintance, who had no one quality in any eminence, that were much more esteemed than he was with very many: "but the thing is, if your character is to give pleasure, men will consider you only in that light, and not in those acts which turn to esteem and veneration.

When I think of Jack Gainly, I cannot but reflect also upon his sister Gatty. She is young, witty, pleasant, innocent. This is her natural character,

but when she observes any one admired for what they call a fine woman, she is all the next day womanly, prudent, observing, and virtuous. She is every moment asked in her prudential behaviour, whether she is not well? Upon which she as often answers in a fret, "Do people think one must be always romping, always a Jack-pudding?" I never fail to inquire of her, if my lady such-a-one, that awful beauty, was not at the play last night? She knows the connexion between that question and her change of humour, and says, "It would be very well if some people would examine into themselves, as much as they do into others." Or, "sure there is nothing in the world so ridiculous as an amorous old man."

As I was saying, there is a class which every man is in by his post in nature, from which it is impossible for him to withdraw to another and become it. Therefore it is necessary that each should be contented with it, and not endeavour at any progress out of that track. To follow nature is the only agreeable course, which is what I would fain inculcate to those jarring companions, Flavia and Lucia. They are mother and daughter. Flavia, who is the mamma, has all the charms and desires of youth still about her, and is not much turned of thirty. Lucia is blooming and amorous, and but a little above fifteen. The mother looks very much younger than she is, the girl very much older. If it were possible to fix the girl to her sick bed, and preserve the portion, the use of which the mother partakes, the good widow Flavia would certainly do it. But for fear of Lucia's escape, the mother is forced to be constantly attended with a rival, that explains her age, and draws off the eyes of her admirers. The jest is, they can never be together in strangers' company, but Lucy is eternally reprimanded for something very particular in her behaviour; for which she has the malice

to say, "she hopes she shall always obey her parents." She carried her passion and jealousy to that height the other day, that coming suddenly into the room, and surprising colonel Lofty speaking rapture on one knee to her mother, she clapped down by him, and asked her blessing.

I do not know whether it is so proper to tell family occurrences of this nature: but we every day see the same thing happen in public conversation in the world. Men cannot be contented with what is laudable, but they must have all that is laudable. This affectation is what decoys the familiar man into pretences to take state upon him, and the contrary character to the folly of aiming at being winning and complaisant. But in these cases men may easily lay aside what they are, but can never arrive at what they are not.

As to the pursuits after affection and esteem, the fair sex are happy in this particular, that with them the one is much more nearly related to the other than in men. The love of a woman is inseparable from some esteem of her: and as she is naturally the object of affection, the woman who has your esteem has also some degree of your love. A man that dotes on a woman for her beauty, will whisper his friend, "that creature has a great deal of wit when you are well acquainted with her." And if you examine the bottom of your esteem for a woman, you will find you have a greater opinion of her beauty than any body else. As to us men, I design to pass most of my time with the facetious Harry Bickerstaff; but William Bickerstaff, the most prudent man of our family, shall be my executor.

N° 207. SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 4.

HAVING yesterday morning received a paper of Latin verses, written with much elegance, in honour of these my Papers, and being informed at the same time, that they were composed by a youth under age, I read them with much delight, as an instance of his improvement. There is not a greater pleasure to old age, than seeing young people entertain themselves in such a manner as that we can partake of their enjoyments. On such occasions we flatter ourselves, that we are not quite laid aside in the world; but that we are either used with gratitude for what we were, or honoured for what we are. A well-inclined young man, and whose good-breeding is founded upon the principles of nature and virtue, must needs take delight in being agreeable to his elders, as we are truly delighted when we are not the jest of them. When I say this, I must confess I cannot but think it a very lamentable thing, that there should be a necessity for making that a rule of life, which should be, methinks, a mere instinct of nature. If reflection upon a man in poverty, whom we once knew in riches, is an argument of commiseration with generous minds; sure old age, which is a decay from that vigour which the young possess, and must certainly, if not prevented against their will, arrive at, should be more forciby the object of that reverence, which honest spirits are in-

clined to, from a sense of being themselves liable to what they observe has already overtaken others.

My three nephews, whom, in June last *was twelvemonth*, I disposed of according to their several capacities and inclinations; the first to the university, the second to a merchant, and the third to a woman of quality as her page, by my invitation dined with me to-day. It is my custom often, when I have a mind to give myself a more than ordinary cheerfulness, to invite a certain young gentlewoman of our neighbourhood to make one of the company. She did me that favour this day. The presence of a beautiful woman of honour, to minds which are not trivially disposed, displays an alacrity which is not to be communicated by any other object. It was not unpleasant to me, to look into her thoughts of the company she was in. She smiled at the party of pleasure I had thought of for her, which was composed of an old man and three boys. My scholar, my citizen, and myself, were very soon neglected; and the young courtier, by the bow he made to her at her entrance, engaged her observation without a rival. I observed the Oxonian not a little discomposed by this preference, while the trader kept his eye upon his uncle. My nephew Will had a thousand secret resolutions to break in upon the discourse of his younger brother, who gave my fair companion a full account of the fashion, and what was reckoned most becoming to this complexion, and what sort of habit appeared best upon the other shape. He proceeded to acquaint her, who of quality was well or sick within the bills of mortality, and named very familiarly all his lady's acquaintance, not forgetting her very words when he spoke of their characters. Besides all this he had a load of flattery; and upon her inquiring, what sort of woman lady Lovely was in her person, "Really, Madam," says the Jacka-

napes, " she is exactly of your height and shape; but as you are fair, she is a brown woman." There was no enduring that this fop should outshine us all at this unmerciful rate; therefore I thought fit to talk to my young scholar concerning his studies; and because I would throw his learning into present service, I desired him to repeat to me the translation he had made of some tender verses in Theocritus. He did so with an air of elegance peculiar to the college to which I sent him. I made some exceptions to the turn of the phrases; which he defended with much modesty, as believing in that place the matter was rather to consult the softness of a swain's passion, than the strength of his expressions. It soon appeared, that Will had outstripped his brother in the opinion of our young lady. A little poetry, to one who is bred a scholar, has the same effect that a good carriage of his person has on one who is to live in courts. The favour of women is so natural a passion, that I envied both the boys their success in the approbation of my guest; and I thought the only person invulnerable was my young trader. During the whole meal, I could observe in the children a mutual contempt and scorn of each other, arising from their different way of life and education, and took that occasion to advertise them of such growing distastes; which might mislead them in their future life, and disappoint their friends, as well as themselves, of the advantages which might be expected from the diversity of their professions and interests.

The prejudices which are growing up between these brothers from the different ways of education, are what create the most fatal misunderstandings in life. But all distinctions of disparagement, merely from our circumstances, are such as will not bear the examination of reason. The courtier, the trader, and the scholar should all have an equal pretension

to the denomination of a gentleman. That tradesman, who deals with me in a commodity which I do not understand, with uprightness, has much more right to that character, than the courtier that gives me false hopes, or the scholar who laughs at my ignorance.

The appellation of gentleman is never to be affixed to a man's circumstances, but to his behaviour in them. For this reason I shall ever, as far as I am able, give my nephews such impressions as shall make them value themselves rather as they are useful to others, than as they are conscious of merit in themselves. There are no qualities for which we ought to pretend to the esteem of others, but such as render us serviceable to them: for "freemen have no superiors but benefactors." I was going on like a true old fellow to this purpose to my guests, when I received the following epistle:

"SIR,

"I have your's, with notice of a benefit ticket of four hundred pounds *per annum*, both enclosed by Mr. Elliot, who had my numbers for that purpose. Your philosophic advice came very seasonably to me with that good fortune: but I must be so sincere with you as to acknowledge, I owe my present moderation more to my own folly than your wisdom. You will think this strange until I inform you, that I had fixed my thoughts upon the thousand pounds a year, and had with that expectation, laid down so many agreeable plans for my behaviour towards my new lovers and old friends, that I have received this favour of fortune with an air of disappointment. This is interpreted, by all who know not the springs of my heart, as a wonderful piece of humility. I hope my present state of mind will grow into that; but I confess my conduct to be now owing to an-

other cause. However, I know you will approve my taking hold even of imperfections to find my way towards virtue, which is so feeble in us at the best, that we are often beholden to our faults, for the first appearances of it. I am, Sir,

" Your most humble servant,

CHLOE."

N° 208. TUESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1710.

Si dixeris æstuo, sudat.———

Juv. Sat. iii. 103.

———————If you complain of heat,
They rub th' unsweating brow, and swear they sweat.

DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, August 7.

AN old acquaintance, who met me this morning, seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I looked as well as he had known me do these forty years: " but," continued he, " not quite the man you were, when we visited together at lady Brightly's. Oh! Isaac, those days are over. Do you think there are any such fine creatures now living, as we then conversed with?" He went on with a thousand incoherent circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me; but they had the quite contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore, was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintance we had out-lived,

recalled ten thousand things to my memory, which made me reflect upon my present condition with regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old age and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse cheerfully, he had kept up my pleasure in myself. But of all mankind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something, that they know must be a satisfaction; but then for fear of the imputation of flattery they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes civil persons. The reason that there is such a general outcry among us against flatterers is, that there are so very few good ones. It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well wishers: for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man *for a constancy* is he that has no shining qualities, but is a certain degree above great imperfections: whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook, or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world, who has not such *a led friend* of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificancy. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependents are of excellent use on a rainy day,

or when a man has not a mind to dress; or to exclude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that or to company. There are of this good-natured order, who are so kind as to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen, without fees from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call people at their ease, are your persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons: by *this means* they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable. They will acquaint you, that such a one of a quite contrary party said, "That though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest respect for your good sense and address." When one of these has a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends: for his position is never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a flatterer, *assentator*, implies no more than a person that barely consents; and indeed such a one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you; but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter; at the same time, is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you, if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the

matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities, as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them. It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself; her years serving at once to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of; yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company, than in that of the brightest man I know. It would be an hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find, that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him. It is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money be good. All that we want, to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident, that absurd creatures often out-run the most skilful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage; and their bluntness as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

Terence introduces a flatterer talking to a coxcomb, whom he cheats out of a livelihood: and a third person on the stage makes on him this pleasant remark, "This fellow has an art of making fools madmen." The love of flattery is, indeed, sometimes the weakness of a great mind; but you see it

also in persons, who otherwise discover no manner of relish of any thing above mere sensuality. These latter it sometimes improves; but always debases the former. A fool is in himself the object of pity, until he is flattered. By the force of that his stupidity is raised into affectation, and he becomes of dignity enough to be ridiculous. I remember a droll, that upon one's saying, "The times are so ticklish, that there must great care be taken what one says in conversation;" answered with an air of surliness and honesty, "If people will be free, let them be so in the manner that I am, who never abuse a man but to his face." He had no reputation for saying dangerous truths; therefore when it was repeated, "You abuse a man but to his face?" "Yes," says he, "I flatter him."

It is indeed the greatest of injuries to flatter any but the unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some infirmity. In this latter case we have a member of our club, who, when Sir Jeffery falls asleep, wakens him with snoring. This makes Sir Jeffery hold up for some moments the longer, to see there are men younger than himself amongst us, who are more lethargic than he is.

When flattery is practised upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I cannot think of any character below the flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows, prepared to be as mean as possible in their condescensions and expressions; but they want persons and talents to rise up to such a baseness. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, so is a flatterer a knave of parts.

The best of this order that I know, is one who disguises it under a spirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an arrant driveller the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, because he

heard he turned his absent friends into ridicule. And upon lady Autumn's disputing with him about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone, "Pray, Madam, give me leave to know more of a thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your nurse's arms."

N° 209. SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 9.

A NOBLE painter, who has an ambition to draw a history piece, has desired me to give him a subject, on which he may show the utmost force of his art and genius. For this purpose, I have pitched upon that remarkable incident between Alexander the Great and his Physician. This prince, in the midst of his conquests in Persia, was seized by a violent fever; and, according to the account we have of his vast mind, his thoughts were more employed about his recovery, as it regarded the war, than as it concerned his own life. He professed, a slow method was worse than death to him; because it was, what he more dreaded, an interruption of his glory. He desired a dangerous, so it might be a speedy remedy. During this impatience of the king it is well known that Darius had offered an immense sum to any one who should take away his life. But Philippus, the most esteemed and most knowing of his physicians,

promised, that within three days time he would prepare a medicine for him, which would restore him more expeditiously than could be imagined. Immediately after this engagement, Alexander receives a letter from the most considerable of his captains, with intelligence that Darius had bribed Philippus to poison him. Every circumstance imaginable favoured this suspicion; but this monarch, who did nothing but in an extraordinary manner, concealed the letter; and, while the medicine was preparing, spent all his thoughts upon his behaviour in this important incident. From his long soliloquy, he came to this resolution: "Alexander must not lie here alive to be oppressed by his enemy. I will not believe my physician guilty; or, I will perish rather by his guilt, than my own diffidence."

At the appointed hour, Philippus enters with the potion. One cannot but form to one's self on this occasion the encounter of their eyes, the resolution in those of the patient, and the benevolence in the countenance of the physician. The hero raised himself in his bed, and holding the letter in one hand, and the potion in the other, drank the medicine. It will exercise my friend's pencil and brain to place this action in its proper beauty. A prince observing the features of a suspected traitor, after having drunk the poison he offered him, is a circumstance so full of passion, that it will require the highest strength of his imagination to conceive it, much more to express it. But as painting is eloquence and poetry in mechanism, I shall raise his ideas, by reading with him the finest draughts of the passions concerned in this circumstance, from the most excellent poets and orators. The confidence, which Alexander assumes from the air of Philippus's face as he is reading his accusation, and the generous disdain which is to rise

in the features of a falsely accused man, are principally to be regarded. In this particular he must heighten his thoughts, by reflecting, that he is not drawing only an innocent man traduced, but a man zealously affected to his person and safety, full of retentment for being thought false. How shall we contrive to express the highest admiration, mingled with disdain? How shall we in strokes of a pencil say, what Philippus did to his prince on this occasion? "Sir, my life never depended on yours more than it does now. Without knowing this secret, I prepared the potion, which you have taken as what concerned Philippus no less than Alexander; and there is nothing new in this adventure, but that it makes me still more admire the generosity and confidence of my master." Alexander took him by the hand, and said, "Philippus, I am confident you had rather I had any other way to have manifested the faith I have in you, than a case which so nearly concerns me: and in gratitude I now assure you, I am anxious for the effect of your medicine, more for your sake than my own."

My painter is employed by a man of sense and wealth to furnish him a gallery; and I shall join with my friend in the designing part. It is the great use of pictures, to raise in our minds either agreeable ideas of our absent friends; or high images of eminent personages. But the latter design, is methinks, carried on in a very improper way; for to fill a room full of battle-pieces, pompous histories of sieges, to a tall hero alone in a crowd of insignificant figures about him, is of no consequence to private men. But to place before our eyes great and illustrious men in those parts and circumstances of life, wherein their behaviour may have an effect upon our minds; as being such as we partake with

them merely as they were men: such as these, I say, may be just and useful ornaments of an elegant apartment. In this collection therefore that we are making, we will not have the battles, but the sentiments of Alexander. The affair we were just now speaking of has circumstances of the highest nature; and yet their grandeur has little to do with his fortune. If, by observing such a piece, as that of his taking a bowl of poison with so much magnanimity, a man, the next time he has a fit of the spleen, is less froward to his friend or his servants; thus far is some improvement.

I have frequently thought, that if we had many draughts which were historical of certain passions, and had the true figure of the great men we see transported by them, it would be of the most solid advantage imaginable. To consider this mighty man on one occasion, administering to the wants of a poor soldier benumbed with cold, with the greatest humanity; at another, barbarously stabbing a faithful officer: at one time, so generously chaste and virtuous as to give his captive Statira her liberty; at another, burning a town at the instigation of Thais. These changes in the same person are what would be more beneficial lessons of morality, than the several revolutions in a great man's fortune. There are but one or two in an age, to whom the pompous incidents of his life can be exemplary; but I, or any man, may be as sick, as good-natured, as compassionate, and as angry, as Alexander the Great. My purpose in all this chat, is, that so excellent a furniture may not for the future have so romantic a turn, but allude to incidents which come within the fortunes of the ordinary race of men. I do not know but it is by the force of this senseless custom, that people are drawn in postures they

would not for half they are worth be surprised in. The unparalleled fierceness of some rural esquires drawn in red, or in armour, who never dreamed to destroy any thing above a fox, is a common and ordinary offence of this kind. But I shall give an account of our whole gallery on another occasion.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

BARNARD AND FARLEY
Skinner-street, London.